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QUEEN'S *Quarterly*

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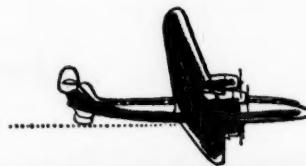
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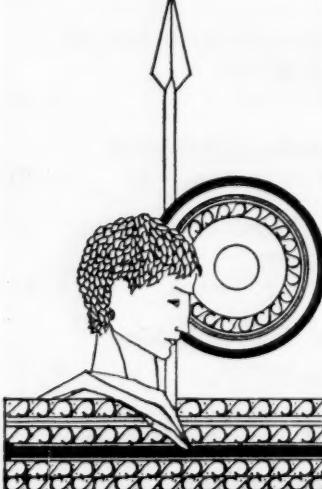
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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

We are glad to join with other Canadian periodicals in making this a sort of "MALCOLM LOWRY year" by participating in the publication of a number of hitherto unpublished pieces by the author of *Under the Volcano*. The editing of these works is being carried out in the main by Professor Earle Birney of the University of British Columbia who has supplied us with the following notes:

"Walk in Canada" was begun in Dollarton, B.C., in 1940-41; this text represents the third draft which he was still revising in England in 1957. I find it one of the most interesting of his poems, though it has been a very difficult one to edit from the confusion of manuscripts. "The Western Ocean" was begun in Mexico in 1936-37, but this is the rewritten Dollarton version, c. 1942. Lines 7-8 echo the last sentence of a very early short story of Lowry's, "On Board the West Hardaway". "The Wild Cherry" is about 1942, Dollarton. He liked this poem very much himself.

Our other poem is by one of Canada's best known poets, IRVING LAYTON, winner of the 1959 Governor-General's Award for his book *A Red Carpet for the Sun*. In 1959, also, he was awarded a Canada Council fellowship, and this year, the President's Medal of the University of Western Ontario for his poem "Keine Lazarovitch (1870-1959)". His most recent book is *The Swinging Flesh* (1960), a collection of short stories and poems.

S. E. SMETHURST, as his article makes evident, brings to the study of Arnold Toynbee the insights of the specialist in classical history and literature. Professor Smethurst was recently appointed Head of the Department of Classics at Queen's University.

L. G. COOK is Manager of the Project Analysis Section of the General Electric Research Laboratory, Schenectady, New York. He has been intimately associated with the problems of the impact of science on human affairs during the last two decades through his personal research in radioactivity and uranium fission in Berlin and Cambridge, with Aluminum Research Laboratories during 1940-44, and as Head of Chemistry Research and Director of the Chemistry and Metallurgy Division at the Chalk River Atomic Project through its first and formative decade.

FREDERICK F. CLAIRMONT'S article on "China's Communes" appeared in the Summer 1959 issue of *Queen's Quarterly*. A Canadian, educated in Switzerland, Dr. Clairmonte was an accredited correspondent at the Franco-Algerian peace talks at Evian and Lugrin and in this capacity spent some time in Algeria. He is an Assistant Professor of Economics at the University of King's College, Halifax. His book on *Economic Liberalism and Underdevelopment* was published in 1960.

D. G. BROWN, formerly a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, is now Assistant Professor of Philosophy at the University of British Columbia. His main fields of interest are ethics and the philosophy of mind.

BRYAN KEITH-LUCAS is Senior Lecturer in Local Government at Oxford, a Fellow of Nuffield College, and a member of the Oxford City Council. He has served as Assistant Solicitor to two local authorities in England. He was a visiting professor last year at Carleton University.

JAMES STONE is an Assistant Professor in the Department of English at the University of Waterloo, having previously taught at the University of British Columbia, his alma mater.

R. J. HAND is an Associate Professor in the School of Business at Queen's University. A graduate of the University of Chicago, he has taught at the University of Manitoba and Northwestern University, and has had considerable business experience.

PETER HARCOURT is a graduate of the Universities of Toronto and Cambridge, now lecturing in English at the Kilburn Polytechnic, London, England, and also lecturing on films for the British Institute. He has contributed to many magazines, including *Twentieth Century* and *Time & Tide*, and is at present preparing a book on the films of Ingmar Bergman.

RICHARD J. VOORHEES is Associate Professor of English at Purdue University. His book, *The Paradox of George Orwell*, which was published last March as the first in *Purdue University Studies Humanities Series*, is reviewed in this issue. His article on "Evelyn Waugh's War Novels" was in our Spring 1958 number.

DAVID H. STEWART contributed an article on "Sholokhov's *Silent Don*" to our Autumn 1960 issue. He is in the Department of English at the University of Michigan.

Short stories in this issue are both by former contributors: GABRIEL GERSH, a free lance writer now living in New York; and ALDEN A. NOWLAN, poet and short story writer, of Hartland, New Brunswick, who is currently at work on a novel tentatively titled *The Wanton Troopers*.

By his choice of pseudonym, our commentator on the concept of "mental health" indicates his affinities with Robert Burton, author of another *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Our review article on Camus is by DONALD M. SCHURMAN, Associate Professor of History at the Royal Military College. Holder of a doctorate from Cambridge University, his special fields are imperial and naval history.

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A Classicist Looks At Toynbee

by

S. E. SMETHURST

"Toynbee traces the evolution of society with the intuition of a dramatic poet, and his starting point is the classical world."

IN 1921 while on the Orient Express en route from Constantinople to England Arnold Toynbee made on half a sheet of paper the notes for the work that nearly forty years later was to comprise more than six thousand pages. His *Study of History* was to be of broad scope. He was not interested in the minute detail of petty nationalistic issues, or the highly specialized studies of what he contemptuously calls the "antinomians". He proposed to take the whole field of universal history as his subject, to study not nations, but civilizations, and the rhythm of their rise and fall. "The intelligible field of historical study" he tells us is "societies that have a greater extension, both in Space and Time, than nation states or city states or other political communications." He was interrupted in 1939 by the outbreak of war when he had only completed six volumes. When he again began to write, his attitude to history had changed. What had begun as an empirical investigation into the rise and fall of civilizations ended as a work that had strayed into the field of theology. It was no mere chance that Toynbee, like another universal historian who wrote while the walls of Hippo were being battered by the barbarians, should end with a similar vision of a world removed from and out of range of the City of Destruction.

Toynbee still insists that his intention remains the same — that is, "to try out the scientific approach to human affairs and to test how far it can carry us." Yet when did this "scientific" historian first con-

sider the plan for a study of history? It was, he tells us, when he wrote an essay in which he tried to interpret "that uncanny creature", man, as seen in Sophocles' tragedy, *Antigone*. Our starting point is classical drama. This is significant. For Toynbee traces the evolution of society with the intuition of a dramatic poet, and his starting point is the classical world.

Ranging throughout all historical time he distinguishes twenty-odd civilizations as the proper objects of historical study, since these civilizations, each a "species of society", combine certain religious, territorial and political characteristics. First he attacks the problem of the genesis of civilizations. Why are some — the Eskimo, Spartan and Polynesian, for example — "arrested" so that they do not emerge as wholly developed civilizations? The answer he gives us is that a civilization needs to possess two basic conditions of growth: the presence of a Creative Minority in the society, and an environment which is not so harsh as to stultify growth, nor so favourable as to make a constant struggle to live unnecessary. In one of his most widely known formulae the birth of civilization is interpreted in terms of Challenge and Response. Society in response to a challenge develops an *élan* that carries it on from Challenge through Response to a further Challenge, and so on. Growth, of course, has no connection with size. Indeed, somewhat like a twentieth century Herodotus, Toynbee associates geographic expansion of a society with disintegration. As Xerxes paid the penalty of the *Hybris* of his ancestors who attempted to expand too far the boundaries of Persia, so civilizations which increase too much meet with their Nemesis. The enormous growth of the so-called Hellenic civilization in its Roman phase is seen by the initiated to presage its imminent disintegration.

As long as the society under study continues to respond to challenge it is a unity. It is led by a Creative Minority which is imitated by the majority — both the Internal Proletariat of the society itself and the External Proletariat which consists of contiguous barbarian nations. In this process of growth the society develops its dominant quality which varies according to the civilization. In the Hellenic civilization the dominant quality is aesthetic, in the Indian it is religious, in our Western civilization it is scientific and mechanistic.

Now at some stage in its development a civilization fails to respond to a given challenge. It tries again and again, but though the response may vary, once the challenge cannot be answered, the civilization begins to disintegrate. Of the ten civilizations still alive two are in their last agonies — the Nomadic and the Polynesian — and seven of the remaining eight are threatened with annihilation or assimilation by our own Western civilization. These civilizations, in Toynbee's opinion, perish not through murder, but suicide, and he distinguishes three phases in their decline: Breakdown, Disintegration and Dissolution. Breakdown may be separated from the final end by centuries, even millennia. Moreover, we must note that he uses the former term in a very special sense. So, for example, the Breakdown of Hellenic civilization began in 431 B.C. with the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War. Plato, Isocrates, Demosthenes, Aristotle, New Comedy, Hellenistic science, all flourished after the Breakdown had got under way. In fact the Breakdown of Hellenic civilization had started before one of its major components, Rome, had emerged from obscurity. So at any rate, Toynbee argues. Let us examine some of the symptoms and phases he enumerates in his analysis of disintegration.

Whereas in the period of growth the Creative Minority succeeded in responding to successive challenges, in the period of disintegration it begins "to rest on its oars". Values once considered relative it now worships as absolutes. It is no longer admired and imitated by the Internal Proletariat, so that it becomes ever more necessary to use force to keep both Proletariats in check. In so doing it creates a Universal State, like the Roman Empire, which was created by the Hellenic Minority, now no longer Creative but Dominant. This is an era of wars when men by their worship of institutions bring about the ruin of the civilization they are in vain attempting to control. Now the two Proletariats react in different ways. The Internal, dissatisfied with the failure of leadership often creates a Universal Church which, as did Christianity for example, serves as the foundation for a new civilization apperceived by and affiliated to the old. The External Proletariat is no longer anxious to be incorporated into the disintegrating civilization. Instead it begins to attack it. Schism thus enters Body and Soul of the civilization. Saviours arise to save it from itself. They

are the Archaist, the Futurist who seeks to save by the sword, the Stoic Saviour, detached and indifferent. Finally there is the Transfigured Saviour who alone can prove to be of any avail. Amid the chaos and the ruin about him, amid the sense of Drift, the sense of Sin, Promiscuity and Syncretism, the Vulgarization of art, letters, philosophy, science and the rest, the Saviour may help men. But his way is the way of Transfiguration, whereby the goal of man's endeavour is transferred from this world to the Kingdom of God. This process of Etherealization may not halt disintegration, but it may be the seed-bed for a new affiliated civilization.

Thus Toynbee envisions the history of mankind as a continuing process from Underman in his Under-civilization, through Man and Civilization, to Superman and the Ethereal Super-civilization of the Kingdom of God. Like Augustine, he starts with the City of Man and ends with the City of God.

Yet despite the theological overtones, Toynbee is not satisfied with any one single approach to the problem of disintegration. Rather, his work suffers from a plethora of theories. At one time we are asked to consider man in the terms of Greek mythology, guilty of the *Hybris* that brings inevitable *Nemesis*. At others he speaks in the oversimplified terms heard on the playing fields of an English public school. Now he draws on Jungian psychology, again he adduces fascinating but often misleading analogies. This wealth of theory is not substantiated by the subject matter. In many respects he has not advanced beyond Gibbon who in a bad-tempered moment described civilization as "little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind". For Toynbee's history is still concerned primarily with politics and war which he seems to mention only to censure. None of his major concepts is sufficiently well-defined to enable us to judge whether it applies or not. For example, for all his use of technical terms, many of them his own coinage, he never defines precisely what he means when describing civilization as "an intelligible field of historical study". Nor despite the prophetic nature of his last books can he decide whether our civilization is still in the throes of Breakdown or whether this occurred during the religious wars four centuries ago.

Now certainly much of his appeal to the layman lies in the fact that Toynbee's history is progressive and purposive. A belief in the spiritual progress of man is very comforting in these chaotic days. But consider at what cost this "progress" is achieved. As Toynbee views the world, there are four phases in the historical process. First there appear Primary Civilizations from which are derived the Secondary Civilizations and out of which emerge the Higher Religions — Christianity, Buddhism, Islam and Hinduism. So far so good. But what of the Tertiary Civilizations which include our three Christian civilizations — Western, Russian and Eastern Orthodox? To Toynbee they do not count. Small wonder the modern historian is annoyed. Perhaps even a classical historian may be forgiven for doubting that the Hittite civilization has more historical significance than our own.

Now I am not here quarreling with the thesis that civilization exists to subserve religion and not vice versa. I simply cannot conceive of religion except in relation to the framework of civilization. As long as man inhabits the earth there must be civilizations. Moreover, as soon as we begin to deal with religion we meet serious difficulties. Any attempt to study world religions must go beyond the boundaries of empirical study. Suppose, for example, we accept Toynbee's vision of a syncretism of two of the Higher Religions, Hinduism and Christianity. I cannot conceive how there can be any syncretism between a polytheistic and monotheistic religion, except by the complete emasculation of the central tenet of one religion or the other.

Let us now consider certain criticisms that can be made against Toynbee's analysis of civilizations. According to it the decline of any civilization begins with a Breakdown which normally, though not always, is due to war within the society, either civil war or war between sovereign nations. These wars occur during a Time of Troubles, and most civilizations achieve political unification at the end of it. If, as is normally the case, the wars are between nations, the end comes when one nation conquers the rest and establishes a Universal State. To Toynbee every Universal State is decadent. We might first ask him, then, are these wars the cause or the symptom of Breakdown? Or to put our question more specifically, what is the qualitative difference between, for example, the Athenian conquest of Persia in the fifth

century B.C. and Alexander's victory one and a half centuries later? Toynbee is forced to admit that the career of Alexander, with his chivalrous attitude to the conquered, his vision of the unity of mankind, is "one of those noble streaks of altruism, found side by side with the grim and sordid traits" of the military conqueror inside the Dominant Minority. But such a reply brings into clear relief one of the weaknesses of this mechanical scheme. A cursory glance at any historical period makes it impossible for the detached observer to say that at one time leaders of society are creative, that at another time they are not. They may be less creative during the decline, though I am doubtful if even such a qualified generalization is true. Certainly, when the Universal State of Hellenic civilization came into being — the era that Toynbee with his gift for emotional evocation calls the Indian Summer of the ancient world — the Romans produced several highly creative emperors and also in the *Corpus of Roman Law* one of the most significant contributions to the development of human thought. Thanks to wisdom of hindsight we may agree with Toynbee against Gibbon that the Age of the Antonines was at least a period of stagnation and a prelude to decline, but I can see no evidence that the decline was inevitable. The truth, as it seems to me, is that the growth and decline of civilization is far more irregular, not to say haphazard, than Toynbee seems willing to admit.

It may be objected that when we consider the learning, the majestic sweep of the work, such criticisms are niggling. It might be argued that he is writing a philosophy of history, despite his claim that his arguments are based on empirical methods. But even if we grant for the moment the general validity of his laws, or standard patterns, serious weaknesses in his system are at once evident. His classification of civilizations is arbitrary. Why are the three Christian civilizations distinguished? Why is Roman civilization included with the Hellenic while Sparta is arbitrarily separated from it? If we accept for a moment his scheme of civilizations, we observe that some of them do not fulfill his laws. Egyptian civilization, for example, in its period of disintegration shrank in size and was more peaceful than in the days of its growth. Secondly, I cannot help feeling that though civilizations do decline, Toynbee seems more concerned in his analysis with their

disintegration than with their growth. Despite his objections to Spengler's thesis that civilizations follow the growth pattern of living organisms, he is no less pessimistic than his predecessor, and seems to be imposing on the historical process a scheme no less rigid and deterministic. Never did Satan rebuke sin more eloquently than when Toynbee accuses Spengler of mistaking a metaphor for a natural law. Challenge and Response, Withdrawal and Return, metaphors that are excellent in themselves and often throw a brilliant light on certain aspects of the historical process, are used almost like an incantation, until their repetition has an hypnotic effect, as though the pattern of history were actually being conjured up by a species of necromancy and gradually unfolding before our eyes according to immutable laws. But Toynbee goes even farther than Spengler. After arguing in his earlier volumes that Universal Churches often act as a link between appertained and affiliated civilizations he discovers in Book VII that the link is sometimes missing. Instead of discarding or modifying his theory he reverses the rôle of civilizations and churches and argues that apparently civilizations exist "for the sake of churches". How an historian, *qua* historian, can deduce such a teleological conclusion from the study of history, or how he can justify it by an empirical study of the evidence Toynbee does not say.

Whence did he derive his scenario? (The term is Toynbee's, not mine.) On reading his work one is immediately struck by the number of references to the Bible, classical mythology, and the history of Greece and Rome. Indeed one might say that throughout the work runs the pessimistic Greek concept of *Hybris*. Mankind through the ages has lost its mental and moral balance. The result is *Ate*, that overweening pride that brings in its train *Nemesis*, inevitable doom. Man idolizes ephemeral institutions, political systems, technical advance. So the Athens of Pericles dwindles into that of St. Paul. The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome must fade. Civilizations, like a tragic hero, seem to contain in themselves that flaw that leads them blindly on to their own destruction. Greece tore itself apart by fratricidal warfare. Modern man will blow himself to pieces with the atom bomb.

Is the picture of mankind painted in entirely gloomy colours? No! Greek mythology comes to the rescue in the person of Prometheus, symbol to the Greeks of mankind's higher aspirations. Prometheus was the Greek Titan — half-man, half-god — who was challenged by Zeus. As the prototype of Hellenic civilization he faces a challenge dramatically analogous to the challenge faced by the civilization of which he was the benefactor, and naturally wins the victory. It does not matter to Toynbee that in the myth according to Aeschylus Prometheus was apparently reconciled to Zeus, and enabled the king of the gods to retain his sway over the world. But even if we are convicted of pedantry in insisting that Toynbee adhere to the original legend, we may still ask him why should the fortunes of a mythical Greek be equated with the rhythm of Greek civilizations? Or what has the inability of Hippolytus to meet Aphrodite's challenge to do with the struggles of civilization, as long as our historian insists that his methods are empirical? Toynbee replies, "The event (i.e Challenge and Response) can best be described in these mythological images because they are not embarrassed by the contradiction that arises when the statement is translated into logical terms" (I. 278.). In other words, when the historical evidence is lacking or unhelpful, use mythology.

Now I quote this statement not to decry Toynbee, but because even the very heart of his theory seems on examination to one classical historian at any rate to be what I can only describe as a wilful perversion of the facts of Greek and Roman history. The formative influences in Toynbee's education were the Bible, the study of history and the Classics. This *peregrinus Wykkamicus*, as he describes himself, shows throughout his work the evidence of the classical tradition, which has done much to influence his theories of the rhythm of history. This would seem to owe much to Polybius' concept of *anacyclosis*, cyclical recurrence. Time and again Toynbee draws analogies from Hellenic and Hellenistic history. Most important, the basic outline of his system, the laws of Challenge and Response, and the rest, seem to have been conceived originally in terms of Greco-Roman civilization.

We have already noted that Toynbee ascribes the germs of his plan for a *Study of History* to an essay on Sophocles' *Antigone*. It is even more interesting to note that shortly afterwards he published,

when Professor of Byzantine and Modern Greek at London University, an essay in the *Legacy of Greece* in which he first puts forward his view that the Roman Empire was the third act of the drama of Greek History. He has not changed his mind since. In his latest historical work, *Hellenism*, he still continues to view the Roman Empire as an extension of Hellenic civilization.

Before attempting to make any estimate of the *Study of History* as a whole, therefore, it seems worthwhile to consider his theory in relation to this area of history, since here, if anywhere, he is presumably on solid ground. But first let us note Toynbee's schematic plan for the drama of Hellenic civilization as he analyzed it before 1921. Act I begins with the formation of the city state, the "cell", as he terms it, of Greek society. Colonization promotes the city state round the Mediterranean, and economic revolution in Athens — much exaggerated, by the way — marks the change from extensive to intensive growth. The first act ends with confederation after the repulse of the "oriental universal empire". Act II brings the failure of inter-state federation, starting with the disastrous Second Peloponnesian War in 431 B.C. Now we meet the Superman, Alexander, who conquers the East and leaves his empire behind as spoil for the strongest. Then there is the first rally with the experiments in federation tried by Seleucid Asia, Aetolia and Achaea, and, suddenly emerging on the stage of history, Roman Italy. Thus by a slick dramatic transition the scene changes to Rome which devastates the Mediterranean and is in turn torn by the class wars of the last century of the Republic which Toynbee, with his *penchant* for the striking and anachronistic analogy, summarizes under the headings: capitalism, bolshevism and Napoleonism. With Act III we come to the Augustan peace which is described as the second rally and the final experiment in Federation, being a compromise between city state autonomy and capitalist centralization. There follows the first dissolution in which the external front is broken by tribesmen and the internal by Christianity. The final rally under Constantine is the prelude to final dissolution.

Toynbee admits that this analysis, in which we note the first appearance of many of the terms used in his *Study*, "is and must be subjective". If we go further and suggest that the analysis is fiction he

would not, I suspect, disagree. Not only has he argued that the task of the historian being one of selection must be considered, *mutatis mutandis*, that of the novelist, but in the essay we have been considering he actually states that "civilization is a work of art in the literal meaning of the phrase and not merely by a metaphor. . . . It is a social work of art, expressed in social action, like a ritual or a play." So, significantly enough, he summons drama to help his thesis, and the theory of Aristotle who, we remember, not only analyzed tragedy, but also conceived of the world process in teleological terms. So Toynbee concludes that *Katharsis*, dramatic purgation of the emotions, "is the emotional value which is peculiar to the study of different civilizations and which one cannot get, at any rate with the same intensity, by the study of its own". Now if to Toynbee the purpose of historical study is *Katharsis*, we must accept this personal judgment, noting in passing that the late F. M. Cornford had already suggested that the history of Toynbee's favourite Greek prose writer, Thucydides, was written like a tragedy. But Toynbee goes even further. He suggests that the emotional value of historical study has its intellectual counterpart in the comparative method, which one gets by studying not his own circumstances, but circumstances comparable to, without being identical with, his own. This is a commonplace in the field of language, argues Toynbee, and "applies equally to the study of civilizations". So he concludes that "one learns more about institutions by comparing the Greek city state with the modern national state than by merely studying the evolution of the national state in modern Europe."

Now we might justifiably ask him what he means by the statement "one learns more," especially when he compounds the obscurity of his terminology even more by distinguishing between "intellectual" and "practical" utility. Here, however, we are only concerned to elucidate his bias. As a Hellenist he can only understand the Greco-Roman world in Greek terms. So not only does he consider at this early stage of his career that "the plot of the catastrophe" occurred in the year 431 B.C., so that the failure of the Roman Empire 600 years later was the decline and fall of Greek civilization, but with what I can only describe as extraordinary perversity he can say that Greek, not Latin, was still the language in which most of the greatest literature of the

Imperial period was written. Now if he wants to argue that compared with the New Testament, Plutarch's *Lives* and the *Meditations* of Aurelius (that over-valued work of timidity and pessimism) the works of Livy, Juvenal, Tacitus, Seneca, Pliny, Martial and other writers must be found wanting, we can only raise our eyebrows and pass on. But when he insists that "it is not really possible to draw a distinction between Greek history and Roman history," one classicist, at any rate, must raise a vigorous protest.

We may agree with Toynbee that the Roman Empire was at bottom an attempted solution to the problem with which Greek society had been wrestling since the fifth century B.C. We may also agree that the Romans were quick to make use of Greek political theory and philosophy, when it suited their purpose. It would be strange if one civilization could exist side by side with another more sophisticated civilization without being influenced by it. But when, for example, Cicero adapted certain elements of Greek political theory to Roman practice, not only did he insist that the Roman concept of the state was far different from that of the Greek, but he was right. Or when in 27 B.C. Augustus initiated the so-called restoration of the Republic, we may smile at the fiction, but are forced to admit that the Augustan solution is in the Roman not the Greek tradition.

Now in his *Study* Toynbee defines the peculiar attitude to life of his Hellenic civilization as aesthetic. As far as any civilization can be arbitrarily defined, I should have judged that as far as concerns Greece its special approach was rationalistic. However, this difference of opinion is unimportant since on examining Roman society we are struck by the fact that neither aesthetic considerations nor appeals to reason strike a responsive chord in the collective Roman soul. The one Roman writer to make this appeal, Lucretius, whom Toynbee quotes frequently, was so far from being in sympathy with or understood by his fellow-countrymen that the story was circulated that he was driven mad by a love potion given by his wife to restore her husband's waning affections. Why is this so? Because Lucretius' attitude was defeatist, advocating a flight from the world, especially the world of politics. In so far as it is possible to give a summary definition of the Roman attitude to life one might say that it is dominated by the concept of

obedience to authority, especially the authority of *mos maiorum*, the Roman tradition that was believed to represent the cumulative wisdom of the nation. Freedom in the Greek sense was unknown in Rome. *Libertas* meant equality before the law, not equality of opportunity as in Athens. Each citizen had his own appropriate niche in society, a niche outside which he was not expected to step.

But there is a much more fundamental objection to Toynbee's attitude than one based on a generalization, valid though I believe it to be. What Toynbee wilfully ignores is the Roman method of federation, a method that was a landmark in the history of political thought and practice. When the infant Roman state conquered its neighbours, it did not reduce them to the condition of subjects as did Athens. Instead it incorporated some of them — not all — into the Roman state as citizens, some with full rights, others with the private rights of citizenship. This progressive incorporation of defeated opponents was the first practical solution to the problem of how to combine empire with autonomy, and as long as the Romans continued this wise policy Italy remained stable. It was the loyalty of the Italian population — some citizens, others hoping for citizenship — that proved to be the decisive factor in the defeat of Hannibal. When after the war the Roman leaders discontinued this policy, the Italians took up arms against Rome in the Social War to obtain the rights of citizenship — surely the most fantastic and significant reason for war ever conceived. So I agree that the Augustan Principate was a rally. But it was a rally in which he reverted to the system obtaining before the Hannibalic War, that of the progressive extension of citizenship. It was this policy which ensured the stability of the Empire and that Indian Summer of which Toynbee writes so eloquently. In this sense Augustus was correct to call his rule the Restoration of the Republic.

I have spent some time on Toynbee's approach to the Greco-Roman world, because, as he himself frequently states, it is central to an understanding of the patterns elucidated in his *Study*. Now let us consider some specific weaknesses in his system. In the interests of clarity it is best to consider Challenge and Response, Creative Minority, Dominant Minority, and others of his brilliant metaphors as they occur in the so-called Hellenic Civilization.

The Greeks first appear as an external proletariat of Indo-Europeans attacking a civilization, the Minoan, that had already achieved a Universal Church. Whether Minoan religion can be described in such terms I do not know. But since, as far as I know, neither does any one else, let us give Toynbee the benefit of the doubt. Certainly, however, a serious flaw in his theory is the fact that at least one section of the inhabitants of Crete spoke Greek, as has been recently proved by the decipherment of Linear B. Yet, for the sake of argument, let us suppose that this Greek-speaking element was part of the External Proletariat. In the first centuries of their settlement in Greece they were faced with a series of challenges for which they found an adequate response. That response was especially successful in their colonization of Sicily and South Italy so that Toynbee is able to formulate another law: that new territory often stimulates the advance of civilization. Comfortable environments on the other hand — and here, as usual, legend, this time that of the Lotos-eaters, helps us in the formulation of an historical law — enervates and is hostile to civilization. So the challenge accepted by Greek overseas colonies now reacts on the mother-land with the result that in turn Greece proper is rejuvenated, and Athens particularly, faced with the challenge of new economic and industrial problems, is enabled thanks to the Creative Minority of Solon, Peisistratus and Cleisthenes, not only to meet the challenge, but under the impulse of her new democratic constitution to face and overcome the supreme challenge offered by Persia. How successful she was is revealed by the astonishing florescence of culture in the next fifty years.

Now even in the case of Athens Toynbee seems too concerned to prove a theory. One of the most interesting but elusive of his concepts is that of Withdrawal and Return. At critical periods in the evolution of a civilization certain personalities and minorities seem to prepare themselves for their creative task by withdrawing into retirement. Relieved of the burden of foreign entanglements they emerge refreshed to solve the problem facing the whole of their society by a novel solution. Toynbee has a whole list of such individuals. Let others judge the validity of his concept, since the writer must confess that Napoleon, Kant, Buddha, Lenin, Caesar, Peter the Great and Luther

seem to be strange bed-fellows. In the case of Athens, however, the orthodox account of Athenian history differs widely from Toynbee's. At the time of her supposed retirement — from the eighth to the sixth century — Athens was an insignificant state of no cultural or economic importance. If she retired, it was because she had never emerged.

To return: with the outbreak of war in 431 the Time of Troubles begins, in which the struggle against inevitable doom is carried on first by Greece, then by Rome until the period of Breakdown is brought to an end by the Battle of Actium in 31 B.C. But Vergil and the poets were wrong. The Augustan Peace did not usher in the Golden Age. Instead the Hellenic Civilization was entering the period of the Universal State which gave warning of inevitable dissolution. Despite the Augustan rally and that of the Antonines, the civilization was doomed. Rally and rout follow each other with increasing speed as the civilization is beset by the Christian Internal Proletariat and the External Proletariat of barbarians. The Universal Christian Church creates a new civilization, draining the old one in passing. So Toynbee who severely criticizes Gibbon ends by standing Gibbon on his head. Christianity is responsible for the final dissolution — "the slaves and the slaves' God won" — but this victory heralds the birth of a new affiliated civilization.

First, one general criticism of this impressive edifice of scholarship. Toynbee assumes that Hellenic civilization is a real system, a "whole whose parts all cohere with one another and all affect one another reciprocally". Is this assumption valid? It would not appear so. If it were, when one component is changed, then the others must change too, if they are causally connected. This is not the case. Toynbee admits (IV. 405 f.) that sometimes the economic life and techniques of a civilization change while the rest of it does not. Sometimes a civilization changes while the techniques remain the same. We can only conclude that either Toynbee's theory is wrong or that his definition of civilization is wrong. Hellenic civilization is not in fact a real system. It is a congeries of societies all co-existing and related only by geographical propinquity. Toynbee is vaguely aware of this difficulty, and is hard put to it to explain why Sparta which existed side by side but independently of Athens does not fit into his artificial con-

struction. He falls back on the feeble explanation that Sparta is an "arrested civilization" like that of the Eskimo. Stagnation was caused by the rigorous military discipline forced upon her by fear of Helot uprisings. She was therefore prevented from developing into a complete civilization. Yet Sparta was not an arrested so much as a perverted state. Apart from the fascination it exerted on Plato, Xenophon and others, Sparta was never considered by the Athenians among the barbarians, like Macedonia. Yet to Toynbee Sparta is an alien element and must be removed — a removal that is almost as perverse as the inclusion of Rome in Hellenic civilization, despite Rome's diverse political, religious, and economic evolution.

I have mentioned Sparta because Toynbee's attitude is at least partly conditioned by his hatred of violence and militarism, a fact which possibly may explain why Rome is added as an appendix to Greek civilization. Yet Toynbee is not even consistent in his observations on peoples at war. It would be easy to prove that the Athenian treatment of Samos and Naxos, her aggressive imperialism while leader of the Confederacy of Delos, were different only in degree, not kind, from the worst excesses of Roman militarism in the last two centuries of the Republic. But such a judgment would not have fitted into the pattern. Moreover, because everything before 431 happened for the best in that best of all possible worlds, Toynbee's arbitrary judgments on states are carried over to individuals. Throughout his work, as we have seen, Saviours appear. But these Saviours are not judged on moral or political grounds. Instead they are praised or damned according to the period in which they lived. If a man lives during the period of Breakdown or Disintegration he cannot escape condemnation as a Saviour of the Sword. Our author is admittedly unhappy, for instance, when he is forced to condemn Tiberius Gracchus, but he lived in a time of Breakdown and so is lumped together with other Saviours of the Sword like Caesar and Trajan. Pericles, on the other hand, lived before 431. His aims are therefore above suspicion. The *laissez faire* economist Solon, the opportunist Themistocles likewise escape criticism. Demosthenes, being born after the magic year, engaged in a struggle which had no prospects of success, since Breakdown had already started. So he does not count.

But what of Alexander? He, if any, should bear the brand of the Dominant Minority as a militarist who extended the boundaries of the Greek world to a point never again reached. But Alexander dreamed of the unity of mankind and attempted to put his ideal into practice. In his case Toynbee does not try to avoid the issue. Indeed, we learn to our astonishment that, by an inspired piece of insight unknown to the majority of us, he has divined "that it was Alexander's spirit that moved the centurion at Capernaum to make his humble appeal to Jesus to heal his servant by simply speaking the word without coming under his roof" (VI.7). Apart from this superhuman piece of insight I do not quarrel with Toynbee's judgment on Alexander. I have no doubt that he is right. But at what cost to his system! Here we have a leader of the Dominant Minority who was able to perpetuate an ideal that was fated through the agency of the Universal Church to conquer the ancient world. Is Toynbee aware of the inconsistency? He must be, but he does not say.

Now the fact that Toynbee insists on setting the Breakdown in 431 has worried his abridger, Somervell, who has tried to explain away his arbitrary dating by arguing that Breakdown "means nothing more than a severe illness from which the patient may, if his constitution is strong enough, recover". I am afraid this is not so. Let us consider an example from Greek architecture. Toynbee observes that the architects of the Parthenon—who finished their work before 431—had exhausted the possibilities of the Greek temple. Nine centuries later the Emperor Justinian commissioned a church that is still considered one of the world's great masterpieces, in which they succeeded in crowning a cruciform building with a dome. It was of course St. Sophia in Constantinople. Does Toynbee consider this a triumphant act of creation? He does not. He laments the fact that it is no longer possible for Hellenic civilization "within its traditional framework to perform any fresh act of creation in any field of activity". When Toynbee displays such an unhistorical desire to have his cake and eat it, we cannot be blamed for suspecting Mr. Somervell's plausible defence and concluding that to Toynbee Plato, Aristotle, Archimedes, Zeno, Vergil, the Church Fathers and all men so unfortunate as to flourish after 431 were merely second rate. We might be so unkind moreover as to remind

Toynbee that his desire to put civilization into an Hellenic straight-jacket would not have met with the approval of one of his heroes. To Pericles, if we can believe Thucydides, the crowning glory of Athens consisted not in conformity to one single ideal but to her versatility.

We cannot therefore consider Toynbee as an historian formulating laws according to the empirical method of science. We cannot, despite his immense erudition, acquit him of the charge of straining the interpretation of Greek history to fit a preconceived pattern. But this does not mean that we should dismiss the *Study* as a failure. He writes as a prophet with a vision, and his language, despite its veneer of scientific analysis, is metaphor. In the final volumes he throws off the laboratory coat of the scientist and reveals himself as a seer, who proposes to present history as "theodicy" — a justification of the ways of God to man. It is significant that in another recent book he observes that the works of artists and men of letters outlive the deeds of business men and soldiers. Poets and philosophers are superior to historians, while the saints surpass them all. His sensitive soul is revolted by the waste and destruction of war. Yet it exerts on him a horrible fascination. War means death, especially to civilization. To find relief from this obsession he turns to Lucretius, that most mournful of poets and reads

Nil igitur mors est ad nos neque pertinet hilum.

Yet if war is an evil—unless it occurs before a Breakdown—a religious war is evil compounded. So he toys with the idea that Western civilization began to disintegrate in the religious wars of the sixteenth century. Our world is menaced by its repudiation of spiritual principles. Is there any hope for us? Logically there should be none, once disintegration has set in. But Toynbee cannot condemn us as he condemned the Romans of the Augustan Age. He seems to see a faint glimmer of hope in the traces of a spiritual rebirth after 1918. "So we may live to see a civilization that has tried and failed to stand alone, being saved, in spite of itself, from a fatal fall by being caught in the arms of an ancestral church which it has vainly striven to push away and keep at arms length." But these words were written years ago. We now read in *Civilization on Trial* the words: "If mankind is going to

run amok with atom bombs, I personally should look to the Negrito Pygmies of Central Africa to salvage some fraction of the present heritage of mankind . . . since they are said to have an unexpectedly pure and lofty conception of the nature of God and God's relation to man." Stoic comfort indeed!

Why is it that Toynbee almost seems to delight in his grim prophecies? The reason, I think, is that he writes as a moralist, and when the moralist fulminates, the satirist is often not far away. When Toynbee castigates modern jazz as degrading, the imitation of African rhythms being symptoms of disintegration, one is reminded of the Roman satirist Juvenal in his reluctance to distinguish the trivial from the significant. And like Juvenal, his moral indignation blinds him to the many virtues of institutions he pillories. How else can we explain such pathological suspicion of the modern state that he can describe the past seven centuries of Western civilization as an "aberration" which has only been intensified by the Reformation and the spread of democracy?

As he is repelled by the state, so he is attracted by the Church, if we may so describe his amorphous amalgam of the Higher Religions. As we have seen, in his earlier books Toynbee started out with the theory that religion acted as a bridge between civilizations, but now believes that religion is the goal of civilizations. On moral grounds we may congratulate him on his change of heart, since I can conceive of no judgment more immoral than to suggest implicitly as he did originally, that as the Universal Christian Church put an end to Hellenic civilization, so the poor wretches who were slaughtered by Alaric and Attila were paying for the sins committed by the Athenians eight hundred years before — a fate peculiarly ironical if the slaughtered innocents also happened to be Christians. Yet is his present position any more tenable? He still repeats Aeschylus' half-truth, that man only learns by suffering, forgetting that suffering produces not saints but also criminals and human animals. What is more important is that he seems no longer to be interested in Western civilization as such. Even if this neo-Stoic satirist can see only signs of imminent dissolution, he might remember that Augustine, his predecessor in this historical field, was wise enough to realize that the City of God existed

beside and within the City of Man. For Toynbee now is guilty of the sin that with his new syncretistic approach to religion he sees in the Christian Church. This sin is to believe that it possesses "a monopoly of the divine light". The Christian Church is guilty of *Hybris*, "the intellectual effect of Original Sin". But surely our historian is guilty of even greater *Hybris* when he calmly forecasts that out of the death-throes of our civilization will be born a new religion — a curious hybrid off-spring of Christianity, Buddhism, Islam and Hinduism — which will introduce an era free from war and hate, an age when there will in truth be a Communion of Saints on earth. But they will be saints according to the Gospel of Jung, because Toynbee swallows whole that dubious oversimplification of religion whereby the mark of the Christian is feeling, of the Hindu is thought, of Islam is sensation, and of Buddhism is intuition. If we cannot condemn Toynbee for *Hybris*, we can at least convict him of theological naïveté.

In his later books, indeed, Toynbee seems to approach his subject more and more emotionally. How else can we explain his prejudice against the Jews? Whatever we may think of the Zionist state we cannot reconcile the objective fact of its realization with his description of Judaism "as a fossilized relic of a civilization which was extinct in every other shape". The honest Christian will read with amazement that this fossil, which Toynbee admits made a unique contribution to Western civilization by its "concepts of love and charity", was also responsible for introducing bigotry into Christianity. This is not enough for our author. When the fossil suddenly springs into vigorous life and achieves the aim of two thousand years, he proceeds to convict it of "impiety". Why is Toynbee so indignant and so bitter? Because Judaism, infected by "Western archaism", has presumed to revert to that antiquated political ideal of nationalism. Perhaps it would be kinder to pass over this lapse by Toynbee and simply describe it as an "aberration".

What must our final verdict be on this astonishing work and this amazing man? I think that we must dismiss his scheme, judged as a piece of scientific analysis, as chimerical. Though many of his comparisons and parallels are illuminating, though his scholarship and often the brilliance of his insight make one feel very humble, the more

we study his civilizations, the more we are impressed by their differences than the similarities. So vast is the scope of the work it would not be difficult to discover other patterns just as plausible, and just as difficult, in the present state of our knowledge, to verify.

Nevertheless, I believe this immense work, comprising over 6000 pages, with a bewildering number of charts and tables, to have been well worth while. Even where Toynbee in challenging current pre-conceptions comes up with answers I cannot accept, I feel that those questions were worth asking, since they provoke the orthodox historian to retrace well-trodden paths, and often to venture into fields that he has never previously entered. Again, whatever we may think of his conclusions, we are forced to admit that no historian has been less fettered by parochial considerations, less prone to worship at his own private altar, whether it be that of Hellenism or of Western nationalism, less committed to what some of us consider to be the impossible goal of complete objectivity. And if Toynbee has been justly accused of the dualistic fallacy of trying to separate soul and body, like a latterday Plato, it is well to be reminded that man has a soul or a mind, with aspirations that cannot be proved scientifically or analyzed like some organic chemical.

I would go further and insist that the *Study* is not philosophical enough. At times it reads like a collection of sociological essays. Challenge and Response, contacts in Time and Space, suggest a sociological approach. After deeper analysis of the morphology of civilizations it may be possible to arrive at scientific generalizations. But there is another sphere open to the searcher — that is the attempt to give a wise and meaningful interpretation of the lives and deeds of mankind. This is the province of the philosophic historian. Toynbee has failed because, as I read him, he has tried to be both philosopher and sociologist and ends by being neither. Hence those surprising and what I would describe as poetic transitions from factual analysis into myth and legend.

Nor is he sufficient of a theologian. Otherwise he would have not fallen into an error which I would suggest is a basic weakness of his work. It is this: in his earlier books Toynbee fervently believed, if I understand him correctly, that spiritual factors must be dominant in

history, and that sheer brute force cannot destroy a civilization. So he maintains that civilizations which succumbed to an invader must already have fallen victims to an internal malady. A casual reading of history shows how false such an assumption is. Toynbee has only to read the Bible to learn that the wicked flourish like the bay tree.

One further point. Any such account as this cannot do justice to an integral feature of the work — its style. At his worst he is given to jargon. He delights in classical circumlocutions. He piles clause on subordinate clause, introducing parentheses and qualifications in what almost seems to be a parody of Ciceronian Latin. At his best, however, he can write magnificently, so that the *Study* has not without justice been called an epic in prose. Rhythm, balance, the striking metaphor, the witty often mordant analogy, all the resources of literary art are there. Like a Greek chorus recurrent themes re-appear; Challenge and Response, Withdrawal and Return, Hybris and Nemesis, terms which, evocative in themselves, by their recurring use take on a progressively deeper meaning, until we cannot fail to be stirred by the genuine emotion and deep moral earnestness with which he treats his theme.

Again and again Toynbee makes it clear that he is writing for posterity. He may well be right.

Science - The Scientist - and Human Affairs - The Next Twenty Years - *

by

L. G. COOK

Some forthright comments by a scientist on the urgent problems facing science in the immediate future and their vital importance to the whole human community.

TWENTY years is a long or a short time depending on how one looks at it. In the life of individuals it is a rather short and vital period. Two decades ahead many of us hope still to be very active in the business of living. Two decades back I lived here in Kingston and attended with many of you these Baconian meetings.

Yet two decades back the world we lived in was very different from what it is today. The twin Damocles swords of uranium powered weapons and rocket technology had cast no visible shadow on our lives. The Industrial Revolution, already nearly a hundred years in full development, had almost eliminated the horse, to be sure, but had not yet really moved in on the "marginal" farmer and the farm "labourer". The miracle of hybrid corn had not yet created a "farm problem". The miracle of antibiotics had not yet come to extend life expectation, and aggravate "population pressures". The miracle of DDT had not yet reduced the death rate in poverty and disease ridden countries, resulting in sudden increases in population without any increase in available food supplies. The transistor had not yet made automation a household word. And one could go on and on. These two decades have spanned fantastic changes in the business of living.

* A talk delivered to the Baconian Society of Queen's University, March 28, 1961.

These revolutionary changes seem to have two dominant characteristics, which are utterly new — and which by no stretch of the imagination can be said to be "History repeating itself". First, for the most part they have had their origin in science, in laboratory research. Earlier phases of the Industrial Revolution, in retrospect, appear to have been dominated by mechanical invention, by "craft" invention, while people interested in "deeper understanding" worked away quietly and unmolested (as long, at least, as they avoided colliding with theology). This long period of "research in science" seems now to have "broken through" into the area of practicality, and begun to dominate the practical affairs of individuals, institutions, and nations. We appear, just in the last two decades, to have passed fully through the portals of a "science dominated" phase of the Industrial Revolution.

The second characteristic of these changes is the increasing pressure they have brought to bear on individuals, institutions and nations to adapt their business of living to this revolutionary technology. Increasingly, the individual has found his foods, his clothing materials, his travel conveyances, his weapons, his housing materials, and even the diseases which he may have, and die from, to be those dictated or permitted by science-based technology. The individual as a customer is left with brand choices for food, clothing, transport, recreation, etc., but many of his basic choices have been removed. It is evident, for example, that many organizations no longer have any choice whether to install automation, electronic bookkeeping, machine corn pickers, etc. or not; whether they like it or not, it is the current price of survival. Many of us, instinctively, as individuals, rebel against this trend. It is especially troublesome to sociologists, to philosophers, and to humanists generally, even to suppose that "history is not repeating itself" and that "the freedom of choice of the individual" can be determined by science-based technology. It is troublesome to the salesman, who traditionally feels that "filling customers' needs and wants" must be the vital force in the economy, to think that what the customer is going to buy (aside from brands), may be settled in the laboratory long before the salesman has ever heard of it.

There are others however who take a different view — that adapting to the facts of nature is the only course which will ease the

business of living; that we should be eager to know and use new scientific understanding and technology, since understanding nature enables us to adapt to it better — and that indeed any other course, pursued either in knowledge or ignorance, can only lead to disaster, personal and national.

As we attempt to peer objectively into the next two decades it seems therefore that we must use three trends as guides:

1. We must look for and expect changes in the business of living which are as radical and revolutionary as those of the last two decades. Any prognostications which do not have this radical character will be suspect.
2. These radical changes may be expected to continue the emergent trend of the technological harvesting of a century of science, and the emergence of the scientist as the dominant political factor and resource.
3. The pressure will increase on individuals and on organizations to adapt to new products, processes, and machines in order to survive. Previous phases of the Industrial Revolution have required adaptation to muscle replacement machines; the next two decades will require adaptation to increasingly capable brain replacement machines.

Once we recognize these utterly radical and new trends we can examine some of the implications, some of the things these forces seem destined to bring into being in the next two short decades.

The world around us is already changing rapidly and radically. Before World War I there was one industrial giant, and one rapidly growing; before World War II there were three. The next two decades seem destined to see five World Industrial Giants — The United States of America; The United States of Europe; The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics; The Republic of China; Japan.

The impact of this development is hard even to imagine. China, for example, promises to change during these two decades from a sprawling disorganization of 650 million people to a highly organized, industrialized, technological empire of one billion people. Tariff and immigration barriers of the sort statesmen have found effective in the past will merely invite the "opening" of ports by such a colossus —

pressed by population and muscled with uranium, rockets, transistors, orbiting satellites, brain replacement machines, etc. The techniques available to "maintain international trade channels" will be radically different from those used by the Western Powers to the same end on the Yangtse not so many decades ago.

It would be idle not to take note of the other extreme — India, Indonesia and Southeast Asia, where the battle to survive in science-based technology is apparently being lost. The result can only be another billion people, starving and disease ridden. Merely halting the importation of these diseases at our gates will be as difficult as halting the importation of unemployment — with every airport in the country a potential entry port.

Russia and China appear to be fully cognizant of the degree to which the revolution in the business of living during the next two decades will be science based — perhaps even more cognizant than the nations of the West in which the revolution has been conceived and born. Russia and China are experimenting desperately with various ways of "managing" and "planning" their science and technology. It is certainly not obvious that they are failing — nor that they may not be more successful in the long run than we are.

We cannot afford to let our vision in these matters be clouded with nostalgia. Harold Gerschinowitz, President of Shell Development Corporation, has commented aptly that "Nostalgia is not a fit emotion for a scientist" — certainly it is not in the next two decades.

The Industrial Revolution on this continent is not only moving faster — it is changing its character. It is being increasingly dominated by science-based innovation. Even the man on the street is beginning to realize vividly that the obscure, queer, impractical professors have been up to things over the last 50 years or more which are turning out now to be much more significant to the business of living than either he had thought or the scientist had anticipated.

We knew that Faraday, Maxwell, Oersted, and Henry had laid the groundwork for the electrical industry, over a period of 50 years preceding the first really efficient electrical generator. We are beginning to realize that just as surely did Becquerel, the Curies, Rutherford, Chadwick, Fermi and Hahn lay the groundwork, over a period of 40

years, for the nuclear weapon and the nuclear powered submarine, and thus determined decisively the nature of weaponry and power balances 25 years later — that is, in the next two decades.

Likewise Mendel, Darwin, Hopkins, East, Jones and Shull over a period of 80 years laid a sure foundation for the technological revolution in farming which has only really begun to make itself felt in the last decade — and will have much more impact in the next two. Barely 15 years ago did hybrid corn begin to take over the corn belt—bringing with it not only increased yield, but also a fertilizer industry, the mechanization of corn picking, increased capital requirements, decreased labour requirements, and those pressures and dislocations on the marginal farmer with which the manufacturing industry is already familiar.

Pascal, Leibnitz, Jacquard, Babbage, Kelvin, Boole, and many others over a period of 300 years carefully laid the groundwork for brain replacement machines to take over the tasks of the clerical worker and administrative executive. This groundwork waited only for the technology of manufacturing them reliably (which came with the transistor) and the economic pressure to use them — both of which have come in the last decade. The dislocations which promise to result are already one of the dominant concerns of unions and government as they approach the 1960's and 1970's.

Bayer, Kleeburg, Baekeland, Carrothers and a host of others laid the foundation for the revolution in materials which began tentatively with bakelite and nylon. Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, Ziolkovsky and Goddard laid the groundwork in very explicit fashion for space rocket technology.

And one could go on and on.

In retrospect the last decade or two may very well be recognized by historians as the period when science broke through to dominate the Industrial Revolution. The next two decades may very well be those in which the full implications are worked out and discovered — the hard way.

Although it has taken a long time for science to reach this point in Western civilization, it does not appear that newcomers need to go through this long period of learning. The science built up in the West

is available for use to all who will learn. Once we may have thought that the superior science and engineering skills of the West would provide satisfactorily long lead times — but, as we all know, at least two events of the last decade have shattered that hope for ever. Certain myths about how science and technology must proceed to be successful also seem to have been given the lie. If there is any method of protecting jobs against this foreign competition during the next two decades, we need to find it — and the answer is not likely to lie in tariffs and quotas.

If the answer is that the only way is to be swiftest in the technological race, we cannot afford to start with any preconceived notions about how to hold our eyebrows. Nor can we afford to represent planning for five decades ahead as if it were planning for the next one or two — nor equally can we afford to represent planning for next year as planning for the next decade or two. Very short range and very long range planning seem to be relatively easy — but effective planning for one decade ahead seems to strain men's minds almost to the point of blockage.

Dr. John Turkevitch of Princeton University, chemist and Russian scholar, is reported to have said that the U.S. is superior to the U.S.S.R. in all major fields of science but — of chilling significance — the greatest achievement of Soviet science is its integration within the totalitarian socialistic society. "The challenge that faces the United States and the Western World is one of how to integrate modern science into our domestic capitalistic society."

This means ten year planning.

The next two decades on this continent have to deal with some inescapable economic facts. Our population has been growing at a rate of 19 per cent per decade. Merely to maintain our standard of living there must be savings and investment to provide the same per capita investment we have now. But our investment per capita has been going up too, and probably must go up in periods of rapidly changing technology if the economy is to stay viable. It is likely that we will fall behind in the pace of the Industrial Revolution unless total investment increases by 50 per cent in the next two decades. Moreover, to be effective this investment must create new jobs. And all this has to be accomplished in the face of increasing costs of raw materials.

What of the scientist in the next two decades?

Many young scientists in the West have had a dream of falling into a frontier area of research early in life, with backers clamouring to support them, with important scientific papers going out regularly to the International Journals, and with the honours of International Scientific Societies — perhaps even a Nobel prize — waiting in the offing. A very limited few have ever had all of this good fortune. And to a few of these the last two decades have brought a bitter aftertaste. Indeed it may be that this dream belongs to the Victorian era, to the horse and buggy age — however reluctant the lovers of horses and science may be to give it up.

Commissioner Robert E. Wilson of the Atomic Energy Commission, speaking at the University of Buffalo on April 19, 1961, said:

Some of those working on peaceful uses of the atom who would draw around themselves a cloak of superiority because they are not working on weapons, owe the very existence of their whole field of work, if not, indeed, their own existence as free men, to the fact that these other scientists have been and still are working on weapons or the constituents thereof.

This work has in many cases been brilliant, of a basic character and caliber which would ordinarily have won several Nobel prizes or other high awards in science, but few of these men have received adequate recognition because so much of their work must still be classified as secret.

The happy, cheerful, respectful neglect of science and scientists which permitted them tremendous personal freedom of action — something always permitted to those whose activities are not recognized by their fellow citizens as having any current value in the business of living, but who are otherwise thought to be harmless — is over. Scientists and their activities are today considered by their fellow citizens in the five technological power areas of the world to be responsible in a close personal and direct way for the good things of life, where they are enjoyed, and for the Damocles' swords which disturb their sleep.

Scientists are now viewed as vital capital assets.

The elementary rules for handling capital assets — material capital assets that is — are reasonably well understood by business and government — such rules as those for savings, investment, interest, planning, and the rules of auditing for the all-important function of capital preservation. But the analogous rules for handling and preserving science-based technology capital — including the scientists and scientific groups — as effective sources of technological innovation have not been reliably codified through experience. Scientists in their new exposed rôle as compulsory forecasters, problem resolvers, and statesmen, are often surprised and confused — though rarely inarticulate. The clarity of their vision is frequently dimmed by nostalgia, fright, and downright inexperience.

Dr. W. O. Baker, Vice-President for Research at Bell Laboratories, summed up the situation at the American Association for the Advancement of Science meeting in New York last Christmas.

The simple fact now is that scientists do not have the trust of people and of nations in dealing with the issues of peace and war, of feast and famine, of life and death in their temporal forms. This is not a complaint, it is a realization.

Dr. Baker quoted one example of a Task Force put together in 1946 to appraise when the Soviet Union would have nuclear weapons. The estimate was carefully made, was considered by the Task Force to be reliable, and as events turned out, was reliable. However, Dr. Baker pointed out, "it was by no means trusted and — an equally sorry circumstance — we lacked the skill to make people believe and heed it." Dr. Baker went on: "This brings us to some other very large limitations in the tactics of science with respect to their harmonious integration in human affairs. For instance, that esteemed virtue of the noblest leaders of societies and nations, the ability to compromise, is painfully utterly lacking in the scientist producing new science." The statesman, he points out, deals in international compromises such as the gold value of the dollar, international law, the time of day — but the scientist deals in facts of nature with which there can be no compromise.

A second limitation in these mutual relationships comes from the knowledge on the part of the scientist that the fundamental ideas of modern science are based on the fact that truth is statistical — some-

thing equally incomprehensible in its implications to the statesman and the citizen. These may be more than mere limitations in communication. One may well ask whether the tried and true rules of statesmanship of the past can be successful in the next two decades of science-dominated technology — without at least a very liberal leavening of these new concepts.

The Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the University of Chicago commented early this year that "the world of science has developed so rapidly and in such remarkable ways that it raises the question whether there has been a gap in communication between science and philosophers and social scientists of the day." "I think there has been a substantial gap", he said, and added that when Dr. George W. Beadle, Nobel prize winning geneticist, was elected to the Presidency, he had said he would like to spend the rest of his life trying to do something about the gap.

There has been no lack of comments from writers, statesmen and scientists emphasizing this problem — usually coupled with a brickbat, a warning, or a recommendation of dubious objectivity. Thus *Maclean's* magazine of December 3, 1960, p.15, speaks of the "incomprehensible arrogance" of scientists. President Eisenhower, in his farewell address to the nation, offered a warning that "public policy could become the captive of a scientific-technical élite" (See *Science*, 2/10/61). Sir Cyril Hinshelwood (*Chemical Age*, 8/11/60) recommends that "if the chemist . . . unconcernedly cultivates his own, it will not fail to go on producing its flowers and fruits."

One thing is becoming clearer and clearer.

As we move into the next two decades of science-based technology, into the science-based phase of the Industrial Revolution, attention is going to be focussed more and more on the "Research Director", the man responsible for making decisions on the allocation of research support. To him come advice and pressure from every direction, but on him rests the responsibility for continuing decisions which will be vital to his company and to his nation — not next year — not 40 years hence, (those are relatively easy decisions), but in the course of the next two decades — and these are very hard decisions.

This brings us to some new and, for the scientist, perhaps not entirely palatable, facts. Unless scientists are prepared to address themselves to the problems of the management and planning of research effort allocation, within the context of the science-based phase of the Industrial Revolution of the next two decades, as wholeheartedly as they address themselves to their own personal research, this planning will have to be done and will be done by others — and probably badly through lack of understanding, not through lack of good will. Perhaps this gap should not have to be bridged by scientists alone — but the facts seem to be that these problems cannot and will not be resolved at all if they are delegated — or relegated — to others.

A few scientists have had the insight and courage to speak out to other scientists on this matter. I recommend to you Professor Hans Thirring's Introduction to his new book *Power Production* (Harrop) and also Von Neumann's article in *Fortune* of June 1955, entitled "Can We Survive Technology?"

In my opinion scientists in the West are going to have to grow in social stature and learn to do much more of this specific planning over the next two decades. They are going to have to become clearer and firmer about what they are doing, and why. They are going to have to become much more explicit about the time scales to which they are working — whether their objectives are of the two-year variety, the fifty-year variety, or are specifically aimed at the three to twenty-year period. They are going to have to be much more convincing in their relations with the citizen, the business man, the economist, the statesman. There must be a tremendous strengthening of mutual understanding and confidence — and rightly or wrongly, justly or unjustly, the bridge has to be built from the scientists' end.

Humanities and Social Sciences for Canadian Engineering Students

by

JAMES S. STONE

"[We Canadians are] moving into the job of generally or liberally or humanistically educating our budding engineers at a pace that would make a snail look like a Kentucky Derby winner." — Watson Thomson.

DESPITE the lip service paid to articles deplored the cultural dichotomy of science and the humanities, very little is being done in Canadian universities to bridge this critical gap. Science and engineering students are exposed to a modicum of "culture" (usually introductory Arts courses) and Arts students can elect a course or two in the natural sciences;¹ but no concerted effort has yet been made in Canada to present a program integrating the accumulated knowledge of science with the aesthetic and ethical values of the humanities and social sciences.

The chief reason given for maintaining this undesirable separation is the necessity for specialization in one's chosen discipline. Admittedly this applies to the honours student, the potential scholar or dedicated scientist without whom the muscles of pure research would atrophy. But what of the general course student and the potential graduate of a professional school such as engineering, most of whom will assume social or political responsibilities commensurate with their vocational duties? Should they not be educated both to understand the problems

¹ Space limitations prevent a discussion of the importance of science in the cultural education of an Arts student. Cf. for this aspect of the problem, J. Bronowski, "The Educated Man in 1984," *The Advancement of Science* 12901, 1955.

raised by scientific discovery and to deal with them in human terms? That such a "general education" (for want of a better term) is needed today is evident from the public apathy attending nuclear armament and from the common tendency among educated humanists to blame science for our present world dilemma.

The fact is that this world is becoming increasingly scientific; the past fifteen years in particular have witnessed great scientific discoveries and hence great changes in our way of living, and there is no indication of any slackening in the scientific pace. Therefore, teachers of humanities and social sciences must accept a new rôle, one closely associated with science. No longer will it serve the purposes of education to associate culture with knowledge of the classics or with what is preferred by "the best people", for the moral implications of modern scientific discovery are so demanding of humanistic concern that they have arrogated a major place in modern culture. Ignorance of major scientific concepts and discoveries has become a sin of omission for any humanist worth his salt.

Yet teachers of humanities and social sciences need not be fearful of losing their important educational position, for scientists themselves both admit their limitations and recognize the point at which their work stops and human values assume importance. Their only proviso is that the moral and aesthetic aspirations of man be correlated with scientific knowledge and aspiration; they would distrust any general education program that did not include the history and philosophy of science and the history of technology, and they would disapprove of a dogmatic approach inconsistent with empirical scientific method.

Educators in the U.S.A. and England have been cognizant of the need for general education for many years, but since the Second World War they have become particularly concerned about it, especially in engineering education. In the U.S.A. the American Society for Engineering Education (ASEE) recommended as early as 1944 a Humanistic-Social Science program for engineers. This initial report ("The Hammond Report") stressed the necessity for a general treatment of the major aspects of Western or world intellectual and cultural tradition in an *ad hoc*, custom-built program related to the continuing professional growth of the engineer as technologist and citizen. Most

American universities have evolved courses based on this first report and a later one ² in 1956, with the result that the 1959 chairman of the Summer Session of ASEE could announce that 80 per cent of one hundred institutions reporting had strong or strengthened programs in general education for engineers. The main reason given for this increased strength was that the engineering profession itself is persuaded of the need for this program.

In Britain, where the engineering profession is not so unified as it is in the U.S.A. and where the general cultural tradition is more firmly established, general education for engineers has not been introduced on a national level. Nevertheless, much has been done, notably in the technical colleges. The most interesting aspect of the British program is the stress on voluntary and extra-curricular means of achieving liberal-humanist objectives, rather than on the compulsory and curricular methods still advocated by many American universities. British educators have not accomplished as much as the Americans, but they have provided more variety in their program and they have experimented more freely. (Incidentally, according to C. P. Snow, the Russians, contrary to generally accepted opinion, require their engineers to take at least as many courses in the humanities as do the English or Americans).

What is our position in Canada? As I stated earlier, little has been done; however, there are some indications of interest, if not of action.

In this matter of general education Canadian universities appear to fit into five general categories, with some overlapping.³ First, there are the universities which offer no humanities or social science courses to engineers beyond Freshman English, and in some cases this English course concerns itself more with composition than with humanities. The second group offer Arts courses; but these are vocationally, rather than culturally, orientated. For example, my examination of university calendars revealed such course nomenclature as *Engineering Econo-*

² "The Gullette Report" or, to give it its formal title, "General Education in Engineering". Copies of this report may be obtained for 25c each from Professor W. Leighton Collins, Secretary, The American Society for Engineering Education, Urbana, Illinois.

³ This discussion of the Canadian scene is valid only as a general survey, for I have visited only a few of the Canadian universities. Most of my information comes from a report by Professor Watson Thomson of U.B.C. and from a perusal of 1960-61 university calendars.

mics, *Business Administration*, *Technical Literature*, *Engineering Reports*, *English for Engineering Students* (italics mine). Third, and these comprise the majority, are those universities which permit engineers to take existing introductory or survey courses designed for Arts students proceeding to further study in the subject. The fourth category is merely an extension of the third in that subjects such as history of science, philosophy of science and history of technology are offered in addition to Arts electives; but these additional courses do not appear to be correlated in any way with the Arts offerings.

Only three Canadian universities that I know of are actively attempting to provide an integrated general education program for engineers. (I envisage a thousand letters "with red burning spits hizzing in upon [me]" for making this statement; likely many Canadian universities are considering general education. But "considering" and "actively engaged in" (or "actively planning") are not identical in meaning). The first of these, University of British Columbia, has pioneered this type of program for Canadian universities. (Professor Watson Thomson of U.B.C.'s English Department toured universities in the United States and Britain in 1957 and 1959 to gather information on their general education programs. I am indebted to him for much of my material). So far their English Department has assumed the full burden, but they are considering an inter-disciplinary program. McMaster University has moved in a different direction from U.B.C., namely, that of providing more time and an increased range of electives. At McMaster engineering students spend up to 18 per cent of their educational time (for the full four years) in humanistic-social studies, and they can elect such subjects as Art, Music, and Comparative Religion along with Philosophy, Politics, English, and other Arts courses. The McMaster program, however, does not appear to be as well integrated as U.B.C.'s.

The University of Waterloo,⁴ concerned like McMaster with providing a meaningful program for a fledgling faculty of Engineering, is at present offering a compulsory first-year course in English literature

⁴ Established in 1956 as Waterloo College Associate Faculties, this institution was granted a university charter early in 1959; total enrollment is now over 1000, of which 750 are engineering students.

plus a wide variety of electives in humanities and social sciences. But they are seriously engaged in planning a new program that will likely be based on a common first year in which the engineering student is exposed to the broad sweep of western intellectual tradition. In the other years, the Waterloo student will probably have a free choice of electives designed to provide depth as well as to meet the broad objective of the first year course, namely, to give the engineer the sort of understanding and appreciation of his tradition that an intelligent layman should have.

Canadian universities as a whole, however, do not appear to recognize the need for any *radical* alteration of their humanistic-social studies offerings to Engineers. As Professor Watson Thomson stated in a paper presented at the Pacific Northwest Regional Conference of ASEE in May, 1960:

[We Canadians are] not making any mistakes, but that's chiefly because we're moving into the job of generally or liberally or humanistically educating our budding engineers at a pace that would make a snail look like a Kentucky Derby winner.

Of course, any Canadian university intending to establish a general education program for engineers must face many problems, the most serious of which is time on the time-table. However, the hard-won experience of ASEE can be of great help in avoiding difficulties. For example, when the new University of South Florida opened its doors in 1960, it had a fully integrated general education program ready for delivery; ASEE suggestions had helped it through the gestation period. Labour pains, I assume, were its own problem.

According to ASEE the initial requirements in planning a general education program for engineers are vigorous administrative support and close co-operation between engineering and arts faculties. If the President and the Deans do not take the initiative and if they do not encourage members of both faculties to think about the matter, to make suggestions, to discuss it at joint meetings, its supporters may as well save their energy. For only by joint discussion can traditional academic barriers be knocked down and an acceptable program suited to the needs of that particular university be arrived at. Arts faculty members must become cognizant of the need for a course designed

to change with changing conditions, a course quite unlike any among the specialized Arts disciplines. Engineering faculty must see the course not as a cultural veneer to make their students acceptable in polite society nor as a surface skill or vocational need (e.g. English Composition *per se*). And, above all, the Engineering faculty must accept the course as an integral part of the engineer's education, not as a luxury to be tolerated if there is room or time in the timetable.

To make this discussion and liaison possible, a Joint Planning Committee should be instituted to present proposals to the two faculties. Their task would be to suggest the objectives, the type of course and its content. As Professor Davenport has stated (in a paper entitled "A New Plan for a New College", presented at the 1959 Summer Session of ASEE), this is no easy chore even for experts. At Harvey Mudd College, Claremont, California (the "new college" referred to in his paper) a Carnegie-financed study by four consultants in general education produced four different plans, one of which the college itself had to select in accordance with such apparently incompatible objectives as "organization, depth, breadth, coherence and relation to the local scene". Indeed, no university can expect to do more than begin with a program combining the best of tried approaches with something unique to its own situation and then reconcile itself to the necessity for constant evaluation and possible alteration. The dynamic nature of general education demands this flexibility.

This dynamic aspect is most evident when one compares types of courses and content. Some American universities have broad, integrated "Civilization" courses, others confine themselves to a humanities program, and still others concentrate on the social sciences. Some programs allow no electives, others a broad range of options; some stress extracurricular "Additions", others do not; some concentrate on lectures, others on discussion groups; some begin with a broad common course and branch out into specialized subjects; others begin with specialization and end with a "capstone" course.

The number of combinations or varieties is large; yet a clear division is evident between the plans stressing a tightly integrated sequence with controlled election and those advocating a maximum of

free election. Between these two extremes is the kind of program most common in the U.S.A. today, namely, a compromise involving one or two broadly conceived, compulsory courses, followed or preceded by a wide range of electives, with depth in at least one area as the only restriction. Canadian universities contemplating a general education program would do well to consider this compromise, for it appears to combine the best of the American and British approaches. Educators in favour of basing the humanities-social sciences program for engineers on existing Arts courses may argue that the compromise I refer to is identical with what they advocate. But their argument ignores both the breadth of the common course and the coherence of the whole general education program. Moreover, a curriculum based on existing Arts courses has demonstrable weaknesses. First, if the Arts course is introductory and non-terminal, it is notoriously shallow and thus is unlikely to give a critically-minded engineering student any great respect for the discipline or methodology of the subject concerned; this serious weakness more than offsets any benefit that might accrue from the engineering student's mixing with classmates from other faculties. Second, if the Arts course is designed to be introductory and terminal, the department offering the course almost invariably regards it as inferior; thus the attitude of the instructor and the quality of the instruction are unsatisfactory in nearly every case. Third, the traditional resistance of engineers to Arts courses makes it difficult for the engineering student to achieve any synthesis of Arts knowledge with his scientific and technological knowledge; and this difficulty is all too often aggravated by the fact that the humanities or social science teacher can be as narrowly specialist in outlook as any science or engineering instructor.

Just as important as close liaison and careful program planning is the matter of obtaining teachers enthusiastic about general education and about teaching engineers. As most Arts faculty are specialists in particular aspects of their own field, they would be neither willing nor able to engage in general studies. Those who are "generalist-specialists" would be suitable candidates, but they would have qualms about losing touch with their specialized studies and their department, or they might be concerned about being unfairly branded as second-class

academics. The last point need not apply if the program proves its worth, but the other two matters cannot be ignored; departments would have to make arrangements to ensure that anyone playing a full part in the general education program does not suffer academically or professionally. The ideal solution, at least for teaching the broad common courses, would be to hire faculty educated in general studies; some American universities are graduating competent people educated on this broad basis. But not enough are yet available. Until they are, Canadian universities would have to rely on "generalist-specialists", which is apparently what the Americans are doing with a good measure of success.

So far I have stressed teachers and their teaching program. But one must not forget the needs of the students as learners. Their prime requirement is time — time to read, time to contemplate, time to talk. (Some American universities have lengthened the engineering course by a full year to provide this time. Others have integrated scientific and technical courses or eliminated technical courses duplicated by industry). Second, they need certain physical facilities in which to make the best use of their time; student residences, reading rooms and club rooms are essential to a successful general education program.

None of these problems is insoluble. Yet little will be done in Canada until teachers and administrators feel as strongly about the need for this kind of program in modern university education as do American and British educators like Professor Davenport, who, in the article cited earlier, states:

[There is a] special need for physical scientists and engineers broadly trained in the social studies and the humanities to assume technical responsibilities with an understanding of the relation of technology to the rest of our society.

and

We were aware of the importance of the humanities and social sciences — of their utilitarian value, their help in developing the whole man, their necessary place in aiding the man of technology (now moving into the position of national leadership once held by financiers and lawyers) to know not just what he can do, but should do.

Like C. P. Snow, Professor Davenport and his ASEE colleagues believe that the technologist, as an important national and world citizen, needs to be educated in both scientific and human terms.

If their argument is valid, and I firmly believe it is, we humanities and social science teachers are faced with the challenge and responsibility of educating future world leaders, the scientists and the engineers, in meaningful humanistic terms. Why not begin in Canada with the engineers, both because they are more apt than pure scientists to undertake social and political responsibilities and because the engineering profession has given its blessing to a general education program for budding engineers? If we choose not to accept this challenge, we shall be doing a disservice not only to university education but to society as a whole.

Their Brothers' Keepers

by

D. G. BROWN

Recent amendments to the Criminal Code extend the power of administrative boards over the liberty of convicted citizens in special cases. Here is a direct challenge to the general principles of indeterminate sentencing.

Assuming some improvement in the personnel and in the methods of the boards, it would be preferable to give them complete control over the period of imprisonment.

—Sutherland and Cressey, *Principles of Criminology*,
5th ed., p. 555.

HERE is the criminologist speaking, as he sums up a general discussion of the indeterminate sentence, and in particular concludes his reply to the objection that the maximum time a man may be kept in prison ought not to be left to an administrative board. The argument has been sober, the need for improvement has been admitted, the claim is blandly made. A progressive and scientifically minded man has a suggestion for reform, at a point where we know reform to be needed. I shall argue, nevertheless, that this mortal has overreached himself. If he is prepared to treat his fellow-men in this way, he has taken them in his intellectual grasp while overlooking his moral relations to them.

The proposal in question I take to be briefly this. In a fully developed system, anyone convicted of, say, an indictable offence, would be sentenced to imprisonment for an indeterminate period. He would come under the care of a staff whose psychologists, social workers, and psychiatrists would be in a position to treat him seriously as an individual, and to offer him such means of rehabilitation as would make his "reform" and re-instatement as a law-abiding citizen most

likely. He would be released as soon as an administrative board, possessing various kinds of technical competence, believed that he was unlikely to commit similar offences, and was no longer a danger to society. On the one hand, we should have ceased vindictively punishing those who might better be released, and on the other hand, we could protect ourselves from the inevitable repeater, who in any event is soon back in.

What is the difficulty then? It is that such a system would allow legal punishments whose severity had lost all proportion to the offence. Further, the official bodies which inflicted such penalties, if they did, would in practice be enabled to do so only because the exercise of these dire functions had been transferred to them from the legislative and judicial machinery. In both these ways the convicted offender is exposed to an invasion of his civil liberties.

Suppose that I, thinking that my fellow longshoreman is stealing my girl, drunkenly produce a knife. Or suppose that, adhering to the anarchist doctrine that property is theft, I feel entitled to alter some of my capitalist employer's invoices. And suppose that during five, or eight, years my administrative board continues to feel that I have not responded well, indeed could be nearly counted upon to offend again. Why they might think this of me is an interesting but irrelevant question. Whatever the reasons for which I am held, I can claim that my punishment is too severe, and that I am therefore being unjustly treated. The invasion of personal liberty is here most direct and serious, being simply unjust imprisonment, but such cases might not be common. On the other hand, in every case, even when I am released after a month, I have been subjected to the authority of a board with neither the political responsibility of a legislature nor the procedural protections of a court, which could treat me unjustly if it wished. This milder but inevitable invasion I shall not dwell on here, because I think no one would urge such a power for an administrative board who was quite clear what power it was, namely, the power to inflict unjustly severe punishments.

But, it will be objected, this is to assume the old punitive theory of the law. The indeterminate sentence is of a piece with modern forms of correctional institution, competently and adequately staffed,

and the whole system makes sense only as an expression of a new attitude to the offender. If we look upon his existence as a social problem, and his individual case as a clinical problem, we can use the prison system to restore him to society, and we can stop using it as a device to match degree of retribution to degree of moral guilt. The very concept of punishment is out of place, and to invoke it is to betray an unreconstructed attitude to the offender.

But the main point I wish to make is just this: the concept of punishment does not become inapplicable merely because one's moral attitudes change, not even if one's views change about the justifiability of punishment. I am not appealing to retributive theories, nor primarily to any theory of the justification of punishment, but simply to what punishment is. An administrative board that keeps a man is in fact punishing him, whether it realizes it or not and whether it approves of punishment or not.

It is not difficult to say what punishment is. To punish a person is to inflict on him something objectionable for having done something wrong. In any but the most virgin state of nature, punishment is variously institutionalized, and its various kinds are distinguished accordingly. Whether it is administered in the family, the school, or the state, one can identify more or less formally those aspects of the institution which are familiar in the legal system of the state: a set of rules defining the offences, a procedure for determining when a given person has committed one, a procedure for inflicting the penalty. For the purposes of this discussion, having done something wrong means simply having committed a legal offence.

It is clear that a board administering indeterminate sentences is charged with one aspect of the institution of punishment, that of actually determining the penalty to be inflicted. This of course implies an important restriction on the criminologist's proposal. He is suggesting an alternative form of punishment, and not an institution analogous to our certification of the insane or to the social surgery of the Nazis; his very term presupposes conviction for a legal offence. But it also implies that any principles we have for deciding the legitimacy or illegitimacy of punishment automatically apply to this new form of it. I trust no one will suggest that to lock someone up is to inflict nothing

objectionable on him. It does not matter that the board intends the rehabilitation of the offender, or that its clinical attitude is free from moral condemnation. Its activities are still punishment, and still subject to our standards for the legitimacy of punishment.

The present issue does not turn on the existence of positive justification for any punishment, so much as on the determination of degrees and limits; but it will help to say something even about this. Being the infliction of something objectionable, punishment as such necessarily calls for justification. As to what in fact justifies such of our legal punishments as really are justified, there is one main thing to be seen. It happens to be a thing on which the criminologist has a curiously oblique angle of vision, for he is by profession concerned with those cases in which the principal justification of punishment goes unfulfilled. It is the deterrent effect of the institution of punishment, in maintaining the existence of a legal system and of minimum conditions for social life, which alone can justify punishment on the scale on which we have it. Yet the criminologist, by definition, deals with those who are not deterred. The rôle of punishment in deterring those who are deterred is extremely difficult to grasp. One must estimate what it would be like without an effectively enforced legal system; that is to say, one must have a theory of the State of Nature comparable to the classical theories of Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau. That is why the justification of punishment is also a problem of political philosophy. Marxists and Liberals could however agree on the primacy of deterrence; whether punishment is the means by which society protects itself, or the instrument by which one class oppresses another, it works chiefly by its deterrent effect.

So far, the basic moral principle in play has been the principle of utility. Punishment can be justified in so far as its deterrent effect is needed for the general happiness. What we need for assessing the indeterminate sentence are rather two of the qualifying and complementing principles that have become attached to traditional utilitarianism. The first of these is that neither punishment nor any other means of coercion can be justified on the ground that it is for the good of the offender. The second is that, on the contrary, the good of the offender must be set against that of society, whose claims are thereby limited;

the needs of society and the severity of the infliction must be adjusted by standards of fairness which are independent of the principle of utility.

The first principle is the simpler, and has the advantage of classic statement by John Stuart Mill. In his essay *On liberty*, he says:

The object of this Essay is to assert one very simple principle that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can rightfully be exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant.

—Everyman Ed. pp. 72-3.

In applying this principle to the reformation of the undeterred, we must maintain two distinctions. First, it is one thing to offer the means of reform, whether vocational training or psychiatric treatment, to those who want it, while they are in prison; it is another to impose upon them either these means or the imprisonment which makes the means available. In seeking to limit coercion, we are not in any way speaking against the proposal to offer more treatment. The real need is in any case for money and co-operation, not for authority to coerce.

Second, granting that we did decide to impose some type of imprisonment as a means of reform, it is one thing to do it for the protection of society and another to do it for the good of the offender. The most radical form of criminological *hubris* is to advocate the indeterminate sentence on the ground that, treatment being incomplete, it is to the offender's own interest to be kept until he is well enough to make a tolerable adjustment in society. This is called a medical approach, when it is mere thoughtlessness; a doctor who treated his patient in this way would be guilty of abduction. By all means let us offer the convicted man the best possible chance to solve his problems. But at the same time, let us be clear that if we detain a man by force in order to protect society, even in order to do this by reforming him, we have no right to make this punishment more severe than the offence warrants.

But who can say how severe a punishment the offence warrants? I have offered as a second principle that the needs of society and the

severity of the infliction must be adjusted by standards of fairness; are there such standards? I think there are, however hard it is to codify them. They were being invoked in London in 1777, in the public revulsion at the hanging of Dr. Dodd for forgery. Such repudiations, like the abandonment of capital punishment for stealing, show the recognition in successive particular cases that the penalty was too severe for the gravity of the offence. The particular judgments are clearly sound. For a general rule, I am unable to improve on this admittedly vague formula: it is unfair, in the repression of conduct damaging to society, to threaten even greater damage to offenders. Here the utilitarian must indeed supplement his principles with a neglected but acceptable part of retributive theories. It is not true that an eye demands an eye; but it is true that a tooth cannot excuse more than a tooth.

The text-book first quoted, by Sutherland and Cressey, seems implicitly to take some account of the first principle but not of the second. It begins the second half of its defence of the completely indeterminate sentence with the remark that

The absolute maximum penalty probably results in more injury to society than does the minimum (p. 554).

This is a positive argument which, whatever its weight, is drawn from an acceptable category. But when we come to the negative arguments, we find just that misunderstanding or insensibility which we should expect, and hope, to underlie the suggestions made:

The reason for the general existence of the legal maximum is a fear that the administrative board will make mistakes and keep prisoners confined for life who would be perfectly safe in society. (P. 554).

Quite the contrary. We could agree that the boards would be better qualified and less liable to error than a legislature or court. What is to be feared is that an administrative board, though omniscient and omnicompetent, might share the implied moral attitude of these authors. For they seem to imply that, if a man would not be perfectly safe in society, then by a single conviction he forfeits his civil rights and can justly be imprisoned for life. The maximum penalty sets a limit at

which we say of a man that given what he has done, then, regardless of our success or failure in inducing reform, he does not deserve a more severe punishment than he has already received.

So much talk of what the offender deserves, and of proportioning the penalty to the offence, may suggest a belief that the wrongdoer, by some natural fitness, deserves a particular severity of retribution, whether or not any good purpose is served by it. Actually no such idea is involved. Any system of punishment gives occasion to criticize the justice or injustice of its application to individual cases, and consequently to use these notions of desert and of proportion. They do no more than bring to bear on the particular case whatever standards of justice we happen to have. This important function must be preserved, and dissociated from superstitious theories of punishment. Then we can welcome enlightenment in criminology while remaining clear about our moral relation to the offender.

Kant provided a picture of this relation when he spoke of a Kingdom of Ends. By this he meant that men, being possessed of reason, were united by their common subjection to the system of moral principles. These are the principles of impartial adjudication under which individuals, clashing in the pursuit of their ends, can find an agreed solution. Not to respect these principles is to disregard the claims of others, and by not "treating them as ends in themselves" to fail in respect for men. In the advocacy of the indeterminate sentence, a scientific approach to conduct has for a moment turned human relations into objects of study, and people into things. But the convicted man, though he justly forfeits specific rights, remains a fellow citizen of a moral order.

Three Poems by Malcolm Lowry

WALK IN CANADA

The diving board trembles
Beneath a cake of snow;
Snow crusted on shacks, snow on the mountains,
And silver timber burnished on the beach —
The snowlight on the sound is maniacal.

— The road out of the mountains bends away
To wild strawberries in the snow, laurel,
And different kinds of moss: some frozen,
Some not hit: and blackberry bushes;
Strange deodars that sweep out in the spring,
Their lower branches skirting the ground
Silvery-grey-green, with fine tufted needles;
And spruce, fir, juniper, arbor vitae . . .

Sweet fern (whose seed makes us invisible)
You who are my eyes and seeing heart
Showed me! And leaves on which the fallen snow
Has melted, but not before another frost,
Had nipped snow and leaf together in such conjunction
As only those poets know whose hearts
Have broken twice before supporting song . . .
And frost like rock-candy makes fine crunching
Under the feet . . .

Always under the bracken goes the corduroy road.
Ways built by man must have some purpose;
A ruined sawmill, with frozen sawdust
And cylinders of wood, frosted: where are the timber wolves
That pay no bounty any more? But the rabbit trails
And deer go over the bridge . . .
The Indian trail! Oh blood, battles fought here . . .
The day is drawing in, we lose our way.

Two trees have fallen, their fall broken
By a blasted stump, and as they fell they clasped
Another nameless tree. So perhaps the
Dead help the living. We call then to the dead.
"For these roads you have built all lead to death."
Not quite as Wolfe remembered Gray.
No footsteps answer of the melting frost
For frost is hard upon us and black frost
Hard over the world in a grip of lies —
And hard on this strange undeserved country
Whose heart is England and whose soul is Labrador,
Whose men roam free, or hunt like wolves . . .

What joy it is to find the way at last
That leads us back to light and good kindling!

THE WESTERN OCEAN

He begged his ghost a vision of the sea
That would compose it stilled within the mind
Forever, so that he might be resigned
To it and not haunted eternally.
The ghost shook his head and said, gravely,
'You would have lost your only grief, to find
You prayed then for the roar of the sea wind
And the darkness,' (they turned toward the quay),
'That you had landlocked your heart to compose your tears.
Its unrest will claim you as on this wharf
Its mist on your breast.' His ship in harbor
Loaded sweet timber from the high-piled piers.
He looked at her long and then with a laugh
Climbed on board and was seen no more.

THE WILD CHERRY

We put a prop beneath the sagging bough
That yearned over the beach, setting four stones
Cairn-like against it, but we thought our groans
Were the wild cherry's, for it was as though,
Utterly set with broken seams on doom,
It listed wilfully down like a mast,
Stubborn as some smashed recalcitrant boom
That will neither be cut loose nor made fast.
Going - going - it was yet no bidder
For life, whether for such sober healing
We left its dead branches to consider
Until its sunward pulse renewed, feeling
The passionate hatred of that tree
Whose longing was to wash away to sea.

Algeria at Ideological Crossroads

by

FREDERICK F. CLAIMONTE

“ . . . Algeria has now become one more cockpit of the cold war consumed by the raging inferno of ideological passions.”

SEVEN years of unparalleled violence and counter-violence as their sequel have spawned a new type of leadership among Algerian nationalists. Ferhat Abbas, a moderate of political moderates, has been shrouded by a group of young militants whose views on the national struggle and international relations have become more radical with the flow of time.

The purge of Ferhat Abbas was the final paroxysm of years of bitter infighting within the ranks of the G.P.R.A. (the nationalists' provisional government). Drawing a parallel from the French Revolution, the North African specialist Jean Lacouture compares the ascendancy and triumph of the new leader Ben Khedda to the eclipse of an old Girondin by a young Montagnard. Unlike Abbas, Khedda, the intellectual and man of action, belongs to the school of empirical Marxists, contemptuous of the outlook of those elements in the nationalist movement that had been so deeply impregnated with French culture. Whether or not the new chief executive was ever a *bona fide* member of the Algerian Communist Party is of no importance. What is crucial, however, is that Khedda's conceptual outlook on contemporary social change is that of a thinker who has read and assimilated the dialectic of the Marxist priesthood.

This new breed of Algerian *combattant* is a product of the seven year war and longer. Khedda's wife, herself a partisan, was captured and tasted the rigours of the torture chamber in the detention camp of Beni Messous. Several members of Khedda's family were reported

killed at the time of the Constantine massacre which occurred between May 8-16, 1945, when the French army shot 15,000 (the French figure) Algerians as reprisals for the loss of life suffered by French citizens. (The Algerian figure, blatantly exaggerated, is 75,000.)

The new President of the G.P.R.A. and the younger leftist elements in the leadership have now overtly proclaimed the kinship between the national struggle and socialism and, as in Cuba, the national uprising has been transmogrified into the standard bearer of a social revolution with its roots deeply anchored in the extreme left. The political liquidation of Abbas has by no means modified the position of the G.P.R.A., revealed at Evian and Lugrin, which calls for the principle of Algeria's unity and territorial integrity. This position has been defined with a narrow arid legalism that brooks no compromise.

Internally crucial in the ministerial reshuffle, however, (and here the implications for the West are portentous), is the fact that the shift in the power structure highlights a victory for the left wing, fundamentally Marxist in its doctrinal inspiration. The charges proffered against the former President were that his close cultural links with France and his fervent pleas for a 'Franco-Algerian association' were prejudicial to the advancement of the national movement. Moreover, and here the indictment touches another spectral dimension, his critics declared that he was a spokesman of the Moslem bourgeoisie and that his continued presence as the chief executive served to obscure the revolution's socialist objectives.

Repeatedly Ferhat Abbas had observed that he was not a socialist, an admission that was used against him with lethal effect. Symptomatic of this accentuated radicalism following Abbas's ouster from the inner sanctum of the decision makers, is the following passage from *El Moudjahid*, the organ of the F.L.N.

The National Council of the Algerian revolution has studied the question of economic growth in a free Algeria. . . Our country is on the threshold of freedom and the movement is irresistible. To the tragic legacy of underdevelopment that confronts us, must be added the disruption of the war and the heavy casualties suffered.

The vision that we have of a resurgent Algeria influences our decisions along the entire line. And it will increasingly continue to

do so. Our National Committee of the Republic has confirmed this in giving greater priority to the fundamental questions concerning the *social content of our struggle* (italics mine), and the setting up of a government effectively inspired by the revolutionary principle: by the people and for the people.

Familiar is its ring, for it bears the unmistakable imprimatur of China's revolutionary theorists, and of Sekou Touré and Fidel Castro.

By trade a pharmacist, Ben Youssef ben Khedda was born in Berrouaghia in 1920 of an upper middle class family and studied at Blida College, like his companions in arms Yazid and Dahlaab. At the age of twenty he plunged headlong into the nationalist maelstrom, soaring rapidly in the hierarchy, due to his tremendous organizational powers that were matched by an ability for sustained work and discipline, rare in a volatile Mediterranean Arab. In the nationalist movement he clashed with Messali Hadj, the aged nationalist, whom he quickly reduced to a nonentity (except in France where Messali still has a small following in nationalist circles). Cold, reticent and calculating, his blistering hatred of France is boundless.

Recognized by the French military as a master strategist and organizer, he has been frequently compared to the victor of Dien-bienphu — General Giap. The comparison is not invidious for both men were nurtured in the same anti-colonialist school, and their common hatreds were nourished from the same sources. Khedda is a prototype of a new élite. Rather naïvely French diplomats expressed their bewilderment at Evian at the brilliant galaxy of leadership that has arisen, and which has now lashed itself to the chariot of neutralism and the Communist bloc.

Together with Belkacem Krim and the still interned Ben Bella, he masterminded the rebellion that erupted in the autumn of 1954. Subsequently arrested and released in April 1955, Khedda was the artisan and inspirer of the F.L.N. congress in August 1956. He developed a tenacious friendship with that phalanx of extraordinary conspirators: Ramdane Abane, baptized the virtuoso of violence, Belkacem Krim, Saad Dahlaab and Ben Bella. In time this tiny organizational nucleus became the spearhead of the rebellion which

Khedda was to lead with such insight and ruthlessness. However, at the time of the establishment of the provisional government in September 1958, which elected Ferhat Abbas as its first President, it would have been suicidal to have challenged Abbas's authority which straddled the entire Maghreb and the Arab League. The propitious hour had not yet struck, but the machinery that was to lead to his eventual dethronement was already in operation.

Given the geographical proximity to France and Algeria's topography, Khedda recognized that the rebellion could not succeed with the same tactics used in the jungle-fringed mountains of Indochina. The battle of Algiers of 1956-57 indicated the futility of any attempt to seize Algeria by a series of armed urban uprisings. Yet the 'battle of Algiers' indirectly succeeded for it initially compelled the French forces to concentrate in the Algiers region, permitting the extension of the F.L.N.'s politico-administrative framework over the entire territory. But the essential strategy that Khedda had imbibed from his close study of the tactics of his Viet and Chinese mentors was the necessity of a broad-based intelligence and underground network which ramified into the smallest *douar*. He added a vital ingredient which the Viets and the Chinese partisans had seldom used: urban terrorism on a mass scale, a potent instrument that was to prove diabolically demoralizing.

In many ways the strands of Ben Khedda's life seem interwoven with those of Chen, the fictional hero of Malraux's *La Condition Humaine*: the same single-mindedness of purpose and utter dedication to his cause, the same daring exploits, and courage in the face of what, at times, must have seemed certain death. Khedda's name has become a legend among the partisans, and stories are told of how, in the Willaya 3 (Kabylie), together with four commandos he drove into the camp dressed in the uniform of French paras, quickly knifed the sentinels guarding the ammunition depot, destroyed it and escaped; and of his hairbreadth escape into Morocco with the assistance of an old woman who pretended that he was her blind son. Apocryphal or not, these stories are the measure of the new executive.

Already a veteran field commander and organizer at the time of the setting up of the provisional government in 1958, he was appointed minister of social affairs charged with tightening the links between the F.L.N. and the U.G.T.A. (Union générale des travailleurs algériens). But a certain incident was momentarily to spell his disgrace.

According to a French intelligence report, Abane had fathered the idea of exporting the war to France. This would have entailed transforming the 400,000 migrant Algerian workers into an underground force capable of sabotaging French industrial installations. It is reported that the blueprint never got off the drawing board because it encountered the rebuff of the Soviet Union, who stressed its adverse repercussions on the French Communist Party. The death of Abane in a commando raid and the discarding of the plan marked the momentary eclipse of Khedda. It seems unlikely, fanatical and determined as Khedda is, that he was the midwife to his friend's abortive brainchild, for he possesses the capacity for taking infinite pains and his seemingly reckless daring has always been dominated by a mind to which adventurism is alien.

His political elimination did not long endure, for we soon see him surfacing again in 1959 and being assigned vital liaison work in China, the Soviet Union, Cuba and the Casablanca powers. He was the first national leader to visit the Soviet Union and China, and in both of these countries he underscored the seminal fact that the F.L.N. was playing an historic rôle in weakening N.A.T.O. in so far that it was financially bleeding France and that half a million French troops were pinned down in Algeria; pregnant truths that could scarcely leave the leaders of the Communist camp unmoved. In Cuba and China he underscored the organic unity between Algeria's struggle and that of China against Chiang Kai-shek and that of Cuba against Batista. Ferhat Abbas, who subsequently visited China in the latter part of 1960 and spoke of it in glowing terms, had earlier warned against any alignment with the Communist bloc, particularly China, notwithstanding that it had been one of the first countries to recognize the G.P.R.A. and had volunteered active support to the rebellion.

The motive behind Abbas's warning stemmed from his fear that any such identification would lead to the alienation of the Western camp, and for the same reason Fidel Castro's offer to train F.L.N. partisans was rejected. In this view he was supported by Bourguiba, an Algerian editor told me. He was at one with Bourguiba in believing, on the strength of Senator Kennedy's declaration, that the United States would repudiate France's continued presence in Algeria, and that the concerted efforts of the provisional government should be directed towards driving a wedge between the U.S. and France, while maintaining conventional but obscure links with China, Cuba and the U.S.S.R.

The pro-Western orientation of Tunisia's 'combattant suprême' received short shrift at the hands of the left wing of the G.P.R.A. where it was discarded as opportunist and lacking in foresight. During 1960, the attack against Bourguiba rose to a new crescendo, and it was said that he was an American stooge and that his relationship with De Gaulle went beyond the bounds of amiability.

The burden of Khedda's indictment was that Gaullist power had generated a new correlation of forces and it was now impossible to separate the U.S. from France, for if the United States took the unprecedented step of supporting the F.L.N., De Gaulle's riposte would be instantaneous, since his powers of blackmail (enhanced by the Berlin crisis and the economics of the Common Market) were nothing short of prodigious. N.A.T.O. was the cornerstone of American foreign policy in Europe, and De Gaulle's withdrawal would irrevocably shatter it.

Moreover, argued Khedda, the U.S. government would never trust the 'liberation struggle', since nationalists' aspirations ran counter to American policies which were predicated on the support of military dictatorships and moribund ruling classes. A conjuncture of tragic circumstances was now to strengthen the hand of the Marxist faction within the G.P.R.A. The fiasco of the American-backed invasion of Cuba proved another powerful stick that the left used with devastating effect against the Algerian moderates and Bourguiba, for if ever proof was needed, declared an F.L.N. spokesman, Cuba was the test

case of the rapacity of American imperialism. The Bay of Pigs disaster coming so quickly on the heels of the murder of Patrice Lumumba (which of course was attributed to the machinations of American imperialism) was telling in its cumulative impact.

The left wing refrain was that the Gaullist "paix des braves" was an empty gesture to lull the nationalists' movement and eventually to split it. In this view De Gaulle had ceased to be sincere in his profession of peace, and had become, like Mollet, a hostage of the large 'colons' and the international oil cartel; and, to be sure, the army would never acquiesce in any negotiated settlement that paved the way to genuine independence, even if it were pillow'd in the language of a Franco-Algerian association. Ferhat Abbas's vision had now been smashed. Franco-Algerian association, declared Khedda, was like the collaboration of the hangman and the hanged. Passionate Westernizers, Ferhat Abbas and Bourguiba did not share these harsh propagandistic views. They were convinced that there were major divergences between the spineless leadership of the Fourth Republic and the charismatic personality of De Gaulle. Admittedly, in his policy statements Abbas repeatedly warned against the powerful forces, notably the Saharan petroleum interests, the army and the big colons, that were hostile to a sovereign Algeria, yet the General, he said, could withstand their attacks and repel them. Such was the alleged reformism of Abbas and Bourguiba for which they were to be ruthlessly pilloried.

The failure of Melun, the collapse of Evian and Lugrin, and the unwise Gaullist reference to partition and pacification gave an aura of confirmation to the Khedda faction. In general, the Neo-Destour movement had rallied to the major theses of the G.P.R.A. left wing, and the charge that the U.S. was the implacable enemy of the colonial peoples, that had been sedulously reiterated over the past four years, was now to bear a plethoric harvest. A new course was charted in the direction of unconditional alignment with the neutralist bloc in foreign policy, matched by the relentless pursuit of a social revolution conceived on Marxist lines, and riveted to the liberation struggle.

Even prior to the elimination of Abbas, it was already obvious that the left wing had bludgeoned the conciliatory and reformist group. For the most part young, talented and fanatical, the single-minded surge of the 'Chinese faction' to victory signalized the birth of a new leadership, formed in different spiritual molds from the older Algerian nationalists, with clear-cut views on the future social, economic and class structure of a new Algeria.

Khedda's alignment with the 'socialist bloc' like that of Sekou Touré and Fidel Castro, is now an incontrovertible truth. Even before the hour of Khedda's final victory had struck, thousands of wounded Algerian *combattants* were hospitalized in China, the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, and thousands more were being trained there as scientists, engineers, technicians and guerilla cadres.

This writer witnessed at Evian how the words of a Cuban correspondent were devoured with admiration by Algerian journalists. When the Cuban declared that the world balance of forces had now tilted on the side of socialism, and that the United States was the common enemy of the national 'liberation' movements, the statement was greeted with unanimity. The anti-American sentiments that I encountered in Algeria and in France among F.L.N. writers, intellectuals and organizers were indicative of an ominous trend. Undoubtedly there are Algerian nationalists who are not ensnared by the seductive claims of the Marxist *Weltanschauung*, but they have ceased to be an effective force in the national movement. Vehement denunciation of 'American imperialism' in terms indistinguishable from Radio Havana is now an integral part of the bag and baggage of the nation's leadership.

In talking to young nationalists it was apparent that Mao Tsetung and Fidel Castro were regarded as great epic heroes, and all too frequently Algerian partisans told me how their own struggle was similar to that of the *barbudos* in the Sierra Maestra and the veterans of China's 'Long March'. The same encomiums are not always extended to Mr. Khruschev whom many nationalists distrust as too compromising in his outlook. The French Communist Party (P.C.F.) has been excoriated by the leading organ of the F.L.N. as having prosti-

tuted its militancy in its attitude towards the pogroms in Metz and Nancy. Why did the P.C.F. fail to organize, as an effective gesture of solidarity with the Algerian victims, a series of mass demonstrations followed by a general strike? Neither the Chinese nor left wing nationalists were prepared to accept what they considered to be the vacillating tactics of the P.C.F.¹ Such is the razorlike militancy of the new Algerian élite which quails before no obstacles, and which has led certain observers to stress the mesmeric impact of China.

After Lugrin the left wing closed in for the final assault on the 'capitulationists'. Sanctuary for the Algerian commandos in Tunisia was deemed inadequate, and an offensive against the French aeronaval base in Bizerte had now become imperative, since it would serve as a rallying point for the entire Maghreb, secure the approval of the Neutralist and Communist blocs and confront the United States with a cold choice: France or Tunisia.

Bourguiba's Bizerte offensive which was unleashed while the Lugrin talks were under way, and U.S. failure to support Tunisia's claims in the U.N. General Assembly, were the culminating victories of the left. Historically, Bizerte and its sequel marked the final episode in the unflagging factional struggle — a struggle that had been all too frequently masked to avoid what the Algerian nationalists have called 'le jeu des caramels' and to give the appearance of unity.

That unity has now been reforged and retempered and, in the eyes of the master strategist Khedda, the impurities have been removed from the crucible of leadership giving it a homogeneity of perspective and a flexibility of action, and laying the basis for swift co-ordinated decision-making at the highest level.

The purge of Abbas was not the work of one man, but of a phalanx of determined men remorselessly bent on shunting the nationalist revolution on to socialist lines. In this marked radicalization the observer is tempted to draw the parallel with Cuba. In certain

¹ When I raised this issue with one of the leading organizers of the P.C.F. in Paris he replied that such a plan was naïve because (a) many workers were on their summer holidays; (b) both the army and the government would have used it as a pretext for cracking down on the party; (c) a general strike, even if it were successful, would have been pointless.

ways the roots of both revolutions have similarities — but historical comparisons are often odious and misleading. The failure of Abbas, in the larger context, is the bankruptcy of the Fifth Republic writ large, and the obduracy of De Gaulle to recognize, after three years of personal rule, that a moderate political leadership would be jettisoned by young militants unless a viable political settlement was reached. Indirectly De Gaulle was the prime mover that catapulted Khedda into the leadership of the rebellion.

Whether the victory of the 'Chinese faction', as the left wing is now labelled, is reversible is a matter of speculation, but it appears unlikely, for Algeria has now become one more cockpit of the cold war consumed by the raging inferno of ideological passions. With each successive failure the chances of reaching a negotiated settlement have receded. *Bourguibisme*, whose overlying articulate premise was alignment with the West, and of which Abbas was a leading protagonist, has now crumpled.

Perhaps there is no clearer indicator of this new *prise de conscience* than the dialogue of an Algerian student with the French writer Claude Krief: "Notre révolution sera celle du 40 juillet," m'a dit un étudiant. Et tandis que je le regardais sans comprendre, il poursuivait en souriant: "Eh bien, c'est simple, le 14 juillet français, plus le 26 juillet cubain, cela fait bien 40, n'est-ce-pas?"

A Wretched Trifle

by

GABRIEL GERSH

WHAT drew me to Jiro in the first place was his wonderful Oxford accent. I was at a party in Kyoto during the cherry-blossom season when I suddenly heard it, quiet and reassuring amid the social uproar. The host was a local businessman whose villa stood on high ground at the edge of the city giving a splendid view over the massed cherry trees with their drifts of snowy bloom. They were at the very peak of their loveliness that day, but soon the sharp breezes from the hills would bring them fluttering down. A number of people had thus been asked to a "viewing" before it could happen. There were big burly fellows in uniform from Military Government, clicking their cameras and talking in loud, friendly voices. Round them hovered a number of Japanese, twittering and giggling, in Western suits and shoes that were too big for them. Our host's wife had emerged from her privacy in deference to Western ideas and stood blushing and smiling while the guest of honour, an American psychiatrist, declared over and over again that she was certainly crazy about cherry blossom. All the foreigners were vying with each other in praising the scene, their faces frozen in grins of embarrassed good-will: the atmosphere was full of the uneasiness typical of mixed gatherings in the early years of the occupation. And then there was this gentle voice behind me.

"I simply can't bear cherry blossom," it said. "I suppose I'm the absolute end."

My first thought was that the speaker might be some minor poet from the British Council trying to establish a difference. The inflections, the cadence, the little touch of the subversive were so perfectly

in key. The accent was unmistakably that of England's ancient seat of learning and no paltry imitation. The very sound of it conjured up an image of the old grey city, the spires and lawns, a bell tolling out across a meadow, innocent pink faces of first-year men, calm and tranquillity. For many months my ears had been battered by every possible kind of debased English dialect and I listened now with the greedy attention of a traveller in a desert who somewhere hears the ripple of a stream.

"Maple, leaves of maple," the voice went on. "And blue wistaria tumbling over rock, all very nice. And a willow tree, ah! a willow tree by the river's edge in moonlight . . . But these lumps of cotton-wool all over the shop for three weeks in the spring: you may have them."

There was a charming lack of assertion in the speaker's way of making his point. It was the way of a man not seeking an argument but placing indifferently a view on record. I glanced over my shoulder and saw with astonishment that the words came from a young Japanese, standing by himself with folded hands. He was wearing, not with an air of defiance but as one who knew what was proper and decent, his national dress: a sombre kimono, a jacket of black silk with a monogram embroidered in white, white socks and rush sandals. Nobody was near him: he apparently was addressing the room at large, and, catching my eye, he smiled and came up.

"I was talking to myself," he explained. "Did it surprise you? I have been doing it rather a lot since the war ended. All at once, in a country of eighty million people, I found no one to talk to. You are not American, I think?"

"No, I'm a Canadian," I answered.

"Then you will agree, too, that it is awkward not being able to speak American. But perhaps you can?"

"No, alas: but I read it fluently," I told him.

"Ah, yes. I must really get down to that myself one of these days," he remarked.

I liked him from the moment he said that. The expression "get down to it" seemed so nicely chosen. A conqueror would "take up" the culture of the defeated but in the reverse position it would always be a matter of "getting down" with a faint sense of grievance, as at a chore, in the background. And it was amusing to hear the blunt

little English phrase trip so beautifully off the tongue of this very refined, very Japanese person. His manners were delightfully frank and easy. On a sudden impulse I asked him if his studies left him any leisure: I was so much in need of a guide in Kyoto.

"My studies? Dear boy, you flatter me. My studies were completed at Oxford before the war. I am now the harassed father of several children . . ." He broke off, smiling broadly, and looked younger than ever. "Now you must, you simply must have one of these little cakes. Made of crushed beans and sugar — too delicious for any words!"

He had taken a plate of the cakes from a serving-girl and, on my refusing them, polished them off himself one by one.

"A favourite party gambit of mine," he gravely explained. "You press something on someone that you feel sure he doesn't want, and then you scoop the kitty. Tell me, do you know your compatriot, Lord Beaverbrook? What is the dear rascal up to these days?"

It turned out that he had, in England, known everyone and been everywhere. He remembered the bride of the year as a little girl in pigtailed being sick at the Oxford-Cambridge boat race. He recalled a duck shoot over the Scottish moors — "so exhausting" — when he had inadvertently knocked a duchess off her horse. He confessed that sometimes he could almost have sold his soul for hot buttered crumpets in a silver dish. Other times he lay awake pining for a whiff of London fog. A deep hilarity possessed me as I listened to him; and I too began to regale him with odds and ends of English gossip to which, emboldened by a distance of twelve thousand miles, I added little colourful touches of my own.

"Oh, my dear chap, do stop! You're killing me," he protested weakly between giggles. "Oh, you naughty boy. Now you made that all up. You know very well you did."

A few days later the telephone rang and the pleasant drawling voice inquired if by any chance I were at loose ends that afternoon. In true Japanese style Jiro had somehow ferreted out my name and address and now, reminding me that I had asked him to act as a guide, he proposed that we should visit one of the Pavilions together. If I would arrange for transportation, he would come at three o'clock.

It was quite a delicate little situation. From his youthful appearance the other day I had jumped to the conclusion that he was a student and had thought that like so many boys struggling through the Japanese universities he might be glad of a little work in his spare time. I did not see how I could offer to pay him now; but the idea of seeming to commandeer his services, to take them for granted like any complacent member of the occupying forces was very disagreeable. But what should I say? I had some experience of Japanese sensitivity and knew only too well the importance of trifles in this strange, fastidious country.

Jiro turned up punctually, dressed in an ancient suit with shiny elbows and knees, a tie like a piece of cord with the knot at half-mast and the customary oversized shoes. A battered hat sat jauntily on his head. The caricature of Western dress served in a curious way to make him all the more exotic. As we went bowling down the boulevard in our jeep I launched nervously into a vague, flowery speech that meant almost nothing and yet sounded a note of contrition. Jiro listened with such grave intentness that I felt I was managing things nicely; but he spoilt it all at the end by a roar of laughter.

"What this all boils down to," he pointed out, "is that you are feeling a bit of an ass. Why not say so? Dear chap, I was highly flattered by your assumptions. And I'm surprised at your trying out all these Oriental circumlocutions on a Balliol man. You ought to have known better."

He went on in this vein, amusing himself at my expense. It was agreed that he had the straightforward Western approach to life and that mine was devious and Asiatic. He threatened to have me purged if I could not better adapt myself to demo-kra-sie. Too close a study of Confucius in the formative years had warped my outlook, I pleaded.

"I tell you what," he finished. "I know how 'face' counts with you people. Frankly, I adore Kyoto so much that I would love to be your guide every day for nothing. You would simply be the pretext for neglecting my duties in order to enjoy myself. But to avoid humiliating you I will accept, if you like, a few cigarettes or a bottle of whiskey from time to time."

Towards the end of the afternoon he gave an account of himself and his circumstances which, indeed, few Western gentlemen could have bettered for sheer lack of reticence. We had examined the treasures of the Pavilion and drunk a bowl of green tea in the adjacent tea-house and were now pausing on a shaky wooden bridge in the garden. Fat somnolent carp swam lazily up to the top of the water, opening and shutting their mouths as if they expected nourishment to flow in of its free will and considered the effort of swallowing to be as much as could be required of them.

"How splendid to be a carp!" Jiro said, on a plaintive note. "I would exchange my memories of Balliol, I think, for carphood."

Everything about him, his manner, his composure, his agreeably detached and ironic point of view, had suggested that his life was a comfortable and settled one. The impression he gave was one of a well-to-do dilettante, an intellectual playboy; and even if his surname had not been one that figured resplendently in the history of Japan, the little air of distinction he had would have spoken of a long line of privileged ancestors.

But the story he told me then as we stood together watching the greedy languid fish had all the nightmarish quality of everyday things in a defeated country. His grandfather had committed suicide on the day of surrender. He had been an Elder Statesman and had always stood for "progress" and Western ideas: and it was interesting, Jiro said, that he had accomplished his most traditional act by means of an up-to-date revolver. His father had died of a broken heart. His brothers had been killed. He had a wife and four children whom he supported as best he could by occasional writing. He had no illusions about the value of his work which poured out in a horrid stream. Now he would dash off an article on Jean Paul Sartre for one of the advanced reviews that kept popping up: now he would feverishly work at a textbook of history for use in the new "democratized" schools: or then again he would knock out a script for a film company. As a boy he had dreamed of becoming the Japanese Proust. Sometimes he would kneel before his desk scribbling until the dawn broke and he wearily saw the hills in the distance growing pale. Sometimes his wife would come into his study and say there was not a yen in the house to buy

vegetables for dinner and he would get up and go combing the publishing houses of Kyoto for new commissions.

"It hasn't been too bad until now," he said. "My wife has been selling her kimonos off one by one to the American ladies. We call this the onion life, you know: every time we peel off a skin we cry a little more. But we are coming to the end of it. The only valuables that soon will be left are the treasures we cannot sell."

All this was said in an easy, informative tone, as if he were explaining Japanese politics or drawing attention to the qualities of a painting. I was so amazed by it that I could hardly speak. This sudden raising of the curtain on private things was utterly foreign to Japanese habit. I believe now that it arose from Jiro's complicated sense of loyalty towards one whom he had chosen to instruct. I thought then that it might be the prelude to a "touch", so dull do the perceptions become when one lives on an artificial island of ease and plenty in a sea of distress.

When we got back to the hotel I fetched him a bottle of whiskey and a hundred Lucky Strikes and some candy; and his face lit up with one of its most impish smiles.

"I don't want to offend your Oriental pride," he remarked, "but this is too much. For doing the Pavilion, one and a half hours: forty Lucky Strikes is the maximum. We must keep things straight, you know."

I argued with him, but it was no good.

"Now suppose," he said, "that one of these days I find time to take you round a great temple. I shall hold forth for hours, lavishing upon you the riches of my culture and taste. How will you repay me then, if you start with these inflated ideas? No, take those things away like a good lad."

And so began the most ludicrous business arrangement that anyone could have devised. Jiro was a brilliant guide. It was not merely that he knew Kyoto inside out, or even that he was a scholar and a connoisseur, but he had an artist's gift of rousing the imagination, of bringing the past to life and of creating, by ever so few words, an atmosphere. In the hurried expeditions we made together he gave me an insight into Japanese things which years of study might never have

brought me. He somehow transformed the old capital before my eyes from a splendid museum to the expression of a living spirit; and, without ever directly alluding to them, he showed me the evils and confusions of defeated Japan as accidents in a long story, dark patches in a wide picture. And in exchange for all this I could only give him tobacco, alcohol, candy and soap in tiny quantities fixed by him.

It was the mulish obstinacy with which he clung to this absurd tariff that really vexed me. Whether he took a hundred cigarettes or five made little difference where I was concerned. All the riches of the PX from turkey to peanut butter were freely spread before me, an inexhaustible well of goods into which he had only to dip. I described them lyrically to him: I urged him to take them for his family's sake if not for his own: I threatened to appeal to his wife over his head. He smiled at me with indulgence.

"My wife thinks as I do, you know," he replied. "And I must say I am surprised at you, a Japanese lad, contradicting a man like that. It simply isn't done, you realize."

"I believe I'm a little tired of being a Japanese boy," I said.
"That means you are beginning to know us better."

For the first time then I felt the core of pride, of arrogance almost, behind the suavities of the manner. The thought of his children perhaps going hungry while it lay in my power so easily to help them filled me with lively irritation. My sense of guilt at living so well in this famished land grew deeper. And as if to rub it all in, I found I was rapidly gaining weight. Hamburgers, pies and ice cream had all done their odious work. My cheeks began to remind me of a couple of balloons. A hasty movement was often followed by a faint sound and a yielding sensation as one more suspender button gave way. The climax came one evening as I tried to struggle into my uniform. The jacket simply wouldn't close and as I stared into the mirror at the bulging figure deformed by obesity I felt a pang of disgust. Trivial things can sometimes resume in themselves a whole chain of discontents and somehow I saw in myself for a moment the bloated symbol of conquest.

Not long afterwards Jiro did something he had never ventured to do before. He "dropped in", as he put it, without notice, for a friendly

talk. More than anything else, he confessed, he wanted just to sit quietly somewhere and talk about England. He was looking more fatigued than I had ever seen him before. I invited him into the bar for a drink. The Japanese barman tilted his head sideways in a questioning manner that ought to have warned me, but I was too intent on an idea of my own to pay any attention.

For some time we sat talking pleasantly of English scenes and English friends, and then at last I said:

"Jiro, today I must find out if you are really a Balliol man or an impostor."

I told him the story of my uniform and my growing weight.

"I can never wear it again," I said. "I will not delude myself with foolish hopes of losing any weight. And so I am going to give the uniform to your oldest son. I am not even going to ask you if I may. For once you must give in to me."

Jiro stirred uneasily in his chair.

"If you insist, I shall gratefully accept it," he said. "The trouble is, what will my son think of me? A uniform like that is worth its weight in gold at the present time. It is a first-class gift and can only properly be accepted, as it were, from a first-class friend. No offence, my dear chap, but in the Japanese scale of things you are a second—or even a third-class friend. It is all most terribly difficult."

"I'm quite aware of all that," I assured him. "But just for today we will pretend to be dull, sensible Westerners. Our point is this: here is a uniform of no further use to A but of real value to B. If A cannot give it to B, it will probably get thrown away. That will be nonsensical. If you'll excuse me, I'll just go and bring it down."

The demon missionary that lies sleeping in so many hearts was thoroughly aroused in mine. Not General MacArthur himself could have been more convinced of the superiority of one mode of thought over another than I was at that moment. I further believed, misled by the beautiful accent, that Jiro agreed with me privately all the time; it was so luminously clear that he could hardly do otherwise. And together with these complacent assumptions went a feeling of triumph. At last the intractable fellow had wavered.

I took out the uniform and packed it up in the first materials that came to hand, some old crumpled copies of the *Nippon Times* and a box that had contained groceries. It was not an elegant parcel but I did not want to give Jiro time to work up an argument. As I ran downstairs with it he was coming out of the bar with an American officer. He paused, looking at me with veiled eyes in a face that had lost all mobility, a stranger, just one of the Japanese with whom one came into fleeting contact.

"Sorry, but I had to ask this man to leave," the officer said. "Japanese are not allowed in the hotel rooms. It's too bad, but that's the regulation."

Jiro said nothing at all. The two of us walked to the hotel gates in silence, bemused.

"Please tell your son how proud I shall be if he condescends to wear the uniform," I said at last, with a feeble attempt at our earlier style.

"My son will be overjoyed," he answered, "and most deeply honoured." He took it from me with a typical Japanese sound, the faint deferential hiss that I had never heard him give and that was so out of keeping as to be grotesque. And then he bowed. As a rule he said good-bye by nodding his head slightly. Now he stood with the shapeless old hat on his head, bowing low and repeatedly in the Japanese manner. The marvellous exterior had suddenly all flaked off. At last he turned and slowly went away.

The American officer was still in the hotel lobby.

"Gee, that was too bad," he said, heartily. "I felt awful."

I never saw Jiro again. Somewhere in that great, lively, bustling Kyoto he continued to live his tormented life but I had no idea where and made no move to find out, for I sensed that the damage was beyond repair. And the months went by and I moved on to other cities and the affair became blurred in my memory by many new impressions.

But the day I left Japan, as the ship was already moving out of Yokohama harbour, one of the stewards came to say there was a parcel waiting for me in the purser's office. It had been brought by a messenger just as the gangways were being hauled in: a square wooden box tied up in a patterned *furoshiki*. Inside the box was a package

wrapped in fine silk paper with a twig of pine attached to it and decorated with characters beautifully drawn with a brush: and inside that was an exquisite little casket of gold lacquer. A note was enclosed.

"My family and I wish you to have this little remembrance of Japan," Jiro wrote. "It has been in our family for generations. As you are not, I think, familiar with all our customs it may interest you to know that the Chinese characters signify lasting friendship: and the pine needles indicate that the gift itself is but a wretched trifle. I hope none the less that you will accept and enjoy it. When I tell you that this kind of lacquer was only made for the Imperial House, you will perhaps be able to surmise from Whose hands we originally received it. I wish you a happy voyage."

And so Jiro, the fake Balliol man who couldn't bear cherry blossom, was left with the last word. By what Japanese grapevine had he been able to follow my movements so exactly? I went up on deck and watched the coast with its little rounded hills and delicate fir trees slipping backwards into the mists of early morning. Soon nothing was left of Japan but the flawless silver cone of Fujiyama rising serenely above the shimmering haze. And I stood there looking until that too was swallowed up and there was only the gold-flecked sea and the sky and the hum of the engines bearing the ship away, and in my hands the lacquer casket, one of the last of Jiro's treasures, those that positively were not for sale.

Contemporary Novel Criticism - A Complaint*

by

D. H. STEWART

"The serious novel is in trouble if, as . . . critics seem to imply, it is the exclusive property for purposes of criticism of a group of bourgeois sophisticates."

In itself, at its best, the differentiation of an organ is an immediate factor of superiority. But, because it is irreversible, it thus imprisons the animal that undergoes it in a restricted path at the end of which, under the pressure of orthogenesis, it runs the risk of ending up either in monstrosity or in fragility. Specialisation paralyses, ultra-specialisation kills. Palaeontology is littered with such catastrophes. Because, right up to the pliocene period, the primates remained the most 'primitive' of the mammals as regards their limbs, they remained also the most *free*. And what did they do with that freedom? They used it to lift themselves through successive upthrusts to the very frontiers of intelligence.

—Pierre Teilhard de Chardin

I

The object of these remarks is to survey certain inadequacies in recent criticism of the novel, especially that criticism which accepts and uses the apparatus perfected by the so-called New Critical School. What I intend is to bring a note of dispatch to the subject because almost all of the essays recently devoted to it seem a little timid and tentative. This is unnecessary. Moreover, one can approach the discussion without launching a polemic against the New Critics for their religious or political convictions, though these are, I would insist, symptomatic. It is their *criticism* that is inadequate, and this can be considered as a literary matter primarily.

* This essay was originally composed for oral presentation to the English Colloquium at the University of Michigan.

For convenience, we can say the general movement in this country commenced with a lecture called "The New Criticism" on March 9, 1910 by Professor Spingarn — who, I might add, was not mentioned in 1947 in Robert Stallman's essay, "The New Critics", which purported to bestow a pedigree on the movement and ungenerously ascribed its paternity to I. A. Richards and T. S. Eliot. What Mr. Spingarn announced in 1910 was a discovery which tried to reconcile the age-old conflict between impressionist criticism (that is, criticism based simply on enjoyment) and dogmatic criticism (that is, criticism based on judgment, whether arrived at through history, biography or esthetics). Impressionism and dogmatism are the two sexes of criticism, he said, and they can be united if all critics accept one obvious truth, namely that literature is the art of expression. If this is granted, then only two questions need be asked concerning a given literary work: What did the writer propose to himself to do? and how far has he succeeded in carrying out his plan?

This does not sound very revolutionary until we learn what we may *disregard* in our effort to answer these questions. Mr. Spingarn provides a formidable list of old critical approaches, now obsolete. "We have done," says he,

with all old Rules . . . , with the *genres* or literary kinds . . . , with the comic, the tragic, the sublime, and an army of vague abstractions of their kind . . . , with the theory of style . . . , with metaphor, simile, and all the paraphernalia of Graeco-Roman rhetoric . . . , with moral judgment of art as art . . . , with technique as separate from art . . . , with history and criticism of poetic themes . . . , with the race, the time, the environment . . . , with the "evolution" of literature . . . , and finally with the old rupture between genius and taste.

After such a rejection as this of traditional methods for dealing with literature, there is very little left, except perhaps expression for expression's own sake. It makes the work of art autonomous, and it predicts accurately the more recent New Critical focus on words, style, technique as inseparable from expressed content. By fusing genius and taste, it virtually equates aesthetic judgment and artistic creation, criticism and art. "Criticism," said Mr. Spingarn, "at last can free itself of its age-long self-contempt." The reason for this is simple enough, for the critic now presumes to treat style and form with the same

attention that had formerly been reserved to the artist. The critic presumes to beat the author at his own game — to become, indeed, an unacknowledged legislator, if not of the world, then at least of literature.

I mention Mr. Spingarn simply in order to point up the romantic, art-for-art's-sake origin of the New Criticism. To be sure, by rejecting Spingarn's equation of technique with the writer's personality and substituting the equation of technique with "realized" content, the New Critics partly de-romanticized the old doctrine. Where Spingarn was satisfied to claim Carlyle as an ancestor, Hulme, Eliot and others sought a more exalted pedigree and claimed even to be "classical", by resorting to such subterfuges as branding Humanists with the name Romantic or by engaging obstreperously in the worship of Dante and a group of narrow-gauge, seventeenth century English poets. Restraint is wanting throughout — in almost Carlylean measure, though the idiom is drier.

It may well be that this lack of moderation has afforded the New Critics a distinct advantage, for their importance is unlike that of the conventional historians and categorizers of the novel, who advance tentative hypotheses about types of fiction and then provide us with a variety of insights which the hypotheses enable them to make. Categorizing, as practised by Edwin Muir or Van Meter Ames, for example, has been an individual enterprise with little cumulative effect. The New Criticism, on the other hand, intended something less modest. Disguised behind intensive analyses of individual works rather than types, the New Criticism attempted the systematic imposition of a way of thinking about literature upon a whole generation. It succeeded where its original competitors, Humanism and Marxism, failed; and the chief reasons for this success, it seems to me, are first that it shared Marxism's single-mindedness and second that it borrowed Marxism's potent insistence on a restricted line of attack so that its energies were not dissipated. The Marxist critic of the 'thirties wanted life, reality in art — but he tolerated only one kind of life and only one attitude toward it. The New Critic worked it the opposite way: following Spingarn, he simply disregarded everything but "art"; he focussed exclusively on language, style, technique, and not, originally at any

rate, in the novel but only in poems and plays. It was not until other contenders had defaulted or been forgotten after the Second World War that the New Criticism moved from its consolidated position to annex a new province. Not until 1948 did Robert Stallman announce that: we are "only now beginning to advance beyond the investigation of poetic and dramatic methodology into the analysis of the newer forms and techniques of fiction . . . It is here . . . that the immediate future of criticism lies — in the direction of the novel."

II

The inadequacies of this criticism are implicit first in its restricted poetic approach and second in its romantic origins — a distinction which enables us to discriminate between those critics who go astray because of their rigidly formalistic analyses and those not even identified with the New Criticism, properly speaking, who err by accepting the dichotomy between art and life so fundamental to New Critical thought.

The poetic bias leads first of all to the error of applying to the novel a dictum such as C. S. Lewis's that the "matter inside the poet *wants* the Form: in submitting to the Form it becomes really original, really the origin of a great work." Mr. Lewis, who is not a New Critic, would probably never make such an application; others, unfortunately, do. The trouble here is that the novel has no form to which to submit. As writers from James to Maugham have testified, the categories of the novel (whether we think of an old one like "picaresque" or a new one like Northrop Frye's "quintessential fifth form") do not help the novelist. The novel is precisely literature's renegade which knows no form except the one it fashions for itself in each particular case. Hawthorne claimed to be a romancer, yet how different his books are from Cooper's, Gogol's or Hoffman's! The novel will raid any and all old forms if they are convenient, or it will ignore them. The novel cannot say, as the poem can: I shall now *be* a sonnet, an ode, an epic. To what form, pray tell, does *Vanity Fair* submit? Are we to say it submits to the picaresque - social chronicle - epistolary - essayistic - comic - satiric form? Or, in Mr. Frye's language, are we to call it an example of the quintessential fifth form like *Finnegans Wake*, for clearly his other four

categories are frequently represented? More difficult still, to what form did *War and Peace* submit? You can say none or all. Or you can say it is a "chronicle" in Muir's excellent sense of the word, but as usual the category comes after the fact; indeed I suspect Muir devised this category to handle *War and Peace* alone since other works that he subsumes beneath it are lost in the Tolstoyan shadow — *Sons and Lovers*, *The Portrait of the Artist*. The point is, it does not make much difference what form you use. Tackling *War and Peace* with formalistic equipment is like trying to bore into a mountain with surgical instruments.

The second difficulty to which the poetic bias of the New Criticism leads concerns language, or rather the confusion between "poetic" language and "story" language, and the effect of these on the reader. The New Critics claim constantly that, in F. R. Leavis's words: "A novel, like a poem, is made of words; there is nothing else one can point to." Now the problem here was anticipated some time ago by Christopher Caudwell, who made some helpful distinctions: "In a poem," he wrote,

the affects adhere directly to the associations of the words. The poet has to take care that the reader's mind does not go out behind the words into the external reality they describe before receiving the affects. It is quite otherwise with the story. The story makes the reader project himself into the world described; he sees the scene, meets the characters, and experiences their delays, mistakes and tragedies. . . . The reader of poetry seems to be saying what the poet says, feeling his emotions. But the reader of the story does not seem to be writing it; he seems to be living through it, in the midst of it. [This is so because in the novel, as in the poem] the subjective elements are valued for themselves and rise to view, but in a different way. The novel blots out external reality by substituting a more or less consistent mock reality which has sufficient "stuff" to stand between reader and reality. This means that in the novel the emotional associations attach not to the words but to the moving current of mock reality symbolised by the words. That is why rhythm, "preciousness", and style are alien to the novel; why the novel translates so well; why novels are not composed of words. They are composed of scenes, actions, *stuff*, people, just as plays are.

It should be noted, of course, that Caudwell gets into trouble himself by forgetting that, since the novel is a renegade form which can and will exploit any device, poetic-novels are possible. We do feel, in

a sense, that we are writing *Mrs. Dalloway*, that we are thinking portions of James's or Faulkner's works. Caudwell, writing in the 'thirties with a bias of his own, took no account of this possibility. Yet these exceptions do not invalidate his premise. We do not, when we read James or Faulkner, for example, believe we are reading poems, though unfortunately a few critics seem to have made this mistake. I recall one who evidently thought that *Light in August* was Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn".

The third inadequacy of the New Criticism stems from its insistence on the separation of art from life, an insistence which derives in part from its art-for-art's-sake origin, in part from the pseudo-objective emphasis that I. A. Richards added to it as a result of romantic enthusiasm for science, and in part from a certain fastidiousness generated by the New Criticism's academic environment and Jamesian heritage and also perhaps by its struggle during the 'thirties with advocates of tendentiousness. It is not my concern here to explain why the New Critics insist upon such a Gongoresque divorce. The century-old philosophical and social reasons have been indicated often enough by Plekhanov, Caudwell and George Lukacs. What I wish to note first is that this insistence is an innovation which counters the history of criticism since the Renaissance. At least this is so if it is true, as many scholars maintain, that the advent of every new school or movement in literature represented a step toward greater "realism", however that term was understood from generation to generation. For neoclassicism there was something unreal, untrue to life in Elizabethan excesses; for romanticism there was unreality and falsehood in neoclassicism; to Virginia Woolf's inward-watching eye, there was something altogether unreal about naturalism or official Realism; and so on.

But the New Critic seems to disregard this, or he may try to rewrite history and refute it. One can scarcely fail to notice that he almost never speaks of novels as renditions of reality; to him the term "vicarious experience" is completely alien. Not vicarious but aesthetic experience is paramount for him. And this, I submit, is inauspicious for analyses of the novel, whose peculiar historical advantage was precisely its creation of a more credible and intimate illusion of reality than prior forms supplied. The novel, after all, is the literary equiva-

lent of philosophical empiricism. Even when it becomes fantastic or Gothic, as let us say recently in William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, it retains a quality of reality that evidences its consanguinity with Dreiser's *American Tragedy* more clearly than with Malory's Arthur legends and certainly more clearly than with any poem.

Perhaps it is fair to suggest that the so-called life-as-art (or art-as-life) fallacy and several others close allied — for example, the intentional and affective fallacies — are responsible for the excessive specialization that has afflicted literary criticism. Here is a pleasant irony: no one has been more vociferous in denouncing over-specialization than students of literature; yet the half-dozen most popular anthologies of literary criticism have very little more to offer the non-specialist than, say, a compilation of essays on Cost Accounting or Betatron Acceleration Rates. If the concern of literature is with the "total man" or meaningful areas of "life itself" as we often boast (witness Ransome's "world's body"), then who will say that our emphasis on form and technique has brought us any closer to the totality of life than the educationists, with their identical emphasis, have come to their ideal of reaching and forming the "total child"? In what way is an essay that counts figurative and rhetorical devices in novels (take Mr. Mark Schorer's "Fiction and the 'Analogical Matrix'") any different from an ornithological essay which discusses colour variations and band-widths on the tail feathers of two hundred Ruffed Grouse?

We are hardly more human and a good deal less efficient with our New Critical apparatus than the scientist. Ostensibly in the name of neutral and objective analysis, we are asked to erase the author and his age with one hand, then expunge the reader with the other so that we may enumerate and weigh devices in tranquillity. Recognizing, however, that literary devices and language are continuously nourished and animated by cumulative cultural experience operating through individual imaginations, one wearis of New Critical remonstrances against claiming that there is "life" in novels. The psychologists say there is; the sociologists say so; the historians say so; even some pure scientists believe so. Why, for literature's sake, mayn't I? Why should they have "life" and I only metaphors? Little wonder that the sciences,

proliferate while literature develops one elephantine limb at the cost of an atrophied body, just as philosophy crawls with withered trunk and shrunken head too small to support her grotesque, bulging epistemological eyes.

The effect of separating art from life in criticism is splendidly illustrated in Schorer's well-known essay "Technique as Discovery", where we see the old Keatsean equation "Beauty is Truth" reduced to "technique is subject matter". The implications are interesting. If we ask for Beauty, which is a property of reality as well as art and which is always defined outside of art in society, the New Critic gives us technique, which is a property of art alone. The same thing happens when we ask for Truth. It becomes impossible to say of a novel that it afforded a true or beautiful vicarious experience but only that it had an effective technique for its subject matter. Our aesthetic response is invited to anaesthetize all other possible responses.

The result for practical criticism is not altogether beneficial. Mr. Lionel Trilling, whose endorsement of the "life-as-art fallacy" makes his censures of the New Criticism a little incidental, wrote an essay on *Anna Karenina* which begins with a sharp attack on Matthew Arnold. Arnold took Tolstoy's novel not as a work of art but as a piece of life. Indeed, in one grandly humane and revelatory moment, after describing impatiently Levin's slow but inexorable and joyous love for Kitty, Arnold exclaims, "Who wouldn't be happy with Kitty"! Mr. Arnold had fallen in love with her himself. He had slipped the classical traces and begun to kick. And this, Mr. Trilling will not tolerate. We must never mistake art for life. "Art is art and life is life," he writes. "In any strict sense, of course, Arnold's statement is quite illegitimate . . . ; we read novels and live life; and if we try to express the nature of our response to certain novels by saying that we 'live' them, that is only a manner of speaking." There now, Matthew, let's not tangle the harness!

Unfortunately, Arnold's essay on *Anna Karenina* is better than Trilling's. It assists us in experiencing the novel. Arnold is not reduced, as Trilling is, to inarticulacy, to pointing dumbly with his finger in admiration, which Trilling says is the only possible response to this novel. Trilling finds himself in the same predicament that James was in when he explained that

Form is substance . . . [that] Form alone *takes* and holds and preserves, substance — saves it from the welter of helpless verbiage that we swim in as in a sea of tasteless tepid pudding . . . Tolstoi and Dostoevsky are fluid puddings, though not tasteless because the amount of their own minds and souls in solution in the broth gives it savour and flavour, thanks to the strong rank quality of their genius and their experience.

"The strong rank quality of their genius and their experience." This is what does James in; this is what does Trilling in. It makes their emphasis on form, on art as separate from life almost irrelevant. For this we may pardon James, the novelist, but hardly Trilling, the critic. Their preoccupation with art acts as a *critical* impediment; "art" gets between them and the work, actually interferes. This is what happens even in R. P. Blackmur's valuable essay on *Anna Karenina*, because he is forced to set up a formula which is intriguing, to be sure, but impedes rather than enhances a reader's experience with the novel. To claim that *Anna Karenina* dramatizes an idea about "not keeping pace" (whether in racing horses, making love or living in society) is to diminish this novel into a caricature of itself.

In other words, the New Critic does not keep art separate from life at all in the last analysis. He gets things backward and instead of admitting that art is a *part* of life, an ingredient of life, he works from the same frightening premise that some nuclear physicists do, namely that the object of study is separate and discrete. But his sort of technical infatuation, as C. P. Snow and Arnold Kettle saw, leads to the inconvenience of fallout and the unpleasantness of *Lolita* or *Doctor Zhivago*. In criticism, it leads to the preposterous conclusion that James is better than Tolstoy, T. S. Eliot better than Milton. Despite the desire to keep literature insulated from life and criticism insulated from extra-literary values, the value judgments come flooding in and exercise considerable influence on taste by regulating our preferences for kinds of literary experience.

III

In addition to its inadequacies, there are characteristics of the New Criticism which frankly offend—its presumption and its exclusiveness. With almost cavalier self-assurance, it presumes to "give us the novel" in the one and only sure way. It renounces moral, psychological,

social, and philosophical approaches to the novel on the ground that they lead us away from the work of art. Studying the word, the structure, they say, leads to the novel and represents an improvement even over approaches through plot, character or setting, which are at one remove from the essence—that “one remove” being language and structure.

But this argument will not do. The formalist critics might have profited from Muir's admonition that *all* criticism leads away from the work. The question always must be, which direction away from the novel is most fruitful in each particular case? that is, which provides the most satisfying perspectives, gives us the liveliest and most just view of the whole work? Percy Lubbock's or Muir's sets of categories will do admirably for certain books, not so well for others. We need them all. The New Critical category, “novel equals poem”, is extremely limited hence applies to very few whole books, though to portions of many. The New Critic's work with individual words or tropes in the novel is of slight importance generally because so few books have *been* written and, after Joyce and Woolf, so few books are likely to *be* written in which the linguistic consistency of poetry is so intransigently maintained.

But there is a more important reason why the New Critic's claim of bringing us closer to the work is presumptuous and mistaken. The novelist, indeed the poet too, is involved as he creates in a process. At any moment there are alternatives and possibilities, for the novelist particularly, that are, except for the limitation imposed by syntax, almost infinite. Not only are there alternative scenes, alternative characters and so on, there are alternative words without end, and the only thing that governs the author's choice is his intuition. He wants the word, the action, the scene that is “right”, that is appropriate, inevitable. He is, after all, imposing an order on his own imaginative experience which is nothing if not flux. He is a dialectician, to borrow a distinction from materialist philosophy, while the critic is a meta-physician. The critic can study only the finished product (or sometimes a series of “finished” and forgotten preliminary drafts, which provide only the slightest idea—often misleading—of process). For him the novel is a thing, not a process, a thing *upon* which he can test his

ingenuity, *in* which he can discover various logics, various archetypal "exantlations", *about* which he can make moral or social or philosophical judgments, and finally, if he is a New Critic, the novel is a thing *from* which he can isolate peculiarly harmonious words, or parallel images or striking rhythms. These are the things a critic can do. To say that the last is better than the others, and to say so largely because it is recent, is to me presumptuous. It reminds one that for all their talk about tradition, the New Critics are purveyors of novelties and are thus true products of the twentieth century. All that can be said is that the New Criticism leads away from the novel in a different and often valuable direction. Who, after all, would say that any New Critic's work is "better" or "truer" than Arnold's, Johnson's or even, for that matter, Shelley's? By what law does ontological criticism invalidate axiological or historical?

Having asked this question, I must digress for a moment to Mr. Frye's critical prodigy, *Anatomy of Criticism*. What we have here is not just "new New Criticism", for Mr. Frye very properly makes the New Criticism one of many valid approaches. His inclusive concept is "archetypal" criticism, by which I understand him to mean an ideally objective confrontation of literature existing somewhere between scholarship and subjective evaluation. He wants critics to do more than I have suggested any critic possibly can do.

While I find it difficult to define the bounds of my admiration for Mr. Frye's performance, it seems obvious to me that he is still pursuing Spingarn's logic: exclude, exclude, exclude until there is nothing left of literature but "verbal structure"—and not, mind you, the same verbal structure that New Critics treat but one with subliminal, semantic overtones, a faërie language with Freudian, Korzybskian, yea Marxian accents, analogous only to mathematics. What Mr. Frye really wants is not merely a critic who will beat authors at their own game but a critic who *is* a deity, or an infinitely complex computor—and this without even the saving spiritual dimension of Pierre Teilhard's unfeasible but consoling noöspheric hypothesis. He ignores human limitations, for example the mortifying probability that mathematics itself is a fallible tool which in its very nature misrepresents or distorts reality. He makes literature some sort of apocalyptic and anagogic

revelation which who can read but God? This I would call the ultimate presumption. When a critic tells us that at one especially high level "literature imitates the total dream of man" and surpasses Nature, so that "Nature is now inside the mind of an infinite man who builds his cities out of the Milky Way"—when, I say, a critic writes this way, we know we have soared back beyond Spingarn to Carlyle and Shelley. It is auto-apotheosis in a vacuum, or at any rate oneiromancy.

As a practising critic Mr. Frye is ingenious, brilliant, passionately human; as a theorist he sounds like the Werner von Braun of literature or a belated von Ranke. And perhaps this is our tragedy, that somehow today we are brought to volunteer, as our climactic human gesture, the repudiation of our humanity. From "verbal structure", in one ecstatic transcendental bound, we reach infinity; and human life vanishes somewhere between.

But to return to the New Critics: the charge against them of exclusiveness takes two forms. They rule out certain readers on the one hand and certain authors and works on the other. In their struggle for ascendancy, the New Critics found that there were people whom they could neither convert nor silence, so like true zealots of a righteous Cause, they resorted to anathema. For example, Mr. Tate attacks David Daiches's motives and suggests that he neither likes nor understands art. Mr. Leavis works a different way. "No one," he says, "can be fitted with critical sensibility, but, having that, one can be helped to apply it." Or again, he suggests that a point he is making "will be rich in particular profit for those capable of taking anything." It seems to me that imputations of wicked motives or innuendoes concerning some people's congenital stupidity are improper in criticism. I suspect also that Mr. Trilling is being improperly sly when, in "Manners, Morals and the Novel", he says he will examine the manners "of the literate, reading, responsible middle class of people who are ourselves". He was talking at Kenyon College which perhaps accounts for such an assumption. My point is that the serious novel is in trouble if, as these critics seem to imply, it is the exclusive property for purposes of criticism of a group of bourgeois sophisticates.

But if the critics have succeeded only partly in persuading us to read the way they do, they *have* succeeded rather well in excluding

important authors from our attention. This is a second form of exclusiveness. First Mr. Lubbock finds Thackeray unsatisfying, that is inaccessible to his formal approach. Then Mr. Leavis excludes him from the Great Tradition. Next he tends to vanish from English course reading lists. And finally he is publicly subjected to scorn and insult by Dorothy Van Ghent in an essay on *Vanity Fair* which, except for the initial contempt (and here is the whole irony), is as perceptive and revealing as one could wish. She ends by making him a great writer in one sense, but begins by implying that he is "inane" and speaking of the "shapeless limbo of Thackerayan sentiment" without noticing that his "authorial digressions" are in the first place morally apt and accurate and second that they contribute greatly to the moral texture of the novel. Thus even the un-New Critical and herculean labours of Gordon Ray and Geoffrey Tillotson fail to protect Thackeray from fashionable complaints about his faulty technique—complaints which are obviously contentious and probably irrelevant. Ford Madox Ford, who was properly concerned with technique, declined to let it obsess him and claimed that *Vanity Fair* "may well be regarded . . . as the greatest work in the English language".

The New Critics, as we have seen, treat Tolstoy shabbily, though he is too great to scorn even for his defects, so that one ends by simply misrepresenting him, imposing an artificial structural design on his work, as Blackmur does, "cutting him down to size". Lesser writers who share Thackeray's and Tolstoy's preoccupation with life tend to be not just disregarded but banished: for example Dreiser, Rolland, Barbusse, Laxness, or Fedin. (As a student in the 40's, I never read *An American Tragedy* because I "knew" it was a waste of time for the simple reason that "everybody" thought so. Our giant was . . . Nathanael West!)

We are thus led to share Northrop Frye's alarm not only over anatomies and confessions but over that old form of prose fiction which was distinguished from romance by being neither more nor less than a novel — the long-discursive story about people, a story which solicits our attention not by its form primarily but by its moral insights, by saying something about life, or as Arnold Kettle insists, by revealing pattern in life hence bringing significance.

By way of conclusion and without meaning to appear paradoxical, I would like to provide a perspective for my opinions on New Critical inadequacies by agreeing with recent detractors, most of whom would accept, no matter how strenuous their objections, Hyatt Waggoner's remark that the New Criticism is the best criticism we have had. This was true, since the New Criticism attracted so many of the keenest critical minds of the past generation and since it is splendidly adapted to handling one form of the novel which was popular between (roughly) 1910 and 1940. Certainly it was an improvement over the pedestrian moralizing of the preceding period. But when Mr. Waggoner goes on to say that the New Criticism is not only the best we have, but the best we "are likely to have for a long time", I must disagree; for it is also true that some of our worst criticism can be attributed to New Critical excesses. Witness the endless exhibitions gracing our journals of aesthetic calisthenics inspired by William Faulkner's novels.

The basic objections remain, namely that because it is overspecialized and hieratic, the New Criticism is incomplete in the first place and detrimental to the improvement of public taste and the dissemination of culture in the second. What this has led to can be seen in the complaint registered not long ago by the editor of the *Columbia University Forum*, Erik Wensberg, in an examination of Durrell's *Quartet*. "The reviewer of the careful *New Yorker*," he wrote, "was so grudgingly transfixed by the ingenuity of the *Quartet's* form that she led me through five columns of type without ever once hinting at the quality which the form conveys or the idea that must surely require it."

In short, there are bigger things at stake in novel-criticism than form — unless, of course, the novel is moribund. It is to these, I think, that the post-New Critical generation has begun to address itself, despite the dire, perhaps fulsome, warnings of Messrs. Waggoner or Richard Foster against fogeyism, philistinism and academic barbarism. As a graduate student put it to me recently, he was sick of seeing only metaphors, ambiguities, tensions, ironies, archetypal patterns and images when he read. He wanted, rather, to be "a man listening intently to other, perhaps greater men talking to him about their lives

and his above the roar of time". In other words, he wanted literature to be more than a laboratory specimen and critics more than unfrocked technicians. To spurn his request is perilous, for he will surely turn to the neater laboratories of physics or the more exotic field trips of anthropology. And we shall have hastened him — indeed we should soon follow.

A TALL MAN EXECUTES A JIG

by

IRVING LAYTON

For Malcolm Ross

I

So the man spread his blanket on the field
And watched the shafts of light between the tufts
And felt the sun push the grass towards him;
The noise he heard was that of whizzing flies,
The whistlings of some small imprudent birds,
And the ambiguous rumbles of cars
That made him look up at the sky, aware
Of the gnats that tilted against the wind
And in the sunlight turned to jiggling motes.
Fruitflies he'd call them except there was no fruit
About, spoiling to hatch these glitterings,
These nervous dots for which the mind supplied
The closing sentences from Thucydides,
Or from Euclid having a savage nightmare.

II

Jig jig, jig jig. Like minuscule black links
Of a chain played with by some playful
Unapparent hand or the palpitant
Summer haze bored with the hour's stillness.
He felt the sting and tingle afterwards
Of those leaving their orthodox unrest,
Leaving their undulant excitation
To drop upon his sleeveless arm. The grass,
Even the wildflowers became black hairs
And himself a maddened speck among them.
Still the assaults of the small flies made him
Glad at last, until he saw purest joy
In their frantic jiggings under a hair,
So changed from those in the unrestraining air.

III

He stood up and felt himself enormous.
Felt as might Donatello over stone,
Or Plato, or as a man who has held
A loved and lovely woman in his arms
And feels his forehead touch the emptied sky
Where all antinomies flood into light.
Yet jig jig jig, the haloing black jots
Meshed with the wheeling fire of the sun:
Motion without meaning, disquietude
Without sense or purpose, ephemeredes
That mottled the resting summer air till
Gusts swept them from his sight like wisps of smoke.
Yet they returned, bringing a bee who, seeing
But a tall man, left him for a marigold.

IV

He doffed his aureole of gnats and moved
Out of the field as the sun sank down,
A dying god upon the blood-red hills.
Ambition, pride, the ecstasy of sex,
And all circumstance of delight and grief,
That blood upon the mountain's side, that flood
Washed into a clear incredible pool
Below the ruddied peaks that pierced the sun.
He stood still and waited. If ever
The hour of revelation was come
It was now, here on the transfigured steep.
The sky darkened. Some birds chirped. Nothing else.
He thought the dying god had gone to sleep:
An Indian fakir on his mat of nails.

V

And on the summit of the asphalt road
Which stretched towards the fiery town, the man
Saw one hill raised like a hairy arm, dark
With pines and cedars against the stricken sun
— The arm of Moses or of Joshua.
He dropped his head and let fall the halo
Of mountains, purpling and silent as time,

To see temptation coiled before his feet:
 A violated grass-snake that lugged
 Its intestine like a small red valise.
 A cold-eyed skinflint it now was, and not
 The manifest of that joyful wisdom,
 The mirth and arrogant green flame of life;
 Or earth's vivid tongue that flicked in praise of earth.

VI

And the man wept because pity was useless.
 'Your jig's up; the flies come like kites,' he said
 And watched the grass-snake crawl towards the hedge,
 Convulsing and dragging into the dark
 The satchel filled with curses for the earth,
 For the odours of warm sedge, and the sun,
 A blood-red organ in the dying sky.
 Backwards it fell into a grassy ditch
 Exposing its underside, white as milk,
 And mocked by wisps of hay between its jaws;
 And then it stiffened to its final length.
 But though it opened its thin mouth to scream
 A last silent scream that shook the black sky,
 Adamant and fierce, the tall man did not curse.

VII

Beside the rigid snake the man stretched out
 In fellowship of death; he lay silent
 And stiff in the heavy grass with eyes shut,
 Inhaling the moist odours of the night
 Through which his mind tunnelled with flicking tongue
 Backwards to caves, mounds, and sunken ledges
 And desolate cliffs where come only kites,
 And where of perished badgers and racoons
 The claws alone remain, gripping the earth.
 Meanwhile the green snake crept upon the sky,
 Huge, his mailed coat glittering with stars that made
 The night bright, and blowing thin wreaths of cloud
 Athwart the moon; and as the weary man
 Stood up, coiled above his head, transforming all.

The Troubled Pilgrimage

— some comments on the films of Ingmar Bergman —

By

PETER HARCOURT

I've never been able to keep myself from believing that I'm in charge of so sensitive an instrument that it should be possible to use it to illuminate the human soul with an infinitively more penetrating light.

—INGMAR BERGMAN

GIVEN as it is to cliché and tabulation, journalism is fond of talking of Bergman's work in terms of "light" and "dark" films. References are made to the comparatively light-hearted "comedies" like *Waiting Women*, *A Lesson in Love*, and *Smiles of a Summer Night*, and then again to the somber and more disquieting works like *Prison*, *Thirst*, *Sawdust & Tinsel* — and then with world acclaim — *The Seventh Seal* and *Wild Strawberries*.¹ Of course this distinction, though often convenient, is misleading; for in a film as rich and complex in its implications as *Wild Strawberries*, the two elements exist in striking juxtaposition throughout the entire film, as they do within the character of the apparently kindly but essentially selfish Dr. Isak Borg as well. Furthermore, it is my belief that, even in his darkest films, there is always with Bergman at least the promise of light; and my admiration for his work is largely the result of the faith he is able to reveal in the people he has created. While in no way ignoring the full implications of the situations they find themselves in, Bergman is able to express a faith in his characters that is the result of his recognition of the tenacity and resilience of human beings, particularly of women. It is this recog-

¹ In the United States, the distributors have made the following changes in the titles: *Waiting Women* — *Secrets of Women*; *Thirst* — *Three Strange Loves*; *Sawdust & Tinsel* — *The Naked Night*.

nition which makes his films — virtually alone in the world of serious art today — able to affirm. Bergman realizes that as long as we retain some warmth and affection for one another, there is still some hope for the future.

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A film that is not too well known and which has certainly been underrated is *Sawdust & Tinsel*. In many ways the predecessor of *The Seventh Seal*, though lacking its impact and polish, *Sawdust & Tinsel* is in some ways its superior. In producing a film that is less abstractly conceived and less overtly an allegory, Bergman succeeded in creating a film that may strike many of us as more true-to-life; that is, true to life as we have known it. Ostensibly it is the story of a circus, a circus that we are told has seen better days. "Alberti", unable to resist the call of circus life, has left his wife and children to the settled life in a small town, which to him had been a kind of death, to her, fulfilment. Now the circus is returning to this small town; times are bad, and Albert is older and is growing tired.

Since he has been away, Albert has acquired an attractive young mistress, Anne, with whom — we gradually discover — he is not entirely satisfied. She in turn is sick of the life on the road and longs to escape from her obligations both to the circus and to Albert. Furthermore, as they return to this particular town, she is seized with the fear that Albert will try to leave her and go back to his wife. They are both, thus, tired and somewhat mistrustful of one another.

But the film opens with a prologue — a "dumb-show" of what is to come. Here we see Frost — the circus clown — being humiliated in his attempt to reclaim his wife Alma, who, in a fit of boredom, has been swimming naked with some artillery officers stationed nearby. As he attempts to carry her back from the sea-shore, holding her awkwardly in front of him, like a cross, and stumbling on the sharp stones, we have a preview of what is to come, of what is to happen this time to Albert.

This prologue is most forcefully handled. The intense emotion of the characters is conveyed almost entirely in mime, as if, in their extreme distress, they had lost their sense of hearing (as apparently Albert does also, just before his threatened suicide); and it is accom-

panied by irregular, sharply-incisive music, punctuated by tympani and by the sound of cannon firing out over the sea. The cannon help us to deaden our ear-drums, as they have Frost's, and they also serve to suggest the harsh theme of aggression, even of sadism, which is to follow. When watching this film for the first time, we scarcely know what to make of this scene; but on a re-seeing, we are able to feel not only its force, but its significance as well.

But the film goes on: Albert tries to return to his wife, who is kind, but rejects him. Anne gives herself to an actor in the hope of freeing herself from her present life, but is cheated and made use of. As they both are dissatisfied, they both attempt an escape; but their attempts are unsuccessful and they are forced back on one another. Albert's final humiliation occurs when he is defeated in the circus ring by the odiously complacent actor who had "used" his Anne, a scene hard to take in, entirely, in its brutality. The ending avoids the theatrical climax of suicide or any attempt at restored self-esteem. Albert, unable actually to kill himself, smashes his image in the mirror — attempts to destroy, that is, the reflection of his weaknesses which, in his defeat, he has been forced to see and to acknowledge — and then kills instead the circus's mangy old bear, curiously associated in the film with Alma and with her personal failings. He then collapses in sobs, away from all his companions, reduced to seeking comfort from his horse. The circus moves on, out of the town and away from the scene of humiliation and despair; the camera, as at the opening, dwelling upon the covered wagons pulling slowly away, only this time we notice that their wheels are covered with mud. Albert, walking slowly behind his wagon, is joined by Anne, now with tears in her eyes, but nothing is said or done between them. They just walk slowly off together, into the prolongation of their life as they have come to know it.

If, with *Sawdust & Tinsel* in mind, we think of *The Seventh Seal*, we can see that there are many similarities. Like the Knight, Albert too is a wanderer, a kind of pilgrim who has left his wife and home in search of something else and who, also like the Knight, at the end is left unrewarded. In *Sawdust & Tinsel*, there is no striking Dance of Death, led by Death himself with his scythe, but there is the shared

defeat of Albert and Anne, and their acceptance of their fate together. And if in *Sawdust & Tinsel* there are no obviously contrasting "light" elements — like the travelling minstrels and their child in *The Seventh Seal* — it is not without its own suggestion of warmth and even of humour. Albert's march through town to ask the help of a travelling theatre director, with the absurd pride he takes in his own pomp and in his gaudily provocative Anne, is but one of the touches that makes us smile as we watch and which — for me personally — elicits a finer admiration and respect than can the unmitigated pessimistic indulgences of so much 'serious' art today, than can the work, say, of Samuel Beckett *et Cie*. For instance, not unlike Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, *Sawdust & Tinsel* deals with two people who have somehow become dependent on each other "in this hell together" and who keep waiting for something to happen, something that will free them from their present lives and from each other. And of course, like Godot, it never comes. But unlike Beckett in his much applauded play, Bergman, even in his gloomy film, realizes that man is still not entirely incapable of compassion, and that from compassion, there is hope. 'Dark' though this film may be, it is in no way negative. As with all Bergman's films, at the end there is acceptance, not rejection. If Bergman is fully conscious of the horror and possible vacuity of life, he is also conscious of its warmth and joy.

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When from *Sawdust & Tinsel* we turn to *The Seventh Seal*, we find both the suggestion of something more but perhaps by the end something a little less as well. Beneath the surface impressiveness of the film, the quite startling quality of many of the individual moments, I feel there is an arbitrariness that somewhat mars the effect of the film as a whole. In *The Seventh Seal*, Bergman seems to be reaching out for a richness of implication that, in my opinion, was not his to attain until the making of *Wild Strawberries*.

As in his most recent and equally controversial film, *The Virgin Spring*, Bergman is here attempting to recreate the feeling of life in the Middle Ages, with all its sharp contrasts: its anxiety and terror, its

simple faith and acceptance of life, and quite prominently of course, the physical reality of death. The grim personification of Death in this film has proved to be more than a good many cinema-goers are prepared to accept; and while a knowledge of other Swedish films would help to make such an effect less outrageously unusual and therefore less 'pompous' or 'pretentious'², we might be more prepared to accept it if we realize that Death is meant to appear chiefly as the projection of something in the Knight's own mind, something largely self-created. He is seen as the Knight has imagined him. "I've been a long time at your side," says Death when he first appears, and we realize that he is not merely death in time — the end of our actual physical life — but he also represents the inner death that the Knight, Antonius Block, has been carrying with him ever since he first left his wife and home in search of the absolute, ever since he gave up singing songs to his wife's eyes and began to pursue an abstraction. However much Bergman may make us sympathize with the Knight's pursuit, we see in the film that it has been meaningless. His sturdy squire, Jöns, is disgusted with the whole business: "The Crusade was so stupid," he says, "it would have taken an idealist to have thought of it."

The game of chess, if it is to mean anything in the film, could be seen as the series of moves that Block has taken throughout his life that have led him away from the warmth and potential happiness of life towards the cold abstraction of death, a series of intellectual moves. Block now confesses that his heart is empty and that — like Dr. Borg in *Wild Strawberries* — he has always been rather indifferent to his fellow men. He has wasted his life in the pursuit of an ideal: "I want knowledge," he cries out, "not faith, not suppositions, but knowledge"; and in the film we see that what he means by knowledge is merely some kind of intellectual explanation of the suffering and emptiness of life as he has both seen and experienced it. He wants some sort of *verbal* guarantee that his search has not been meaningless, that his high ideals will be rewarded. The point of the film, it seems to me, is that, however much we may share the Knight's desire, Bergman

² See especially *The Road to Heaven* by Alf Sjöberg a filmed morality based on a verse play by Rune Lindström which might strike English audiences as a strange cinematic equivalent of *Pilgrim's Progress*.

presents it as both presumptuous and certainly futile. Even at the end of the film when Death comes to collect his victims, the Knight still clings to his abstraction of a God without feeling: "Oh God, who *must* be somewhere, have mercy upon us." Jöns, on the other hand, has long understood the futility of that kind of request or faith. He recognizes that it would be far better for the Knight if he were able to give himself up to "the immense triumph of this last minute when you can still roll your eyes and move your toes". But this, the Knight never understands. He is never able to free himself from the tormenting questions to which there are no merely *verbal* answers. Jöns is a source of strength in the film chiefly because, with all his earthly wisdom and practical turn of mind, he acknowledges the arrogance of our intellectual claims.

To my mind it reveals a complete misunderstanding of Bergman's work to accuse him of posing problems that he is then incapable of answering adequately. This, surely, is the *Knight's* failing. It is the presumption of a man who wishes to understand everything with his mind alone and who allows himself to become indifferent to his fellow creatures in the process. The horror and despair in *The Seventh Seal* is seen to a large extent as a loss of faith, not faith in the Church — which is presented as a deceiver and tormentor — but more in the essential qualities by which we must live, qualities of feeling, of sympathy, of compassion, and of love. These qualities are most clearly embodied in the travelling minstrels, Jof and Mia, in the love they have for one another and their delight in their young child. Rather like the Knight, Jof is an idealist of a kind, a seer of visions and a wanderer over the face of the earth; but unlike the Knight's, his visions are chiefly of birth and love. If he too can see Death occasionally, he can also see the Virgin Mary, dressed up like a queen, teaching the young Jesus to walk. *His* truth is within him. He makes no intellectual demands and shows no desire to "have time to perform at least one significant action", but he takes pleasure in the beauty of the world and his wife, composes songs, and plays with his young child. The flagellants, the sadistic priest, are all living in a world that the Knight *thinks* he understands but which he cannot face squarely. The little witch girl is part of the same world, victimized and tormented by the Church; and her eyes at

the end disclose no knowledge of the devil, of any supernatural force, but simply terror and emptiness. Like the Knight, she too, somehow, has become the victim of an abstraction.

I haven't the space here to deal with what could be interpreted as the more Christian elements in Bergman's work³, but as in the Book of Revelations, when the seventh seal is opened and life emerges from death, so throughout the film, there are images to suggest or re-inforce this insight. When Death saws through the tree containing Skat, the third actor (a somewhat ludicrous moment in the film, I agree), we should notice that immediately the tree is down, a squirrel runs up onto the tree-stump and nibbles at a nut. After we have experienced the horror of watching Raval die of the plague, as soon as he is dead, the moon comes out from behind the clouds and fills the forest with light. But most striking of all, in Block's dark, cold, and empty castle when Death comes at last, we have the face of Jön's mute and kneeling concubine, radiant in some way at the thought of release from fear and suffering, and now with tears in her eyes, her voice is suddenly released as well: "It's all over," she says; and with these words, the image of her face is blended into that of Mia's, smiling with joy in the light of the sun.

The Seventh Seal is certainly an impressive film and I can see in it a striving for a depth of implication and universality of theme that, if successful, would represent a finer achievement than *Sawdust & Tinsel*. However, my misgivings about the film arise from the feeling that it has all been perhaps too deliberately conceived, that even the images of life-from-death, certainly effective when we experience them on the screen, are rather too much the embellishment of a preconceived interpretation of the universe. When we re-see the film and when we reflect, they appear too much as ornament, as effective but rather arbitrary variations on the central theme. And the strange figure of Death, when everything has been said to justify it as largely the creation of the Knight's own mind, seems to be given a somewhat

³ Bergman himself has acknowledged a belief in some sort of God: "Je crois en une idée supérieure qu'on appelle Dieu. Je le vieux et il le faut. Je crois que c'est absolument nécessaire. Le matérialisme integral ne pourrait conduire l'humanité qu'à une impasse sans chaleur." (CAHIERS DU CINEMA, #88).

arbitrary autocracy at the end of the film when he carries off *all* the Knight's companions. Only the minstrels in their child-like innocence escape. Yet why should Jöns and the others meet the same fate as the troubled and uncertain Knight? There seems to be no explanation. The ending seems more striking than satisfactory. In *Sawdust & Tinsel*, on the other hand, where the theme of the pilgrimage is more obliquely handled, the ending, with the characters left still very much in the mud of day-to-day living, seems to my mind more convincing — a more realistic resolution of the problems dealt with. It is not until *Wild Strawberries*, where the contending elements of life and death are once more securely embodied in the actual people he has created, that Bergman achieves a completely successful treatment of this death-in-life and life-from-death theme.

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In this article, I have done no more than suggest an approach to two of Bergman's films, two films that seem to have certain points in common and which are both treated in an unnaturalistic, rather fantastic manner. Bergman is fond of fantasy and he returns to it again and again; and in nearly all his films, there is this suggestion of a pilgrimage, of a search. In his films, Bergman reveals his characters as trying to come to grips with their own uncertain capacity for love and hope and as searching for the root of their inescapable restlessness. And that is why, to my mind, his films merit our serious attention and a continued effort, not merely to marvel at what appears strange and sensational, but to appreciate and understand.

Party Politics in English Local Government

by

B. KEITH-LUCAS

Would the introduction of party politics at the municipal level improve local government in Canada? An expert in the subject here offers an account of how municipal party politics work in Britain and makes some comparisons with the Canadian scene.

THE systems of local government in Canada and England spring from a common ancestor — the English system of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The Canadian pattern however owes something to another forbear, the system which developed in the United States, springing also from the same original family. But inevitably, with the passage of years, methods of local administration in England and Canada have diverged and adapted themselves to the climates and conditions in which they live. Thus many of the officers — aldermen, sheriffs, justices of the peace, for example — are to be found in both countries, but performing different functions. In the formation of Canadian municipal government one of the strongest influences was the Durham Report, and Lord Durham was a close friend and confidant of two men who did more than any others to shape the English pattern in the nineteenth century — Francis Place and Joseph Parkes. Thus the correspondence and discussion of these two men must have had a profound effect on the development of local government in the two countries. The influence of Durham, Place and Parkes is still visible in the local government of the two countries in the twentieth century.

Today one of the most marked differences between the two systems is the absence of party politics in Canadian local government, and its importance in the English municipalities. In England one often

hears its presence deplored, as unnecessary and undesirable; in Canada one often hears the question asked whether party politics might not be valuable in some ways, though generally it seems to be agreed that its intrusion on the municipal level is undesirable.

This attitude in Canada is probably due to a number of causes; among these is the knowledge of how party politics in some United States cities degenerated into "boss government", and the fear of a similar development here, leading to such corruption as existed under Tammany Hall in New York, and under Al Capone in Chicago. There is also a general desire to keep administrative matters "out of politics", arising out of an implicit distrust of politicians in general, and a desire to keep local affairs in the hands of impartial men of experience and ability.

In England the position today is that the councils of all the larger towns are divided on party lines between Conservative, Labour and Liberal. In the smaller towns and district councils this is not generally true, and the councillors are as a rule elected without party labels. The county councils are about evenly divided between those which are predominantly political, and those which are not. This political division in the larger towns is not new; in the early days after the passing of the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835 it was just as important and pervasive as it is today.

The constitutional structure within which this political system works is different in many respects from that of Canada. The councils are very much larger, consisting in a few cases of over a hundred members, and in most of the larger towns of at least fifty. They do not work, as in Ontario, for example, through a Board of Commissioners, or other executive committee, but instead appoint twenty or thirty separate committees, almost, but not entirely, composed of members of the council, to deal with each of the council's main functions, such as education, planning, highways, housing, water and children's services. These committees all report to the council itself and are co-ordinated partly by overlapping membership, and partly by the presence of the town clerk (or his deputy) to advise them all. Thus the discussion and argument goes on in the committee rooms, where the professional staff advise and guide the members, generally in the absence of the public

and the press. The full council becomes a local parliament, where members can challenge the recommendations of the committees, ask questions and make public protests. As a rule the committees are composed of members of both or all political parties, in approximately the same proportion as the council itself.

Another difference is the position of the mayor. He is elected by the council, nearly always from among its own members. He has no administrative duties at all, and cannot give orders even to the office boy. His functions are two — to preside at council meetings, and to be the formal representative of the borough at public functions, in church, and at dinners and receptions. Rarely does he remain in office for more than twelve months, and, being generally chosen by seniority, he is not, as a rule, in any but a formal sense the leader of the council. In counties, however, the Chairman of the County Council often remains in office for year after year, and acquires thereby a status and influence unknown in the boroughs.

In this framework the party system works in different ways in different towns, but certain general conclusions can perhaps be drawn from them.

In the committees of the council the party politics of the members usually matter little; they argue freely round the table, and meeting in private, have no temptation to talk to the political gallery. There are of course some matters on which the parties are sharply divided, but most of the administrative problems which come before the committees are discussed as if no party differences existed, the discussion being based as a rule on reports and advice from the professional officers — the town clerk (nearly always a solicitor), the treasurer, medical officer, engineer, etc. More often than not the chairman of the committee is a member of the majority party, as he will have to answer questions and defend the committee's decisions in open council; but this is not an invariable rule.

It sometimes happens however, particularly in those towns (such as the London boroughs) where political conflict is more severe, that party groups meet before the committee meetings, and settle the party line. This tends to make the committee meetings into mere formalities,

and has the additional disadvantage that such decisions are inevitably made before the members have heard the advice of their expert professional officers.

In the open council the party divisions become far more important; members are aware of the presence of the press and the public; they know that they are speaking to a wider audience of their electors. Moreover, the parties commonly meet in caucus before the council to discuss their policy. Then the opposition party will co-ordinate its attack, and decide what to challenge in the reports of the committees. When the council meets, they will behave very much like Her Majesty's Opposition in Parliament, attacking the policy of the governing group by means of questions and debate. The result is that no chairman of a committee will dare to bring up a recommendation unless he is prepared to defend it in open debate, and an alert Opposition will see that no doubtful proposal or questionable scheme can get through without public challenge.

This is perhaps the most important and valuable side of the party political system. The Opposition is probably more important in assuring good government than the Government. There is of course advantage in having a governing group with a carefully worked out and co-ordinated policy, and with a more or less assured majority to enable them to carry it out. But the rôle of the Opposition is even more important.

Of course it does not always work so well. In some towns one party has a complete or almost complete monopoly of council seats; then there tends to develop a form of caucus government, in which the open council meeting becomes little more than a façade. And in such a case there is no opposition to challenge the questionable scheme, or the possibly prejudiced appointment to public office.

Sixty years ago the political parties in local government did not necessarily coincide with the national parties; there were Progressive, Municipal Reform and other parties locally, while nationally there were only Conservative and Liberal. Today, with very few exceptions, the parties are the same at both levels. This does not mean however that the central organizations play any substantial part in local affairs. Apart from giving a general direction to party policy, they leave the

local groups to themselves. There is however some degree of co-ordination in that the same people will commonly be influential in the local constituency organization and in municipal politics. In some, but not many, cities (such as Liverpool and Manchester) there is a tradition of choosing candidates for Parliament from among the local councillors. There is not however, the interest at party headquarters that is to be found in some countries, such as Italy, in the selection of local mayors — partly no doubt because of the fact that English mayors are so lacking in power and importance.

The existence of the party system also has its effect on elections in several ways. First, the voter judges the candidate more by the party to which he belongs than by what he knows of his personal ability. This may in some ways be a disadvantage, but it does mean that the electors know that if a particular party wins an election, they will follow a definite and known policy. In Canada, on the other hand, the voter has no such knowledge; the candidates may individually be competent, but no one of them will be in a position to carry out a stated policy. In practice the English election addresses tend to be more specific on policy matters than those issued by Canadian candidates, who stress rather their individual qualifications.

Another effect of the party system is that the field of choice of candidates is in some respects widened, in other ways reduced. Generally, in towns where political elections are usual, the independent candidate stands little chance of election; he has neither the means nor the organization to run an effective campaign, and the electors tend to choose by the party label. This means that many good men and women who are not prepared to accept a party label and party discipline, are virtually excluded from local government. This is a very real loss. But it is to some extent balanced by the fact that the party system means that a candidate does not have to meet the costs of his own election campaign, and so candidature is not restricted, as it tends to be in Canadian cities, to people rich enough to afford the cost. On the other hand, English councillors are not paid (except for a small reimbursement of lost wages, which in practice applies only to those who are paid hourly wages in their principal employment). This, coupled with the time it takes to be a councillor, results in excluding many possible

candidates. In particular, it excludes the energetic man who is making his way in a business or profession, and cannot afford to give a couple of days a week to council affairs. These people are much needed in local government. In Canada they appear to form the predominant group on most councils, but in England they are comparatively rare, except in the smaller towns, where council business takes much less time, and where council meetings are generally held in the evenings, thus not interfering so much with a member's business engagements. On the other hand there is a danger in having too many such men on a council, for they tend to represent only a sectional interest, and an interest too closely linked with real property and commerce.

Party politics in local government have their advantages and their disadvantages, but on the whole the system works well in England. Above all there is merit in having an organized Opposition, ready to put any proposals to the test of public debate, and to challenge whatever they think questionable or improper. Whether it would be beneficial in Canada is a matter of opinion, but experience of troubles in a number of municipalities over the last twelve months suggests that an Opposition, performing the function of a watch dog, might have been desirable. On the other hand, the introduction of such a political system would probably entail a change in the attitude to elections; councillors would be elected more for their political opinions than for their business or administrative reputation. They might come to represent more closely the varied interests and sections of the community, and to be less generally chosen from among the business men of the town. More of the administration would come to be in the hands of permanent professional officials, while the Council behaved more like a Parliament or Legislature, and less like a Board of Directors. All things considered, it might well be beneficial.

The Case for Graduate Education in Business

by

R. J. HAND

"The attributes which can best be developed by university education are of great importance now in the education of the business manager."

IN recent months journalists have roundly criticized the university "schools of business". Although some of this criticism has been warranted and healthy, much has been uninformed and undiscriminating. The regrets of a former advertising agency executive and United States senator at having taken a "mishmash labelled finance" at Yale in 1921 have reverberated down the journalistic corridors as though this pronouncement was the definitive comment on education for business. Some literati have joined the marching critics with pens at the ready. In addition to the normal reactions to the less credible aspects of this outburst, there is some danger of losing perspective in our zeal to criticize many of the weaknesses which are fair game. Hence what follows is a positive statement of the case for university education in business at the graduate level. Although it will obviously not allay all doubts nor absolve all schools of the responsibility for mistaken judgments, it is important to examine this part of our educational process which not only deals with the intellectual development of promising individuals but with the understanding of enterprise and management in our society. This examination ought not to be blurred by excesses of prejudiced criticism or dogmatic defensiveness for these are matters of which we can ill afford to be ignorant in Canada.

Much is heard today about the need for enterprise in both the domestic and world markets. Much is also heard about our failure to fit education to the needs of our society. When discussions on these matters converge on the possibilities of education for business, a welter of questions, enthusiasms and doubts usually results. Merely raising some basic questions about university education in business at the graduate level will hardly settle all the issues involved, but will perhaps provoke some readers to clarify their own views.

I shall discuss mainly the following major propositions which have become somewhat clouded, it seems to me, in recent criticisms: first, that modern managerial or administrative work requires an extremely great range and depth of knowledge that one way or another individuals have to acquire; second, that university graduate education in business can be, for some people and some tasks, the most advantageous means of developing this range of knowledge; third, that to be effective, the graduate business programs of study and research must achieve an optimal balance between knowledge and use, theory and practice; and fourth, that universities can provide an appropriate environment for education in business.

First, then, what can a graduate business program contribute to an education already begun in liberal arts or engineering? Clearly the answer to this will be governed by what one believes to be the requirements for dealing effectively with managerial work now and in the future. These expectations, in turn, will depend on one's understanding of changes in the nature of the business enterprise and its environment. In many respects business is significantly different today, challenging man's skill, intelligence and enterprise as never before. Obviously even greater changes, not only in business, but also in the social, governmental and technological environment will take place in the decades immediately ahead. We can but dimly see the outlines of this future and its implications, but it now seems clear that one of the chief requirements for economic and entrepreneurial progress is the capacity to create and adjust to change.

For the modern manager native shrewdness and a sense of opportunism are not sufficient. The entrepreneur must possess a perspective on the business enterprise and its setting. He requires a greater range

and depth of knowledge than was hitherto necessary, if he is to make decisions and take actions understandingly and profitably. Opportunities must be discerned, problems interpreted, alternatives discovered, choices made, consequences foreseen. Individual actions must be intelligently related to the goals of the organization and indeed to the whole fabric of a free society. The modern manager must have a sensitive appreciation of the rôle played by contemporary business in western culture and the world economy. To cope with the increasingly complex demands of administration within his organization, he requires much greater technical and business knowledge and skill than did his earlier counterparts. To comprehend the range of variables in decisions and the information systems of some corporate organizations is an awesome task. Thus the attributes which can best be developed by university education are of great importance now in the education of the business manager: the capacity to discern the general pattern among the specifics; the comprehensive viewpoint bringing into focus the wide range of interdependent factors; the flexibility of mind required to cope with continuing and rapid change; the habit and methods of life-long learning; the disciplined intellect capable of systematically analyzing problems.

There are several choices open to an individual who wants to begin the life-long educational program of preparing himself for management work in business. He may try to learn directly through experiences perhaps aided by informal study. He may take an undergraduate university program in Arts and Science or Engineering plus experience and learning on the job. Or he may supplement his undergraduate course and job experience with a graduate program in business education.

The basic case in favour of the choice which includes graduate work in a university professional school of business is an impressive one. In brief, for some individuals, such a program is superior to the alternative approaches in several ways — because it accelerates the process of individual development; because it adds a unique broadening and penetration to the viewpoint; because it is a sustained investment in learning at the right stage of individual growth; and because

it is a more economical means of doing the educational job which has to be done anyway. These effects and contributions will be discussed after we examine the basic negative argument.

It is often argued that experience in business can accomplish enough to make additional formal education unnecessary. No one would dispute this contention in particular cases. However, time and costs are important considerations. Whatever else it may be, experience is a slow and expensive teacher, and business needs are urgent. Graduates of a good business school can not only fill immediate needs more capably, but also learn more quickly and thus take on responsibility faster than their less trained counterparts. The value of accelerating the development of individuals is not precisely calculable but is certainly of a high order. Educated minds are especially valuable in those organizations where the costs of erroneous decisions are significant and rising.

In addition, there is the question of whether or not direct experience does in fact provide the same learning possibilities as those available in a graduate program in business.

Typically, individuals in business organizations are preoccupied (and understandably so) with specialized activities. Advancement is based on performance as departmental specialists. Unless both the departmental specialist and top management are capable of resisting the usual gravitations of enterprise, long range development will tend to be subordinated to the more immediate concerns. Then when the opportunity to assume more general responsibilities presents itself, the individual must somehow shed his specialist's viewpoint and think in terms of the whole enterprise. Yet, on the way up, he has had little chance to develop this larger view. He must now, by sheer force of intellect and effort, construct a synthesis. But why make it that difficult?

Consider the advantage of beginning the development process with a coherent concept of the business enterprise into which experience can be fitted. It is possible, indeed, that the performance of specialist's tasks will be improved by the possession of such a framework of understanding. In addition, the attainment of the comprehensive view of the enterprise early in the development process prob-

ably has a greater payoff for the individual and for the organization than developing it at a later stage in the manager's career. The need for continuing education, however, cannot be gainsaid.

In the light of the fundamentally changing conditions of contemporary business, the need for training and education of a high order is apparent. It is in such a context that universities have established programs of graduate education in business not unlike the professional courses in law and medicine.

Professional business education does not, of course, transform "sow's ears", nor does it intend to produce graduates who will shortly become chief executives of corporations. It does not assume that the learning process has been completed with the acquisition of a Master's degree in Business. Moreover, it is clear that programs of all institutions are not equally effective. But in general, the individual's capacities are upgraded in the light of modern requirements and the probabilities of his accomplishment are improved.

University education for business at the graduate level permits some persons to meet the varied and growing demand for highly educated manpower. By no means does this imply that the business school will become the exclusive source of enterprisers and managers in our society; other sources will continue to be important. But increasing recognition must be given to Canada's need for competitive enterprisers in both domestic and world markets. We cannot afford to overlook any avenue for their more rapid development in a society hastening toward new forms of competition, technology and markets.

Experience indicates that graduate study adds a measure of balance and maturity to the viewpoint of the individual, accelerates his rate of growth, increases his potential. Most graduates are able to contribute more productively and with greater human understanding to their organizations as a result of their educational experiences. During their studies they start the thoughtful development of a personal philosophy for the conduct of business life.

Another argument in favour of graduate study in business is that it involves the individual at the most favourable stage of his intellectual and emotional development. Most students in the graduate program have had some practical experience in business life and consequently

they respond intelligently to this type of educational opportunity. The graduate course is more professional in its orientation than is desirable in undergraduate offerings, and thus it serves well the expectations of some students and some important needs of Canadian business.

In the world of economic affairs it is not now enough that men should be either masterly technicians *or* cultured and informed citizens. Technicians must appreciate the larger setting in which they practise; the broadly educated person must acquire much business knowledge and skill. The graduate program in business can act as a compensator of deficiencies in background for both of these types of persons.

From different viewpoints, the school of business is a processor, adding value to someone already of considerable worth; it is a filter, screening so as to set a minimum standard of quality for the residue; it is a compensator, adjusting the treatment according to the needs and desires of the individual.

Ideally, the university school of business should provide a useful interplay between the thoughtful experience of business practitioners and professional observers and theorists. However, the spectrum of educational philosophies in such schools ranges between two extreme positions. One extreme is characterized by the search for theoretical generalizations, usually at high orders of abstraction, and a positivistic attitude and scientific approach. At the other extreme the emphasis is on whetting analytical powers on concrete problem situations, unorganized particularization, realism, empiricism and artistry in normative decisions and action. Positions at either extreme give away too much. A middle position on this spectrum, however, often lacks conviction and style. Nevertheless logic and experience indicate that the middle position on the philosophical spectrum, even if difficult to maintain, is desirable.

A purely theoretical approach runs the risk of losing touch with reality in striving for generalization, abstraction and scientific rigour. On the other hand, extreme emphasis on empirical analysis of particular sets of facts ignores the general framework. The best approach must involve both of these elements. The student must be able to move back and forth between the particular and the general. It is this facility in moving from specific situations to limited theoretical

generalizations and back again that typifies the most effective managers under modern conditions. This general framework gives meaning to particular experiences, accommodation for new knowledge, and is a source of testable ideas and a basis for learning.

Business, like music and medicine, calls for disciplined thought at the conceptual level as well as imaginative artistry at the level of application. Although artistic judgments have always been required in practice, rational analysis is now increasingly important. In management decisions, formal and informal knowledge gained at great cost in earlier or contemporary experiences cannot be ignored with impunity. Many decisions have long shadows and weighty consequences. The new technology of decision-making brings opportunities for the reduction of risk. In practice, the issue is increasingly one of balance between theory and application, thought and action.

In the study of business, the students should be moved through a cycle of induction-deduction-induction reflecting somewhat the actual process of managing in an enterprise. Individual courses or a whole curriculum can be designed so that the student is led from particular real-life situations and an appreciation of their nature, to a broader analysis of whole classes of such situations. Then he should move back again to the level of specific application. In this way the student may learn to think analytically about actual business decisions and to bring to bear something of what others have thought or experienced where it is likely to be helpful and relevant. Thus he learns to think both inductively and deductively, and to move with facility from reality to abstraction, from particular to general, from the needs of practical problems to the realm of ideas, theories and new conceptions. By such a process, the art of administration advances from the intuitive manipulation of variables in implicit logical models to more explicit and clarified analytical decision models. Only the latter are teachable.

One other clear advantage for the students of a graduate program is association with a faculty actively engaged in research. Because of its close association with both the world of practice and the world of scholarship, a graduate school typically generates an atmosphere of curiosity, analysis and investigation.

Not the least of the advantages of the growth of graduate business education in Canada is the opportunity to assist in the evaluation of the many new ideas and techniques being developed to improve business productivity and competitive position. The fashionable proposition that there can be a promising transfer of concepts, knowledge and investigatory techniques from disciplines such as history, politics, mathematics and the behavioural and physical sciences can be seriously tested. The investigation and impartial reporting fit well into the university function in society. Consequently the character and calibre of the university as a whole has an important bearing on the quality of business research and study.

The graduate program in business stands between the world of scholarship and theoretical knowledge and the world of affairs and practice. It is often not too well understood in either sphere. But it is well placed to act as an intellectual middleman serving simultaneously those two constituencies. It brings to the world of practice the fruits of theory and thought which serve to elevate and improve the levels of present practice; and it channels back new needs and information from the side of experience to the scrutiny of the professional observer. Such a process of interplay between theory and practice, between systematic analysis and artful application, typifies all human activities that have risen above crude empiricism.

The school of business also operates in the area between the supply and demand sides of the market for managerial manpower. Both sides of the market are highly varied. The suppliers are young individuals of different native and acquired abilities, interests, backgrounds and objectives. Some are technically trained; others are broadly educated; a few have combined these developments. Some are attracted to technical work; others are inclined to entrepreneurship; and others to various grades of administrative work. On the other side of the market, business opportunities and corporate employments occur in impressive abundance and diversity according to the dynamism of the economy at the moment. In general, it appears to be within the capacity of this market to absorb productively a wide variety of talents and inclinations. Society requires the orderly matching of these highly differentiated sides of the market for management and entrepreneurial services

and many processes and institutions are being evolved to meet this need. In the growing segment of demand for educated administrative capacities the university graduate program in business plays an important, perhaps unique, rôle.

In the schools of business it is this difficult position of balance in educational philosophy and experience which makes the most enduring and effective contribution to the development of businessmen fitted for modern conditions. It emphasizes the crucial relationship of knowledge and use. But it eschews knowledge without use, and action without regard for the possible relevance of knowledge. It is consistent with what we know about the learning process as an interplay of theory and practice and is as well suited to professional education in business as in law and medicine. It is an approach not easily reduced to slogans, nor appreciated without discrimination. The balance is precarious and imbalance an easy mark for the critics. But as sophistication and experience increase in this area of education for administrative, management or entrepreneurial manpower — call it what you will — more professionally-oriented programs can be expected to take on something of these general characteristics.

The most "practical" is not the most enduring; the most "theoretical" is not the most relevant. In the light of modern needs, the middle road is the most appropriate in both study and practice. It appears desirable to steer between the timeless abstractions of theory and *ad hoc* action. Effective decisions and actions backed by analytical thought and the capacity to learn from them are the targets at which our educational process ought to aim. Therefore, neither fragmented technical specialisms nor elegant scientism will serve the needs. This means that a program of graduate education for business should not only be designed with a taste for experimentation in our changing world but it should have a professional orientation in the middle range and a firm basis in the scientific and liberal tradition.

A Call in December

by

ALDEN A. NOWLAN

WE stopped at the DeLaGarde shack. Not even tarpapered this one: naked boards the colour of a Canadian winter, the log sills set on an island of yellowish ice.

"See that ice?" the old man asked disgustedly. "They built that shack right smack in the middle of a bog hole. Could have built it anywhere. But they built it in a bog hole. What you gonna do for that kind of people?"

At that time we were taking them Christmas gifts: twenty-four pounds of flour, a roast of beef, two packages of margarine.

The old man didn't knock. He walked into the shack and we followed him. I coughed, meeting the fumes of coal oil and the acrid smoke of green maple. Coal oil has to be poured on such wood frequently or the fire will succumb to the moisture and fizzle out.

The girl slumped on the open oven door, clutching a bundle shrouded in a dirty flannel blanket. Greasy black hair like a tangle of snarled shoe laces fell to her sloping shoulders.

She looked up at us, grinning. Her eyes narrowed suddenly, became fox-like and suspicious. She bent down quickly, the hair flopping over her face and kissed the hidden baby.

"Mummy loves you," she crooned. "Mummy won't let nobody take her baby."

The old man laid the margarine on the bed. There were neither pillows, quilts nor blankets on the bed: a pile of limp, nauseating rags, crumpled undershirts, socks, scarves, slips, shirts, sweaters, an army tunic, gathered together like a nest so that one knew without being told that something alive had slept there.

"Brought you a little somethin' from the Christmas tree in town," the old man said, shuffling in embarrassment but also proud of what he had done and desirous of thanks.

She looked up again.

"Gee. Thanks," she giggled, her eyes soft and remote as a heifer's now.

I put flour and meat on the table, shoving aside plates which had gone unwashed so long that the scraps of food cemented to them had become unrecognizable, ceasing to be bits of bean or shreds of sardine or flecks of mustard and becoming simply dirt, obscene and anonymous.

"Billy's gone to work," she explained. "Aint nobody here but me and the baby."

She drew the blankets back from the child's face and kissed his forehead fervently. He lay motionless, his eyes flat and unfocused, only his dull white face protruding from the stained pink flannel.

"Mummy loves you, baby. Oh yes, mummy loves you. Yes. Mummy loves you. Mummy won't let nobody take her baby away. Mummy's gonna keep her little baby forever and ever and ever. Yes. Mummy's gonna keep her little baby . . . aint nobody gonna take my baby."

Her voice trailed away in a wordless chant. She kissed him again and again, the moisture of her spittle glistening on his cheeks, neck and forehead, his eyes unreachable and uninterested.

"Glad to hear Billy's workin'," the old man said.

He glanced down at the baby.

"Little feller looks kinda peaked," he said.

Her head jerked up, tossing the hair back.

"What you mean?" she shrilled, her voice pregnant with terror and warning like a cornered animal's.

"Didn't mean nothin'," the old man soothed her. "Just said he looks a little peaked that's all."

"Aint nobody gonna take my baby," she said.

She turned back to the child and repeated the ritual of kisses, smothering him, moaning.

"Aint nobody gonna take my baby," she whispered. "Aint nobody gonna take my little baby away from me."

The old man looked at me and winked and shook his head as if he were listening to a story and was not yet sure whether it was supposed to be sad or funny.

"Aint nobody gonna take my baby," she whispered.

I looked around the room. The bed. The stove. The table. A chair without a back. Corrugated cardboard nailed to the walls to keep out the wind and prevent the snow from sifting in through the cracks. Three pictures: Jesus Christ, Queen Elizabeth II, Elizabeth Taylor. I winked back at the old man, wanting to laugh and wanting to cry and strangely ashamed that I could not choose between tears and laughter.

"Aint nobody gonna take my baby," she reiterated with the single-mindedness found in birds, children and the insane.

"We aint from the welfare, Rita," the old man said, reassuringly.

She looked up again.

"You aint?"

"No. We just come to bring you this stuff . . . Just a few little things from the Christmas tree in town. Just some stuff to help you out a little bit at Christmastime."

She giggled and hid her head like a bashful child.

"Aint nobody gonna take my baby."

"Hope not, Rita," the old man said wearily. "Hope not."

I looked down at the floor. Rough boards laid on the ground, the ice visible through the cracks. Pieces of bark. Bits of something that may once have been intended for food. A crust of stale bread. A broken shoe lace. Two empty sardine cans, their tops drawn back like the open mouths of crocodiles. Beer bottle caps. Bits of tinfoil and cellophane.

"Well. Merry Christmas, Rita," the old man said, turning to the door.

"Merry Christmas," we echoed.

"Same to yourself," Rita replied, her voice muffled in the baby's blanket, drowning the baby in kisses.

We went outside and shut the door behind us. Rita's voice rose, making certain we could hear:

"Aint nobody gonna take my baby," she crooned.

We edged gingerly across the yellowish ice and climbed back into the station wagon.

The old man settled back in his seat and lit his pipe.

"Why in hell does a man build his house in a bog hole?" he demanded angrily.

The Novels of Marcel Aymé

by

RICHARD J. VOORHEES

The prolific modern French comic novelist Marcel Aymé deserves to be much better known than he is outside his own country. Not without reason, he has been compared to Rabelais, Voltaire, and Anatole France.

SINCE 1926 Marcel Aymé has been writing at the rate of nearly a book a year. Out of his thirty-odd volumes there are English translations of one play, eight novels, two collections of short stories, and two of children's stories. In France some of his works, two of which have won literary prizes, are already regarded as classics. Outside France, however, his reputation is in no way comparable to that of Sartre or Camus or Simone de Beauvoir (he is not even the object of a cult, like Colette or Simenon). The existentialist movement seems not to have touched him; like Evelyn Waugh's Gilbert Pinfold, he suffers from no sort of "fashionable *angst*". In the narrow sense, he is not an intellectual at all, never having attended a lycée regularly, let alone taught in one. The son of a blacksmith, orphaned at two, sent to live with various relatives, he got very little formal education and, he says, had little enthusiasm for what he did get. Before turning to writing, he worked as a bricklayer, bank clerk, insurance salesman, and motion picture "extra". He is not, however, simply a sort of fluent illiterate. Despite his lack of formal training, he has a thorough knowledge of French and Latin classics, of contemporary literature — English as well as French, of philosophy and history.

In Aymé's novels there is a good deal of the violence that characterizes twentieth-century fiction. In *The House of Men*, for example, one man is murdered, another commits suicide, and a child dies of

fright. Yet Aymé is basically a comic novelist. He is closer to a venerable line of comic writers than to any contemporary movement, and his place in that line will perhaps be no negligible one. When, after reading one of the first of Aymé's novels to be published in the United States, Albert Guérard compared him to Voltaire, Rabelais, and Anatole France, he had better reason than the faked-up enthusiasm of the book reviewer. Aymé has powers of invention sufficiently vigorous and fertile to supply half a dozen comic novelists with characters for a lifetime. In *The Secret Stream*, for example, there is a church organist who installs a periscope in his basement and, pretending to be a submarine commander, sinks the pedestrians who pass his home. (There are certain exceptions: children are "vessels of insufficient tonnage"; nuns and priests are "hospital ships", and so cannot be torpedoed.) In *The Miraculous Barber* there is a runner who feels remorse after making love to his wife, because it leaves the calves unsteady. (Though the wife whom he neglects is very beautiful, he cannot conceive that any of his acquaintances would seduce her, since adultery seems to him so "unsporting".) In *The House of Men* a tenant is firmly convinced that his landlady will be damned, because she has refused to reimburse him for repairs to his plumbing; as he leaves the Metro at the Clichy Station, a professor imagines that he is the poet Virgil emerging from Hell. The title character of *The Barkeep of Blémont* writes six lines and comes to think of himself as a tragic poet.

Through several of the novels runs a vein that recalls *The Revolt of the Angels* and *Penguin Island*. A barber near the Gare de l'Est governs France through her ministers, who wait upon him in the back room of his shop. While submitting photographs for a passport, a Parisian businessman discovers that his very ordinary middle-aged face has been transformed into a remarkably handsome young one. In certain sections a novel is narrated by a painting of a green mare. The Vouivre (a figure out of the folklore of the Franche-Comté who bathes in rivers and leaves on the bank a jewelled diadem guarded by fierce serpents) appears in a contemporary small town. But through all the novels runs another vein, in which incongruous elements are mingled just as they are in reality, the comic with the pathetic, the absurd with the sinister. Thus a collaborationist hiding for his life finds himself

in double jeopardy: the lady of the house, old enough to be his mother, begins a campaign to seduce him. A young black market operator discovers that a suit of armour in an attic of miscellaneous merchandise has suddenly become his conscience. (He lays it across packing cases of pictures, stands it upright, even sets it in a dentist's chair, but from all positions it seems to accuse him inexorably.)

In the case of Malinier, a character in *The Miraculous Barber*, Aymé mixes comedy with madness and horror. Devoted to France and the political Right, Malinier is distressed by conditions under the Popular Front. Eventually he has hallucinations of Communists, poets, cubist painters, and other enemies of the Republic in the streets outside his apartment. He turns up again in *The Transient Hour*, no madder than before, but not much saner, either. Under the Occupation he is troubled by a dilemma: he hates the Germans, but he is grateful for the benefits of Hitler's régime: Communists and cubist painters are not tolerated. Finally he makes up his mind by joining the German Army to fight in Russia. After the German defeat he is tried and condemned to death. "In the course of the hearing," Aymé says in one of the grim footnotes that he sometimes inserts in the novels, "he several times protested his patriotism, which at first amused the judges and then annoyed them."

Madame Ancelot and her daughters are Malinier's opposites, politically on the Left and enchanted by poetry. They are even more enchanted by films, and they anticipate the Revolution as a "breath-takingly beautiful" movie. Indeed, they turn their own lives into a sort of film scenario. When Monsieur Ancelot carries the maid off to his room with the obvious intent of possessing her, one daughter sees the action as part of a picture with American actors, since they have the necessary "dynamism". Madame Ancelot protests only because she considers the actress cast in her part to be unsuitable. One daughter instinctively sees that this is the most deplorable sort of nonsense, but the muddling of life and the movies has corrupted her as well as the others; she gives herself to a lout, partly because she is in a kind of mesmerized state and partly because it does not seem to matter one way or the other.

Like the writers with whom Guérard linked him, Aymé satirizes the Church, sometimes violently. For example, one curé accuses a parishioner of having enjoyed being raped. He has his comeuppance when the progressive forces of the village revive a dying man by laying a plaster bust of the Republic on his chest. But Aymé has kinder fun with a more human curé, who wishes that he had money, not for himself, but to carry conviction with the indifferent villagers. "He believed that . . . a nickle-plated bicycle with a three-speed gear would serve God's cause more effectively than the most . . . eloquent sermon." When a young man confesses that he has sinned with a fiend from hell (the Vouivre), the curé reprimands him for putting all the blame on the girl. He refuses to admit even the possibility of "diabolical delights". He finds himself, Aymé says, "in a rather gay, contentious humor, like a radical Freemason deriding the Catholic mysteries in the light of science and reason". Besides, Aymé likes to kid the atheists and anticlericals as well as the curés. After he has seen the Vouivre, the Mayor believes in God (if the Vouivre exists, he reasons, then so do God and the saints). But — a comic version of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor — he resolves to go on fighting God for the sake of society. Nevertheless, he says a prayer in a hedge.

Aymé's treatment of the politician is not invariably so good-natured, and his view of political forces is always jaundiced. For example, the device of the barber behind the cabinet is an obvious commentary on French politics before the War. *The Barkeep of Blémont* is a cynical view of France shortly after the Liberation. To Aymé the Liberation is not a noble and inspiring occasion so much as the beginning of a new struggle for power, full of injustice and cruelty. Thirty-year Army officers are in prison; lawyers who worked in the Resistance are sidetracked into minor practice lest they oppose the majority party; on the pretext that they are looking for collaborationists, adolescent hoodlums go around prodding respectable citizens with rifles. Aymé should know as well as anyone else that there were plenty of genuine heroes in the Resistance and that the Liberation did liberate something. What he objects to is the fact that causes and parties become more important than people. He is interested not in the big movements, good or evil, but in the motions that they provoke in men's

private lives. The barkeep Leopold Lajeunesse is an example of a man pushed around by political forces. Simply to save face, the Communists get him jailed; indirectly, they get him killed. The Socialists protest the jailing, not enough to arouse public opinion, but enough to stiffen the Communists. Their protests, Leopold's lawyer tells him, are a disservice to him, "but they don't give a damn about that, as you can imagine". Like Leopold's, the fate of the collaborationist Maxime Loin is a question of political prestige, not justice. On an impulse, however, the engineer Archambaud tries to save Loin's life, not because he has ever had any sympathy for Nazism, but because Loin is a human being and because (Archambaud knows) he imagined that he was helping France by editing a Nazi newspaper — as Malinier imagined he was helping her by joining the German Army.

Obviously, impulses are not always to be trusted, and good feelings may lead to bad actions, but Aymé prefers impulses and feelings to reasons and theories. In *The Transient Hour* Michaud has an elaborate battery of reasons for believing as he does about home and country, war and peace. If necessary, however, he could supply an altogether different battery. In contrast to him, his wife Helene reflects: "I love my family because it is my own . . . France because it is my own country. I hate the Germans because they are in my native land." In the same way that he pairs off the Michauds, Aymé pairs off the intellectual Communist with the working-class Communist. When Jourdan imagines the woman that he will marry, he does not think of her face or her figure, but of "her wonderful dialectical subtlety, her Marxist erudition, the gleam of her spectacles when she caught him out on some point of doctrine". Gaigneux, on the contrary, falls in love with Marie-Anne Archambaud because she is sweet and pretty and despite the fact that she is a member of the middle class. He would be quite happy to betray his Marxist faith for "love of that enemy of the people". This human inconsistency is bound up with human decency. Whereas Jourdan wants to keep the innocent Leopold in jail for the sake of Party prestige, Gaigneux wants to set him free. When other ways of keeping prestige are suggested, Gaigneux rejects them also, on grounds that Jourdan considers ingenuous: if the Party is going to be "dirty", it has no right to make a Revolution.

That Aymé prefers the natural man to the intellectual is indicated by the profession and the physique of the characters whom he clearly likes. Before taking up tavern-keeping, Leopold has been a fairground wrestler. Before becoming a policeman, Maillard has also been some sort of a fairground athlete. Even among the Parisian businessmen the most likable are those who look most like wrestlers. Monsieur Ancelot, for example, has a back that blocks doorways. And Aymé puts his admiration for sheer physical size and strength into one Amazon of a woman character, Germaine Mindeur. He seems to share her father's feelings as he is about to thrash her: old Mindeur has half a mind to let her off as he looks at the magnificent muscles in her back. Aymé not only likes these people for their great size and strength; he almost loves them for their simplicity, their stupidity, their madness even — for Leopold's notion that he is a tragic poet, for Malinier's delusion that he is the only man who can save France, for the grave-digger Requiem's pipe-dream that his mistress is a society woman or a princess.

A less extravagant indication of the fact that Aymé prefers the natural and instinctive to the artificial and intellectual is his admiration of the peasant. Coming from a resident of Montmartre, this may seem nothing more than a yearning of the city man for a pastoral life of his imaginings. Aymé, however, spent his early years in the Burgundy countryside, and he knows what he is talking about. Though he admires the peasant, he does not refine him. The peasant is hard, even brutal and cruel, but so are his surroundings. In *The Green Mare* an ill old man agrees to try to live for three weeks, so that he can take part in a village council election, provided that others will pay for food and medicine. Otherwise, he would let himself die in a few days. Under ordinary circumstances, it would be an obligation to die, for "an invalid costs money", and he would not want to be an expense to his family.

Although Aymé has often been called bawdy, his publishers' advertisements have made little use of this word as bait. (On the dust jacket of the British edition of *The Fable and the Flesh*, however, there is a bosomy picture of the Vouivre.) The word, of course, is so loosely used that one sometimes wonders what it is supposed to mean. For instance, one reviewer applied it to H. E. Bates' *Darling Buds of May*,

in which there is scarcely anything more than moderate raffishness. Another said, with greater accuracy, that reading Bates' novel was like trying to get drunk on lemonade. Aymé brews a stronger liquor than Bates does, but it is no aphrodisiac. Although in one novel he speaks of "the coarse explicitness which comes only too readily to my pen", he is, in fact, not nearly so explicit as many another twentieth-century novelist. In his books one will find neither the detailed accounts of sexual experiences nor the incessant references to sex that are common in contemporary fiction. He is perfectly candid, but he is also perfectly matter of fact. For his peasants, as well as for his other healthy characters, sex is something to enjoy and to joke about, not to anatomize. Only the neurotic and the naïve fail to see it in its proper perspective and to take it in their stride.

If sex is one of the requirements of normal life, work is the other. When the magic transformation of his face deprives him of both his job and his wife, Raoul Cerusier speaks of "the double anarchy of idleness and celibacy". And Germaine Mindeur, the Amazon of *The Fable and the Flesh*, provides a sort of allegory of the balance of satisfactions between work and sex. One evening at sunset she notices a house going up in a nearby tract of public land. (By the custom of the region, if it is finished by dawn, the man for whom it is built has title to the land on which it stands, and the labourers work through the night with the aid of lanterns.) First she regards the workmen as possible lovers; but as soon as she gets to the building site, she is caught up in the spirit of the work: she joins in and heaves around with ease materials that two men ordinarily carry. From time to time during the night, however, she takes one or another of the workmen by the hand and draws him into the shadows.

Germaine, to be sure, is a kind of comic goddess, a Rabelaisian invention. Arsène Muselier, a character of less heroic dimensions, also finds work a physical necessity, and a moral one as well. Though the Vouivre is so pleased with his love-making on the river bank that she wants him to stay and make love all day, Arsène tells her, "I like a bit of fun, but . . . work won't wait . . . Tomorrow morning the haymakers will be here, and if they don't find the hay on the ground, I shan't have done my duty." To Arsène the conventional vision of heaven is a terrible

nightmare, since there is no work to be done. He, therefore, has his own dream of heaven, a model farm in which the saints are good foremen who have taken night courses in agriculture. Near the farm is a sinister tavern, hell. Thus Arsène, though he is attracted by the Vouivre, is not in the least tempted by her diadem. By making him rich, it would impoverish him: it would take from him the satisfaction that he gets from hard labour.

The peasant Arsène is not the only character who finds wealth without work repugnant. When his son makes half a million francs on the Paris black markets, Michaud is less appalled by the dishonesty of it than by the easiness. "It's an insult to human endeavour, to the worker who toils from morning to night . . ." Even the people who make the easy money find it unattractive. A character in *The House of Men* inherits a big apartment building but continues to operate his small store and to live on its meagre profits, not touching the rents at all. To do otherwise "would render vain, and even delusory, the struggles of his entire life". In much the same way Elizabeth Malinier absolutely refuses gifts from the rich man whose mistress she becomes. She enjoys the expensive apartment in which they meet, but as other women enjoy watching the life of the wealthy in the movies, and she returns to the responsibilities of her home, her husband, and her children as people return from the theatre to their own lives. Requiem cannot even conceive a life of riches. Asked what he would do with a fortune, he says that he would buy a large barrel of wine. Told that that would not use up much of the money, he says that he would hire an assistant to rough out the graves. He can no more imagine giving up his work than he can contrive ways of spending great sums of money. In Requiem's very limitations, Aymé implies, there is a kind of wisdom. Raoul Cerusier, a more sophisticated character, makes work the touchstone of the good life. "It is always worthwhile," he says, "to examine any awkward problem . . . in the light of one's daily business. Work . . . is . . . an inward meditation turned outward . . . To work well is to live well."

In view of his love of individuality and exuberance, the value that Aymé attaches to order is even more surprising than the value that he attaches to work. Although he is cynical about the law courts, which

talk piously about morality but do not (he considers) give equal treatment to the rich and the poor, he admires the police sergeant, who, with no moral pretensions, keeps the peace. Although he regards wealth without enthusiasm, he allows one of his more intelligent characters to say a good word for it when it is bound up with orderliness. "Even her wealth delights me," Bernard Ancelot says of Micheline Lenoir, "as a token of that perfect order which belongs to her." But Aymé's favourite illustration of order is the good farm, with its neatly fenced and carefully tilled fields and its routine of chores. The Vouivre, because she remembers with nostalgia the centuries when the countryside was a welter of growth and the animals were wild, represents the force of disorder which opposes the farm. The immortality which enables her to remember these centuries is itself representative of another kind of disorder. To Arsène the fact that she is immortal is far more horrifying than the fact that she is attended by hundreds of deadly serpents. For if life were to go on forever, it could not have any significance. Like the tasks which compose so much of it, it must come to a finish. Aymé uses a homely task to make the point. Arsène's mother is knitting a sock when she says: ". . . we need to see the end of what we do, or it hasn't any meaning and isn't worth the trouble." Death is, therefore, desirable because it fixes the limits of life. A definition of something is (even literally) a limitation of it; death gives life a meaning. Though the immortality of the Vouivre is the most dreadful thing about her, Arsène is bothered by her being in any way extraordinary. He is troubled by her pagan nature and her power to do harm; but he is also troubled simply by her supernatural status. He has just as great an objection to the supernatural in the Christian tradition and in a good cause: ". . . Arsène had always been shocked by . . . the Apostles' habit of talking about the miracles they had seen . . . The essence of politeness and decorum was surely not to mention episodes that might disturb the equilibrium of society."

The miraculous certainly disturbs the equilibrium of Raoul Cerusier. His handsome new face separates him from his wife and makes possible the love affairs that he has longed for; but by a maddening sort of paradox, the freedom turns out to be frustrating. A life without boundaries is a life without shape. Raoul has not exchanged one

identity for another; he has no identity at all. In a short time he realizes that, with an unconscious wisdom, he got married in the first place to avoid precisely the kind of life that his new face allows him. Now his only wish is to be able to submit once more to the limitations of ordinary life and the restrictions of marriage, to be tied by those bonds which (by a corresponding paradox) are benevolent. Without benefit of miracle the peasant Honoré Haudouin understands that the love of two free souls can produce no emotion so rich as the love of husband, wife, and children for one another. And the green mare remarks that it was a good thing that she was present to point the moral of the story she has told: "There can be no enduring love, rooted in true happiness, except within the family." Perhaps a moral of Aymé's novels is that all good things require order, form, limits. The very technique that makes him so readable a novelist illustrates the point. Though he has a gift for fantasy that is probably unmatched by any other writer of our time, he never allows the fantasy to get out of hand. The nucleus of every one of his novels is common sense.

Review Article

Some Notes on Education for Mental Health*

by

DEMOCRITUS MINOR

One of many devils which plague western man today is the growing incidence of mental and emotional disease. In 1958, 47 of 100 hospital beds were occupied by patients enduring some kind of neurosis or psychosis. One of the most common of these neuroses is that of the depressive. There are mighty few of us who haven't, at some time or other, felt blue. This neurosis seems to be dominant in our world today. Those of us who are articulate have expressed a growing wave of depression in titles like *The Wasteland*, *The Age of Anxiety*, *The Myth of Sisyphus*, *The Unquiet Grave*, *The Iceman Cometh*, *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*. *Mind At the End of Its Tether* is the title which ornaments the cover of the last book that H. G. Wells wrote. Wells had been one of the great admirers of the Enlightenment, the Age of Reason. He had had a profound faith in education as an instrument of progress, a faith which he may have got from Mill or from Huxley, or, more simply, have absorbed from his environment, an environment in which the myth of progress had flourished. Wells ended his career utterly disillusioned. He wrote:

Our world is like a convoy lost in darkness on an unknown rocky shore, with quarrelling pirates in the chartroom, and savages clambering up the sides of the ships to plunder and to do evil as the whim may take them. Mind, near exhaustion, still makes its final futile movement toward the way out or around or through the impasse. That is the utmost now that mind can do . . . There is no way out, or around, or through.

Bertrand Russell was quite as pessimistic when he wrote in one of his philosophical essays:

. . . Only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built . . . The life of man is a long march through the night, surrounded by invisible foes, tortured by weariness and pain, towards a goal that few can hope to reach and where none may tarry long. . . Brief and powerless

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is Man's life; on him and all his race, the slow, sure doom falls, pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, tomorrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that enoble his little day . . .

To be sure Lord Russell's philosophy has changed so that now he talks of hope rather than despair; but his "moments of hopeful vision" are not convincing. His vision of chaos is much truer to the temper of the human race today, a temper forged by the displaced persons, the tortures and the massacres, by the memory of Hitler's rape of Poland, and of our bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

These two writers are expressing the mood of depression. They are not by any means alone. They are only part of a large chorus of poets, novelists, and dramatists, and commentators on economic and political problems.

This mood is, of course, not exclusively modern. It has existed over the ages. Here is the unknown poet of the Psalms crying *de profundis*:

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?
Why art thou so far from helping me
And from the words of my roaring?

Sophocles couldn't have been in a very happy frame of mind when he had his chorus sing:

Never to have lived is best, ancient writers say:
Never to have drawn the breath of life, never to have
looked into the eye of day;
The second best's a gay goodnight and quickly turn away.

Nor was the unknown poet of the *Wanderers*, when he reflected that:

The weary heart cannot struggle against Doom, nor may the sad of mind find aid.
So the self-respecting man binds fast his gloomy mood within the coffers of his
mind. So I, care-ridden, from my friends and kinsmen, must seal up my soul.

Chaucer wrote of his depression with wit:

So full of sorwe am I, sooth for to sayne,
That certainly namore harde grace
May sitte on me, for why ther is no space.

Shakespeare was more traditional:

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate . . .

Over the centuries most poets have expressed the mood. Of the many who transmuted it into glorious poetry, Coleridge is one of the most eloquent and lyric:

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony . . .
I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

And so one could go on quoting. I know of no major writer in English literature who hasn't expressed the mood. The difference between the present and the past is that today there is such a unanimity about the expression that modern literature might be called a product of the age of *Angst*. I say "*Angst*" because it best sums up the complex of feelings we associate with the mood. In Goethe's *Faust* is a vivid exposition:

Angst . . . makes her nest within the depths of the heart, secretly working, destroying joy and peace. Daily she hides behind a different mask. She comes as house and hearth, as wife and child, as fire or water, dagger, or poison. You shrink from blows which do not fall, and weep for things you didn't even lose.

In our own time we have the conclusion of Huxley's *Ape and Essence*:

Love casts out fear; but conversely fear casts out love. And not only love. Fear casts out intelligence, casts out goodness, casts out all thought of beauty and truth . . . And fear [Angst?], my good friends, fear is the very basis and foundation of modern life.

Hemingway is even more explicit than Huxley. In a conversation with Harvey Breit, he observed: "Our time . . . happens to be the worst time I've ever seen or heard about . . ." In view of such words it is not surprising that Hemingway in the summer of 1961 joined the company of such diverse souls as Hart Crane and Sinclair Lewis.

This mood, this crushing feeling of hollowness and futility, as we have seen, appears in literature over the centuries. But at no time in the past, so far as we know, has it been so wide spread, so dominant. And not only does the mood appear in our literature, it also appears in the music of our time, e.g. Gustav Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde*; and in the art, e.g. Georges Rouault's paintings like *Who Does Not Frown*?

The professionals' description lacks the complexity of the expression in literature, art, and music. It is more explicit and more direct. Karnosh and Mereness are clinical in their care for detail:

Difficulty in thinking; morbid in mood; psychomotor retardation; labored effort to answer questions; inability to concentrate and to choose a direct line of action. Tormented by a feeling of insecurity, a feeling of guilt; a prey to remorse and self-abasement. Complaints of lack of affection; no relish for things which formerly stirred; a feeling of being lost, of being justly punished. An overpowering sense of futility, a feeling of emptiness, of loneliness; a longing to retreat, to escape from everything, to seek oblivion, and to end life.

In 1958 a group of psychiatrists such as Dr. Jules Coleman and Dr. Francis J. Braceland met with psychologists and sociologists such as Dr. Elaine Cumming and Dr. David Friedes. They met at Cornell for papers and discussion to see whether or not the publications being dispensed by Departments of Health were effective in preventive medicine. Were pamphlets like *How To Deal With Your Tensions* doing any good, and if they were not doing any good, were they doing some actual damage? Was advice about taking up golf and talking over your tensions really good counsel? In some cases which can easily be imagined the following of such prescriptions might actually increase tensions rather than relieve them. There were other questions which might have to take priority — questions like what is mental health? What is a normal person? The answers to these questions were hard to come by, for there was general disagreement. Why? One of our own novelists has observed the chief reason, or the essential difficulty. It lies in the very nature of the discipline. Of one of her characters, Father Joseph Marie, Gabrielle Roy writes: "The world's pain remained inviolable for him; always inexplicable; but the same held true for joy and love." The pain, the joy, and the love are not objective, not external. It is difficult to uncover cause and effect relationships, to measure intensities of moods that depress or elate us. So far no scientist has come forward with a euphorimeter. It is not known how or why some drugs work — or how ECT works in cases of manic-depressives. The psychological cannot be cast into the terms of a physiological problem. The diseased parts cannot be taken to the laboratory and examined. In experimenting with cures the experimenter can find very few controls. There are very few patients who can describe their mood. Only some artists are like Tasso:

And if, bereft of speech, man bears his pain
A God gave me the gift to tell my sorrow.

Thus diagnoses and treatments can rarely be scientific and exact: they must always follow a course of trial and error. Treatments must always be pragmatic. In short, psychiatry would seem to be an art rather than a science, a practice in which the particular, not the general, is valid.

The *Critique* under discussion begins by trying to find some agreement on a definition of mental health. And at once difficulties arise. Dana Farnsworth: "Mental health is not characterized by adjustment under all circumstances, nor by freedom from dissatisfaction, nor by conformity nor constant happiness. Furthermore, the possession of mental health does not mean the absence of personal idiosyncrasies, nor does mental illness entail a lessening of accomplishment or creativity, or the undermining of authority, and it is in no way opposed to religious values." Robert Robinson: "A person has mental health when he is not sufficiently sick to require professional diagnosis and treatment." M. Brewster

Smith: ". . . there is little agreement among authorities on how mental health is to be conceived and by what criteria it is to be identified." To one group at the conference, anyone not inconvenienced by a neurosis or disabled by a psychosis is mentally healthy. In short, it was generally agreed that it is impossible to define mental health. Typhus was conquered when doctors discovered the part played by the louse in transmitting it. Where is the louse in mental health?

What causes mental illness? Only a few causes are known. Syphilis causes general paresis; brain injury or endocrine malfunction or recessive genes can all cause mental deficiency; alcoholism causes alcoholic psychosis. But what causes manic-depression or schizophrenia? Are these diseases psychogenic or organic in origin? Is it a constitutional or environmental factor, or both? Is it true that children brought up in an atmosphere of love will be mentally healthy? To answer yes is to oversimplify because the biological part is disregarded and so is the presence of one mentally ill child in a family of healthy siblings. Furthermore, if it *were* true, there is a grave question as to whether parents can love their children because they are told that it is healthy to do so.

The members of the conference saw the existence of a serious problem in communicating the material of psychiatry and of the social sciences to lay audiences. A psychiatrist, Douglas Darling, observed that many "lay" terms may be interpreted differently by different people. Take the word "love" as an example. It is necessary to give your children plenty of love. Depending on the personality and experience of the parent, this might be carried out in various ways. Where domination has been synonymous with love, domination would be increased; where liberty has been emphasized, license might be a hazard. A lot of behaviour we think of as the product of environment, which we can manipulate in terms of our optimistic belief that everything can be manipulated if we can find a way of doing it. But perhaps the manipulation of environment is not the answer. Maybe some of our social patterns are inherited. Maybe the geneticists are right when they say that there is a series of personality types which come with the egg and which are given at the beginning of life, so that instead of the mother molding the child and creating an unfortunate vicious cycle, the child of certain genetic properties may start the vicious cycle of mother-child interaction. Observation of schizophrenic children and their mothers at the National Institute of Mental Health supports this hypothesis and also illustrates the difficulty of acquiring similar observations on healthy "child pairs".

Behind these generalizations is an assumption that mental health *can* be defined, but when the authors turn to a study of modern psychiatric literature they find the same lack of agreement. Thus Freud, Jung, and Fromm have much in common, but there is enough disagreement to make any embracing definition impossible.

The conclusion must be that the many pamphlets like *Understanding Yourself*, *Exploring Your Personality*, *How To Solve Your Problems*, *Growing Up Emotionally*, *Getting Along With Others*, *Building Your Marriage*, *Making the Grade With Dad* are based on false assumptions — assumptions that there are normal people, and that if one is not normal, it is possible by taking thought and care to become so. Obviously psychiatrists, present and past, in their disagreement have denied or at least undermined these assumptions. The happy person implied or described in these pamphlets never existed and never will. Like Swift's Houyhnhnms and the citizens of Huxley's *Brave New World* these normal persons are abstractions. If they could be brought into being and become a majority, people would lose their humanity. The element of choice would be gone from the world. Freedom would become only a word. Most of our art, our comedies and tragedies would become incomprehensible and so forgotten.

It is doubtful whether people engaged in educating their fellow men in mental health would want their programs completely realized. Dr. Robert F. Peck of the University of Texas asks the rhetorical question: "What is it to be normal?" and answers it:

It is to be unreasonable with one's spouse, or children, several times a week, yet try in a fumbling, half inept, but sincere way to make it up. It is to spend money foolishly, then work hard to stretch what's left till pay day. It is to work all your life as a railroad man, wishing you'd finished school and gone into law, yet proud of your twenty-five years of service. It is to get drunk every week for years, then "get religion" and stop drinking and start doing church work. It is to marry in haste, divorce in haste, and marry five years later a person you love all the rest of your life.

For more than half of us, life is a matter of settling for a good deal less than we want. As Brian Moore observes in his *Ginger Coffey*: "Don't most men try and fail? Aren't most men losers? Doesn't nearly everyone have to face someday the fact that his ship will never come in?" Unalloyed joy is an unknown sensation. "Too many hurts, big and little, have chipped the bright colors away."

The conference at Cornell had its skeptics. They were in a minority but their number is growing. Their message is unassuming; it is not inspirational; it is, perhaps, darkly tinged with pessimism. But if you have taken one of those tests called "How Good a Husband Are You?" and scored that frightening category called Below Average, then you may find some comfort in this report.

There is the question of happiness. How happy must you be to qualify as normal? Dr. Jules Coleman, a Yale University psychiatrist says: "Almost everybody — far from being happy — is actually *unhappy* most of the time." The reason, in Dr. Coleman's opinion, lies in the very nature of man and the societies he tries to build. Imperfection is a built-in fixture and so the unhappiness is inevitable. This conclusion is a variation of the idea of original sin.

In his office, modern North American man occupies a lonely and precarious niche between unapproachable superiors and timid underlings, around which rivals circle like vultures on reconnaissance. In his spare time he may belong to what is called a luncheon "group" or a church "group" — but his fellow members often come from different backgrounds. They are richer or poorer than he and they have better or worse, or at least different educations. He and they have nothing in common, except the interest that brings them together. Even in his home, man's castle, the last refuge of the lonely seeker for human companionship, he finds himself cut off from the rest of the family by gaps he cannot bridge — by the incompatibility of male and female psychology which has been so eloquently demonstrated by such studies as the Kinsey Report, and by the abysses which always separate the generations, making it so difficult for father to communicate with his son — or daughter. Man wants, needs, and desperately tries to be sociable. Fate dooms him to solitude — to loneliness.

Life is one crisis after another.

The five-year old, scarcely more seasoned than a baby rabbit, is torn from the bosom of his family and thrust into the frightening regimentation of the school-room — a matriarchy and a totalitarian state. Soon he enters upon that awkward spasm of self-consciousness known as adolescence. He goes to college; most college students sleep-walk through their first term in a daze of homesickness and worry, each thinking that he is the one frightened incompetent who feels this way. Most of the freshman failures at university are caused not by stupidity but by shock. He gets married — and finds what is widely advertised as living happily ever after or as "togetherness" is actually a duel to the death between two fiercely individualistic human beings both hell-bent on getting their own way. Long before the passage of the years it takes for any man and woman to learn to live together in reasonable amity, he becomes a father, which entails staggering responsibilities and inconveniences.

As Dr. Coleman says, "Life is perhaps entirely development and growth, an endless struggle, a constant and often painful attempt at creative adaptation . . ." Dr. Erich Lindeman, the keynote speaker at the Cornell conference, pointed out that religion and philosophy have always taken account of the misery and failure in life and have made no claim that everything is solvable in an optimistic way. In the circumstances he wondered how the mental health movement could possibly keep all its implied promises of happiness and success. In another context, the historian Wingfield-Stratford supports these generalizations with an analogy which he uses to illustrate his conception of modern, western man at the close of the last century:

Human nature that had evolved in so different an environment, had now suddenly to accommodate itself to that of the modern industrial community. If we are to regard life as a constant sequence of stimulus and response, we can best express the situation by saying that the *rate* of stimulus was enormously quickened without any corresponding *change* in the faculty of response. We live in an age of nerves.

Dr. Elaine Cumming, a sociologist who was among the most confirmed skeptics at the conference, said it more bluntly:

Unhappiness is man's inheritance; all of us are bound to be sad and even grief-stricken at times. The capacity to feel sad is perhaps just the other side of the capacity to feel happy. So the most useful thing we can teach is that life is complex and difficult — and the more roses you seek, the more likely you are to fall upon thorns.

If being "normal" means to be completely free from tension, fear, self-consciousness and moody spells in which you almost wish you were dead, then perhaps nobody is "normal". In 1927 the American Psychiatric Association published a glossary of psychiatric terms. It is worth noting that this doesn't even list the word "normal".

Some experts think the world may be better off with plenty of neurotics around. As one psychologist said: "When I'm in an aircraft, I don't want my pilot normal: a slap-happy, easy-going bundle of joy and cheer, who's too busy laughing with the stewardess to keep an eye on the instruments. I prefer a tense, rigid man who's so loaded down with obsessions and compulsions that he never takes his eye off the instruments except to check the plane and the route."

There is a growing body of psychiatrists and psychologists which believes 1) that the great majority of us are somewhat less than normal; and 2) that the abnormal are far more useful than has hitherto been believed. Another result of the Cornell conference is the conclusion that human nature is a great deal more mysterious than had been thought during the '20's. This report should bring solace and comfort to many of those who have felt lonely and unjustly harassed.

Review Article

Some Thoughts on Albert Camus

by

DONALD M. SCHURMAN

Some months ago in "The Observer" (February 19, 1961) Philip Toynbee reviewed the collected fiction of Albert Camus, together with the posthumous volume recently released, entitled *Resistance, Rebellion, and Death*.* It was not an unkindly review as such things go, nor was it inaccurate, although it did something less than box the compass on Camus' life. On the debit side it indicated that posterity would not accord Camus the title of great novelist, that the essays bore the stamp of the era that they were written in, that Camus was sometimes inconsistent over some decisions that mattered a good deal, and that, in particular, his stand on the Algerian problem was equivocal. On the credit side Toynbee stated that Camus was a person of moral force and that, in conclusion, "He did a great deal of good and very little harm."

These judgments were not startlingly new for the most part, and there is truth in all of them. Certainly the conclusion about little harm and much good leaves one with the feeling that Camus received at Toynbee's hands as good an epitaph as any aspiring moralist is likely to get from a literary critic. Yet this attempt to write an epitaph in a genial, kindly, but minor key over the work of Albert Camus seems too condescendingly final. It is almost to say "good-bye you nice Frenchman who had so little to say and yet became famous."

Alfred Kazin's review in "The Reporter" (February 18, 1961) contained elements of Toynbee's appraisal but it possessed, in addition, warmth of feeling. The result was felicitous. Kazin at once got down to discussing the features of Camus' written work that reveal his contribution to the problems of our age. One of the more important issues that Camus grappled with was how to secure freedom from sudden violent death; not primarily, however, death as a matter of course, an act of nature, an implacable built-in element of Time, but rather death as a result of one man's moral or immoral decision regarding the fate of another. Freedom and death in Camus' view were linked, and in an unfortunate and diabolical fashion. Mr. Kazin, of course, recognizes

* *Resistance, Rebellion, and Death*. By Albert Camus. Trans. by Justin O'Brien. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd. Pp viii + 272. \$4.50.

that in Camus there was as well a good deal of inclination to protest stubbornly against death as a natural event, and he suggests that there was something ironic in the way Camus died. This is true, for Camus was like Dylan Thomas, concerned to "rage against the dying of the light". Yet when all is said, and having traced the psychological background of Camus' preoccupation with death, Mr. Kazin finds that resulting prescriptions are too ephemeral to be grasped; one reads the words, nods agreement, closes the book and is left with — nothing?

Kazin's comments are those of one who is charitably interested and puzzled. This is not to suggest that he has missed the point; indeed Alfred Kazin's mind cuts so close to the quick that it engenders nervousness in the reader as well as admiration, since he certainly does Camus the courtesy of not condemning his moral position when that position does not herald the arrival of positive medicine. What he does do is to suspend judgment in the face of the difficulty. The result is that again one is disposed to dismiss Camus with the epitaph "Failed Degree of Significant Twentieth Century Moralist".

This judgment is more flattering to Camus since the degree in question has not had many likely candidates. It may be, however, that Camus faced squarely the problem of securing freedom from violent death, but that he could not bring himself to a solution. Toynbee asks, for instance, what constituted the difference between killing Germans in 1944, and in killing Frenchmen or Algerians in the 'fifties. It is really at this point that Toynbee registers his lack of satisfaction with Camus and when Kazin probably finds the positive threads beginning to slip. It is the problem of maintaining moral consistency in a violent world. Camus supplied no answer to the question. He could not reconcile the two eras and the two problems, but it is equally true that whereas he countenanced the work of the Resistance in 1944, he did not countenance the killing in Algeria in 1957. This may indicate a moral progression even if it does not open the door to universal moral solutions. After all, perhaps there is no answer to this problem. It is only to those who think that it can be answered clearly that Mr. Gandhi, for instance, seems a ridiculous figure, — and the comparison with Gandhi is not so far off the point as might be at first supposed.

To illustrate this take the attitude of Camus toward Revolution. It will be noted that the words chosen to title Camus' book are Resistance and Rebellion — not Revolution. This Frenchman was no advocate, so far as I am aware, of the sort of activity that sets one man's hand against his brother or his friend, or against unknown ones in the name of patriotism. This, of course, begs questions about the French Resistance Movement and the problem will be dealt with later. He clearly recognized, however, that the great Russian Socialist Revolution was a delusion and a cheat when it came to the protection of the

individual against man-inflicted violent death. Those who would look to Camus for the justification of Black Sunday in Ireland, or for the work of the Stern Gang in Israel, look as vainly as do those who would find support for General Dyer at Amritsar or for the agents in the Sharpeville shootings in South Africa. Shooting a man in the face with bullets does not establish either his dignity or his freedom. If, for instance, Albert Camus instead of Jean Paul Sartre had gone to Cuba to look around in the wake of the Revolution there, is it likely that he would have complimented the Revolution highly? If shooting men to death makes the recipients equal it may be supposed that it makes the marks-men and their masters equal as well. Camus, in short, was not in thrall to Trotsky's view that the people of protest could not enter the promised land across polished white floors; indeed Camus was not a believer in the divine nature of violent protest in the name of Revolution or any other shibboleth. In short, Albert Camus was a non-violent rebel; or at any rate this is where his journey was taking him when he died.

All of this, of course, begs the question of his life in the French Resistance; after all he was a participant, and in 1944, for some human beings even in France, Germans were men being shot and killed. The "Letters to a German Friend" in Camus' book may be regarded as an expression of almost hysterical patriotism. However, it is also possible to see in them a tortuous, agonized confession of failure. Those who witnessed the French reaction to the German occupation during those difficult years and listened to French patriots express opinions about the Germans surely will be struck by the fact that a resistance leader should adopt such a tone of careful explanation — almost expiation. These are not the letters of a man who has absolved his reason from a task set to him by emotional forces he can no longer control. It is some measure of the violence of the struggle within Camus to reflect that to those who knew of Belsen, and to many of those who did not know of that place, such doubts did not arise in strength. While the politically minded were examining the constitutional structure of post-war France, Camus the non-violent was examining his own soul, and perhaps the soul of France as well. He could not control all that he wrote then any more than he could deny it years later. This denial of past action is easier to write about than for one in the limelight to accomplish. It is much more reasonable to suggest that Camus' handwriting in 1944 was not entirely controlled by his intellect, or, if that is too strong, that he still had a pilgrimage of humility to make in the years after the last German soldier was buried in France.

It may be possible to suggest that freedom-loving, death-hating Albert Camus' mind tended towards non-violent remedies for the injustices that afflict the Twentieth Century world. This accounts in large measure for

his rejection of the Moscow solution. Yet in rejecting the Communist interpretation of freedom he did not fall into the Christian camp. This fastidious decision cost him dearly but the reason is not far to seek, since Camus could never really come to terms with people who, when hard pressed, always seemed to him to prefer death, or the infliction of death, to an affirmation of every man's right not to be shot in the face. Like Gandhi he was open to the charge that he set on forces that might lead to violence and for which he would not eventually accept responsibility. He did not find a solution for the problem of liberty and order, and he was left alone pounding the table against the shooting evil rather than advancing any positive solution for its abolition in the affairs of man. In this context, however, his abstention from the Algerian debate is understandable. In this crisis his courage was equal to the duty of silence — a duty demanded of many and yet one almost universally resisted, especially if the tested ones happened to be French intellectuals with reputations to keep up.

Albert Camus' life then was, from the logicians' view, the politicians' view, and indeed the literary view, not one that produced answers, solutions or permanent works of art for embalming. He was, however, a man who faced this century's problems squarely with a living desire for freedom. In this confrontation he experienced a sense of failure. It is not surprising that he did so. As he went down, however, he pounded the table against his fate and the fate of his European brothers, and he cried out in a loud voice against shooting in the face. To say that he did a little good and not much harm is not enough. He failed to remain morally consistent in view, and it is suggested that this was due to the fact that a latent non-violent attitude only became overt with the passage of time and with the accretion of new wisdom. Surely moral development need not lead to logical solution to qualify a man for exceptional notice in this difficult world. After all, even to keep silence at the proper time is to act — in this case magnificently.

THE NEW BOOKS

The U.S.S.R.

RUSSIA AND THE WEST UNDER STALIN AND LENIN. By George F. Kennan. Boston and Toronto: Little, Brown & Co. 1961. Pp. 411. \$6.50.

This book contains George Kennan's mature reflections upon the U.S.S.R., from the days of the October revolution to the death of Stalin. It provides no easy answer to the problems which, ever since 1945, have obsessed the free world, but the reading of it is a salutary exercise. It sweeps away some at least of the popular fears about Communist Russia, and substitutes for them a cool, realistic approach which makes much sense. He discards, for instance, the theory that the doctrine of Communism necessarily involves armed attack on capitalist countries. Armed intervention is not excluded from Communist writ but only after the proletariat of capitalist lands has risen to throw off its master's yoke.

There is, however, evidence of some weakness in Mr. Kennan's proposition. The earlier chapters deal more with ideological content of Bolshevik thinking, the later ones with its practical foreign policies — the policies of power.

"Many Americans," he writes, "seem unable to recognize the technical difficulties involved in the operation of far-flung lines of power — the difficulty of trying to exert power from any given national centre, over areas greatly remote from that centre. There are, believe me, limits to the effective radius of political power from any centre in the world. It is vitally important to remember this, particularly in the face of the fears one hears constantly expressed today that the Russians want universal power and will be likely to take over the world if we fail to do this or that."

It is true that world, or even European, hegemony, has never been achieved — and for the reasons Mr. Kennan adduces. This does not mean that successive attempts have not been made, always at terrible cost. With Hitler's effort only two decades away, it is natural enough for those who fear the

Russians to keep their powder dry. Nevertheless it is useful to be reminded, when we hear that Khrushchev has said, "We will bury you", that one of his predecessors in the 1920's remarked of us calmly, "They are digging their own graves." On each occasion it was the doctrinaire speaking without relation to immediate and positive objectives.

Mr. Kennan, however, uses a skilful historical analogy in his discussion of the limitations of effective power. Discussing the possibility of Asiatic domination by the Kremlin, he recalls that the docile Chinese Communist party followed a course laid down by Moscow in 1927 and, in consequence, suffered virtual annihilation at the hands of Chiang Kai-shek. Its remnants, led by Mao Tse-tung, fled to the hills and staged a recovery only 20 years later. Mr. Kennan, discussing the possibility of a Sino-Russian clash, recalls that a century ago foreign diplomats in St. Petersburg believed that the fate of Russian tyranny was to expand into Asia and eventually break in two there upon its own conquests. He adds:

"Today there are those who think it is about to happen. It is my own view . . . that in the case of Soviet Russia a little bit of this happened as much as thirty-three years ago."

G. V. FERGUSON

Montreal

American Strategy

AMERICA — TOO YOUNG TO DIE! By Major Alexander P. de Seversky. New York and Toronto: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. 1961. Pp. 228. \$5.75.

" . . . barring instantaneous disintegration of the Soviet state from within, war is inevitable." "America will never again participate in a 'limited war'." ". . . the next war will be total and global in scope." ". . . disarmament can never take place until the nature of man himself has changed."

"... it makes no sense even to attempt to abolish atomic weapons when war itself has not been abolished."

Starting from such premises, which the author considers too obvious to require much elaboration, it is scarcely surprising that he should advocate the disbandment of the United States Army and Navy, and the concentration of the entire military effort upon air power based on the North American "heartland". This alone would permit American victory, he believes, and would not even require higher taxation. Although he appears to concede that nuclear war in the next few years would be suicidal for both sides, he envisages advances in anti-missile missiles which would enable future wars to be prolonged and victory to be revived as a meaningful concept.

De Seversky is knowledgeable in aeronautical matters and is led astray not so much by his fanatical faith in air power as by the obsolete notion that total victory can be the only point to military preparation. "To defeat Russia in an all-out land war," he writes, "would require a superior land force in numbers and quality." He thus either assumes that the western powers would be the attackers or, less likely, he ignores the fact that a successful defence does not require a preponderance of military force. Occasionally he contradicts his main thesis by hinting that all-out war might be avoided; more often it seems he would be disappointed by such a development; for example, he urges a policy which would "compel Russia to continue to commit her entire industrial base to military effort", even though he believes that "... the side most burdened by the weight of the armament race will be bound to seek relief through war". Among the advantages of preparing for nuclear war he jauntily notes the utility of gas masks when peeling onions.

This dreadful book would be frightening if it could be taken seriously. However, although the author informs the reader *ad nauseam* of his brilliant prophecies in the past, and the influence of his earlier books, this one seems unlikely to win many converts. Its arguments are surely too weak to stop the trend in American strategic thought which is running in the opposite direction. Fortunately, while resolved to maintain a

rough balance of nuclear terror, the Kennedy administration is giving high priority to the build-up of conventional forces to obviate the fearful necessity to reply to any serious Soviet attack with nuclear war, or capitulate. De Seversky's voice is from the recent past, which now appears even less sane than the present.

PEYTON V. LYON

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

Canadian Politics

THE NEW PARTY. By Stanley Knowles. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd. 1961. Pp. 136. Cloth \$3.50. Paper \$2.50.

Throughout its brief childhood the New Party has been dogged by critics whose main thesis has been that the New Party is like nothing so much as the old CCF. Students of Canadian politics who read Stanley Knowles' book to determine where and how the New Party differs from its older parent will be forced to the conclusion that there is very little about the party that is new to the CCF apart from trade union support and adequate funds. While much of the socialist jargon has disappeared and the emphasis on public ownership modified, the same attitudes and arguments emerge.

What one immediately looks for cannot be found: a clear explanation of why the New Party is coming into existence at all. What Mr. Knowles does provide is a rather pedestrian account of the CCF record, the development of the labour movement and the events leading to the establishment of the New Party. He points out that the voter ought to have a real choice of parties and philosophies but fails to say why the CCF apparently did not provide such a choice, yet it is the obvious failure of the CCF as a political party — as an alternative to the Liberals and Conservatives, that is the underlying, if unacknowledged, premise on which the whole New Party movement is based. It is this very premise that the members of the CCF are having difficulty accepting. Having invited the "participation, co-operation, and support of others who believe in social progress" the CCF rank

and file are not prepared to swallow the modification of socialist principle which such an invitation requires and which political sagacity dictates.

This is the dilemma of the New Party. If it is to be a democratic party then there must be a willingness to compromise, to accept a program which can be supported by trade unionists and by "other liberally-minded persons". From reading *The New Party* one gathers that the program will be essentially a CCF program. In stating that "The New Party is drawing inspiration and strength from the principles of democratic socialism and it will aim at the achieving of its objectives", Mr. Knowles assumes that the labour movement is socialist at heart; and one is left to wonder why so many trade unionists failed to vote CCF in the past. In ignoring the influence the two "new" elements in the party will have on policy, Mr. Knowles has failed to see that the policy of the New Party will tend to be shaped by the trade unionists and independent "liberals" working in opposition to the die-hard socialists. The party can only move to the right under these pressures. No one is more unhappy about this development than the solid CCF'ers who see the New Party as Stanley Knowles sees it in this book: as the same old emperor with a new suit of clothes—in fact the new clothes are there, it is the emperor who is vanishing.

WALTER YOUNG

TORONTO.

Business History

THE ELEMENTS COMBINED. By William Kilbourn. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin & Co. Ltd. 1960. Pp. xxii + 335. \$6.50.

This is a history of the Steel Company of Canada. It attempts to depict the changing "personality" of an individual business firm and to explore number of strategic issues involved in an economic analysis of the Canadian steel industry. These tasks are not accomplished with equal success.

The developing structure and policies of Stelco in responding to or in initiating changes in technology, in markets, in national policy, in labour-management

relations, in management, these are all described in lucid, if sometimes in over-dramatic, detail. It is this aspect of Kilbourn's study which has been commented upon by most reviewers and, in general, the comments have been, quite justifiably, favourable. The other major aspect of his study involving broader economic considerations has received little attention and an economist may perhaps be permitted to single it out for special comment. Even here, a review cannot undertake to do more than call attention to one or two issues.

Kilbourn expresses some distinctly wide-ranging views not only on the economic justification of the merger creating Stelco and that which created the Canada Cement Company — both organized by Max Aitken, later Lord Beaverbrook—but on the "merger movement" as well. To assess the significance of any large merger requires a complex and delicate analysis. There is, unfortunately, no evidence of such analysis in this volume, and the student of industrial organization must find the generalizations on the individual mergers quite unpersuasive. But if this is so, it is vastly more difficult to find grounds for Kilbourn's assessment of the factors which account for the alleged general Canadian approval of the large, monopolistic business organization:

But above all the idea seemed to emerge naturally from the whole pattern of Canadian development. The large corporation dominating its field, and aided by some sort of government regulation or support, runs straight through the heart of Canadian history A somewhat similar approach has also characterized Canadian banking Such organization has obviously had an element of sheer economic necessity in a severe and difficult land like Canada. [Does this refer to the climate?] But it also fits the social pattern and political loyalties of the people. For Canadians the principle of authority has been established prior to the principle of liberty (p. 82).

The favourite horse-back generalization on Canadian industrial organization, that industry is handicapped because the market is too small to permit specialization and economical production runs, is brought out for display once again. We are told,

without any supporting evidence, that the most significant of the advantages of the 1910 merger set forth in the prospectus was that it would permit longer production runs of specialized items (p. 86); that short runs would always present a problem to the company (p. 86); that Stelco was known as the Woolworth's of North American steel and that "it probably manufactured as wide a variety of steel products as any other company in the world"—presumably because it was profitable to do so instead of specializing (p. 128); and that the basic problem of the company in the 1920's was "short production runs and a wide variety of products" (p. 131). Then, on page 144, we are told that one thing that made the position at Stelco and at Algoma easier in the 'thirties was "an increasing diversification of Canadian production," that is, less specialization.

This whole matter of the optimum degree of specialization requires, at the least, a careful comparison of the economies available to the integrated companies, the pig-iron producers, the semi-integrated companies that purchase their pig-iron, and the non-integrated companies that buy crude and semi-finished steel for processing. The easy generalizations provided in this volume are of no assistance whatever in exploring this important issue. Even if we were convinced as to what policy was most advantageous for Stelco, we would also want to know what its effect would be on the public interest.

Professor Kilbourn also records the opinion that because of "stricter application, after 1950, of the Canadian anti-combines code, there was a certain relief at Stelco when their competitors had built up their various positions strongly by the end of the decade, so that the company faced effective Canadian competition in every steel product line" (p. 229). We can only assume that the author is unaware of the report of the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission on the alleged combine in wire fencing involving six firms, including both Stelco and its subsidiary, the Frost Steel and Wire Company, Limited. The Commission found that there was a conspiracy to eliminate competition in the pricing and sale of wire fencing until 1952 and that after that date the acceptance of common prices and condi-

tions of sale "had virtually become a custom of the trade".

Furthermore, Mr. Justice Judson in pronouncing sentence in this case in 1956 went out of his way to emphasize the deliberate character of the offence:

What does direct my judgment on the question of the amount of the fine is this: the duration of the conspiracy, almost 20 years; the complete control of the industry through the agreement in the matter of price and conditions of sale.

Even a modest participant in a conspiracy of that kind, lasting as long as this one lasted, is a person who should be told, and told in no uncertain terms, that this conduct is prohibited and, in my opinion, obviously prohibited by the Criminal Code, that any participant must have realized what he was doing and that to talk about a modest fine in those circumstances is quite out of the question.

Although complex problems are involved in determining the relationship between competition in law and in economics, it is difficult to see how the behaviour disclosed in this case can be characterized as "effective competition".

An informed economic analysis of the policies pursued by Stelco and of their impact on the Canadian economy remains to be written.

L. A. SKEOCH

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

THE PEOPLE'S POWER. By Merrill Denison. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Ltd. 1960. Maps and photographs. Pp. 295. \$7.50.

This is not really a very good book. As a history of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, it is quite interesting at first, but gets duller as it approaches the present. Hydro's founder, Sir Adam Beck, was a very lively character; perhaps more recent executives have not been so colourful, or perhaps Merrill Denison wasn't allowed to say what he wanted. He looks very disgruntled in his picture on the back flap.

If public ownership ever becomes popular again in Canada, we have a good head start in Ontario Hydro. Canadians used electric

power at a very early date. Toronto had an electric railway in 1883. (This might have been the first in the world if it had been in the United States. The generally accepted 'first' operated near Baltimore in 1885). Denison also tells us that Niagara Falls and the government-owned park alongside were basic in the public development of electric power. Inland towns like Berlin (now Kitchener) and Brantford wanted cheap electric power from Niagara. Many manufacturers and city governments did not want to pay profits to private monopolists for electric power. Other businessmen wanted to make profits. So a long battle ensued in which Hydro proved conclusively to be the most efficient and economical producer and distributor of power.

In view of Hydro's great success it could surely stand a little criticism. The Canadian-American struggle over the seaway and power project, and the forced removal of pioneer towns in the seaway area, are described in a most unenlightening manner. The growth of Ontario Hydro seems to have been very interesting, but the later chapters of this history are mainly routine biographies with lists of new power stations. It could have been a better book.

DONALD Q. INNIS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

Canadian History

THE MAN WHO HAD TO HANG: LOUIS RIEL. By E. B. Osler. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. 1961. Pp. 320. \$5.00.

There is surely no better illustration of the way in which the "facts" of Canadian history have been distorted or interpreted from the point of view of cultural, political, racial, even social bias than that provided by the character and career of Louis Riel. And as long as Canadian school children, particularly those in Ontario, are taught that he was a villainous half-breed who began his career by resisting Government surveyors at Red River in 1869 and finished it at the end of a rope in Regina, there will be justification for books such as *The Man Who Had to Hang*. By a singular coincidence this "first

frankly sympathetic biography" of Riel (according to the dust jacket) appeared within a few days of a CBC telecast of John Coulter's play on the *métis* leader. The popular reaction was much the same in each case: surprise amounting almost to disbelief. For both the book and the play offer a version of North-West personalities and events far different from the commonly accepted one.

Mr. Osler is, of course, not the first writer to present Riel and his *métis* as the saints of the Red River and the Honourable William Macdougall, John Schultz and Charles Mair—indeed the whole "Canadian Party"—as the sinners. Alexander Begg, a participant in the 1869 uprising, was writing his *Creation of Manitoba* and *Dot-it-Down* (a smugly naive and clumsily satirical "novel") almost at the same time as the events he depicted were taking place. J. J. Hargrave published his *Red River* in 1871, and Joseph E. Collins, capitalizing on the excitement of the North-West Rebellion, rushed into print *The Story of Louis Riel, Rebel Chief*, in 1885. Since then there have been several works that, although not biographies, have portrayed a not unattractive Riel. Among the most recent are Joseph Kinsey Howard's *Strange Empire*, R. E. Lamb's *Thunder in the North*, George Stanley's *The Birth of Western Canada* and William L. Morton's *Begg's Red River Journal*. But Howard's book is unreliable because of its journalistic indulgence to popular taste and glib distortion of historical evidence. And Lamb's suffers as much from anti-Protestant prejudices as Hargrave's does from those of a personal and commercial nature. Only Stanley and Morton seem to have presented the Riel story with untainted objectivity (although even the former could not resist an exclamation mark here and there, and the latter limited his study to the events of the first "rebellion"). But the scholarly quality of both books (Morton's *Journal* was published by the Champlain Society) has restricted their readership, and it is probably fair to say that the average Canadian reader has remained unenlightened about Riel and his cause.

Mr. Osler, therefore, as his bibliography indicates, has written his book from the vantage point offered by several good and

bad previous works. Unfortunately he has muffed his opportunity. *The Man Who Had to Hang* is, indeed, the first book devoted exclusively to the life of Riel, but it fails to bridge the gap between Howard and Stanley. It would appear, in fact, that Mr. Osler could not decide whether to write history or fiction and settled for a compromise that will both annoy the scholar and deceive the layman. Even a "popular" book can bear the weight of some documentation. Mr. Osler offers only a limited bibliography. And to create dialogue can be a risky business when writing of historical events, especially when that dialogue involves issues about which argument has flourished for decades.

What is most distressing, however, is Mr. Osler's apparent haste to follow the easy road of generalization previously travelled by Howard and Lamb. Like them, in his desire to give a more favourable picture of Riel, he has committed, in effect, the same sin as those writers who have seen the Canadians at Red River as a devoted little band of loyalists surrounded by savages and the wicked minions of the Hudson's Bay Company. Being a former Squadron Leader in the R.C.A.F. Mr. Osler may recall the vice of "overcorrection" in flying. Professor Morton has conceded that John Schultz was "a sinister paradox" but that "he sincerely sought to develop the North-West". Lamb described Schultz as a "bellicose . . . contemptuous . . . carpet-bagger". And so to Mr. Osler he was as "opportunistic as a shark", a "self-seeking jingo" and a man who set up shop "for the purpose of exploiting" the starving colonists. We also read that in the "Canadian Party" were "a few hundred hotheads" who had gone to Red River "only to cause trouble in the first place", or that the Government "bragged that 1,400,000 acres would be set aside for the *métis*". William Macdougall (Mr. Osler prefers "McDougal") unquestionably acted presumptuously, but that he, "ensconced behind his shiny desk in Ottawa, chose to ignore" reports of discontent in the West is inconsistent with the evidence revealed by the letters he wrote to Charles Mair, for example, in which he emphasizes the necessity for maintaining amicable relations with the settlers.

And yet, as I have noted, there is place for a book such as this. Mr. Osler has sincerely intended to right a wrong, and for the most part he has succeeded. To the general reader, *The Man Who Had to Hang* will be at least a partially enlightening book. It is unfortunate, however, that it will probably draw readers who would otherwise have read Professor Stanley's forthcoming study of Riel, a work that will surely be well-documented and more objectively critical.

F. N. SHRIVE
McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE. Edited by Margaret Fairley. Toronto: Oxford University Press. 1960. Pp. 383. \$6.50.
THE FOUNDING OF CANADA; BEGINNINGS TO 1815. By Stanley B. Ryerson. Toronto: Progress Books. 1960. Pp. xi + 340. \$3.00 paper. \$5.00 cloth.

It is a fortunate thing that Margaret Fairley's edition of Mackenzie's writings in the *Colonial Advocate* and elsewhere appears at a time when there seems to be a revival of interest in the man who has often been called "Canada's only rebel". Perhaps some of those who read the recent full-length biography, or some of the recent articles, will be moved to widen their knowledge of Mackenzie by dipping into this collection of his writings. Most of the selections are very short pieces. The majority of them are from his editorials in the *Colonial Advocate* but there are many extracts from his *Sketches of Canada and the United States* and other works as well. In subject matter, they range from the problem of absentee landlordism to that of the marketing of wheat, from the right kind of army to the right kind of university, from Papineau to Bishop Strachan.

This collection of his writings shows Mackenzie as a man of tremendous range of interests and sympathies. The editor has grouped the selections under nine headings. Some of them are descriptive of the Canadian scene, some of the world abroad and some of the politics and issues with which Mackenzie was grappling. They illustrate the Canada in which he lived and they certainly illustrate the man.

Some of the writing is as incisive and crisp as ever has appeared on this continent. Speaking of the Americans, as he did so often, and as we still do, Mackenzie says "The Americans have national whims but they are a grateful and kindly people; and truly they have a great deal to be thankful for. Speaking the English language, nursed and nurtured in English modes and customs, basing their political fabric on national intelligence and the inherent rights of the human race . . . judged by judges of their choice, governed by rulers who study their will, taxed by their own consent and their revenues frugally applied to the best of purposes, under their own direction; freed from the curse of an established priesthood, and absolved from the yoke of clerical patronage, our neighbours beyond the Niagara River only require the presence of a Strachan, a Maitland, a Colborne and a Sherwood, together with the other great and exclusive blessings we enjoy in Upper Canada, to become as wise, as happy, and contented, as the dutiful and loyal subjects of March and Durham appear to be." It must also be noted that some of his writings indicate another quality in him, a quality which strained through an intervening generation, and purified and refined by higher education, was finally released in all its turgid bathos through the lips of his grandson, Mackenzie King.

As is to be expected, a very large part of the selections are chosen to illustrate Mackenzie's views on the political system against which he dedicated his efforts as a reformer. It is perhaps to be regretted, however, that the bitter recriminations of the rebellion year are omitted and that some of Mackenzie's comments after he returned to Canada could not have been included. Perhaps the editor is justified in leaving out some of the well-known things such as the Draft Constitution or the strictures on the Family Compact. Here is one reader who wishes that they had been included.

It can hardly be said that Stanley Ryerson's *The Founding of Canada* contributes much to an understanding of the early years of Canadian history. It does contribute to an understanding of the Marxist mind, Canadian style. What the author is seeking, he tells us, is "a sense of direction in our national life", "a common philosophy"

which will remove all obstacles in the way of "one general interpretation of Canadian history". He enlists the aid of such diverse spokesmen as the late Harold Innis and Professor S. D. Clark to support his claim that this common philosophy should be "a sociology of social change". (It is to be hoped that Professor Clark did not really use that phrase). And finally Mr. Ryerson proposes the "Marxist conception of the evolution of the economic formation of society" as the needed approach. The Frégauts may now cease sniping the Parkmans, and the Creightons and the Underhills lie down together, for their disagreements are irrelevant to the real study of Canadian history as simply one more aspect of the class struggle.

What follows is reasonably consistent. The discovery of America and the development of the fisheries are part of the "bourgeois-capitalist revolution" of the 16th century (Chapters 9 and 10). The first settlements were the work of "the wealthier nobles and merchant-capitalists seeking the protected profit that the monopoly promised" (Page 81). The seigneurial system "was a system of feudal exploitation" based upon the existence of "a level of productivity that enabled a producer to pay to the overlord this tribute [surplus labour] as well as to maintain himself and his family" (Page 107). The beginnings of industry in the French colony are described in Chapter 15 as "the seedlings of capitalism" and "the formation in 1645 of the Compagnie des Habitants signalled quite definitely the emergence of a Canadian mercantile bourgeoisie" (Page 122).

Sometimes this consistency leads the author into rather curious positions. Those who, like Professor A. L. Burt, would maintain that the Quebec Act was not entirely designed as a punitive measure against the rebellious elements in the thirteen colonies, are merely "the apologists of Anglo-American imperialist unity, out to purge the past of any suggestion of fundamental conflict" (Page 208). And the American War of Independence, following Lenin, becomes "a war of the American people against English pillagers who oppressed and held America in colonial enslavement" (Page 210).

An emphasis upon the economic factor in the development of Canadian history is something much to be desired. And a good economic history of Canada would be a tremendous achievement. This book does not fill the need.

J. H. S. REID

OTTAWA.

PRAIRIE EDITOR. By C. Frank Steele. Toronto: Ryerson Press. 1961. Pp. viii + 196. \$4.50.

William Asbury Buchanan arrived in southern Alberta in 1905, the year when the province was carved out of the Northwest Territories. He was then a hustling ambitious young newspaperman with a decade of Ontario experience behind him. He purchased a half-interest in a weekly newspaper at Lethbridge for \$500, and by the time he died in 1954 he had made an enduring mark on prairie journalism and on prairie politics. Southern Alberta was largely settled by other than Canadian strains: by immigrants from Idaho, Utah, Missouri, the Dakotas and Minnesota, for one thing; and by British and European stock on the other. These non-Canadian elements included leaders of the calibre of Henry Wise Wood, E. J. Garland, Robert Gardiner, William Irvine, and Charles W. Petersen (the Calgary editor). The very strength of some of these non-Canadian personalities emphasized the opportunity for an Eastern Canadian like W. A. Buchanan. His practical contributions to the growth and development of southern Alberta are easily listed: he sponsored and supported a continuous stream of constructive measures such as irrigation, better roads, civic improvements, the search for oil and gas, national and provincial parks, libraries, schools and churches. But one of his greatest achievements was an intangible one: he sensed the centrifugal, isolationist influence of geography, and he played an important rôle in strengthening the bonds of confederation. His sympathies were astonishingly catholic for a son of the Methodist parsonage. His warm tolerance of differences of ethnic origin and creed and politics showed how well he

understood the spiritual forces necessary to make a success of a heterogeneous sub-continent like Canada, separated by geography and history, bound together largely by human affection.

All this and much more is brought out in the biographical narrative written by C. Frank Steele, who for more than thirty years was intimately associated with Senator W. A. Buchanan in the production of the *Lethbridge Herald*. Mr. Steele shows him as shrewd publisher, as nation-builder, as community leader, as conscientious member of Parliament in both Chambers. It is a clearly-written and well-edited story of a man who served his region and his country nobly and who deserves to be remembered.

WILFRED EGGLESTON
CARLETON UNIVERSITY.

THE LONELY LAND. By Sigurd F. Olson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd. 1961. Pp. x + 293. \$4.95.

This travelogue describes a canoe journey recently made down the old fur-trading route of the upper Churchill and Sturgeon-wie Rivers, from Ile à la Crosse to Cumberland House. Six men made the trip, the Netherlands Minister to Canada, a major-general of the Canadian Army, and three others, all under the leadership of the author, a distinguished American naturalist and woodsman.

The appearance of *The Lonely Land* in book form must be ascribed more to the eminence of these tourists than to anything novel or striking during the tour. The title itself is a sad misnomer. A canoe voyage on which the travellers met a Roman Catholic Father, an Anglican Bishop, a geologist turned archaeologist, and numerous Indians equipped with motor-driven canoes and other appurtenances of civilization is more suggestive of a summer cruise down the Rideau Canal than of a journey through the naked wilderness; and the author points up the paradox by numerous allusions to the pioneers who made the Churchill a busy thoroughfare in the heyday of the Fur Trade. For the rest he tries with doubtful success to pump up

the substance of a magazine article into the proportions of a book. Whenever Mr. Olson has something to write about, he writes well: he gives us vivid scenic and topographical touches, and some lively descriptions of rapid-shooting, though the latter tend to grow tame with repetition. But all is padded with details of camping, stilted dialogue, and such trivia as a Boy Scout of superior endowments might have produced. Sentences such as "I left the ledge and went back to the fire. The stew needed stirring and seasoning" are admirable in a "thriller" as the hushed prelude to the leap of a man-eating tiger or the scream of a ravished woman, but in this setting they simply annoy. At best this book is trite to those who know the country and its history, and hardly systematic enough to inform those who do not.

For the chapter heads Francis Lee Jaques furnishes a series of sketches portraying the Churchill country with a convincing vividness which only those who are familiar with that region can fully appreciate. But the series of photographs which could have done something to redeem this book from the commonplace is missing. One welcomes anything that enlarges our knowledge of the North, but works such as this on the shelves of a library hinder rather than help in the search for information.

L. H. NEATBY

ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

The Victorians

TENNYSON: THE GROWTH OF A POET. By Jerome H. Buckley. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1960. Pp. 298. \$6.95.

1859: ENTERING AN AGE OF CRISIS. Edited by Philip Appleman, William A. Madden and Michael Wolff. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. Toronto: Copp Clark, Co. Ltd. 1959. Pp. 320. \$7.75.

THE DUST OF COMBAT: A LIFE OF CHARLES KINGSLEY. By R. B. Martin. London: Faber and Faber. Toronto: British Book Service. 1959. Pp. 308. \$5.75.

ESSAYS, LETTERS AND REVIEWS BY MATTHEW ARNOLD. Collected and edited by Fraser Neiman. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1960. Pp. 397. \$10.35.

GUIDE TO DOCTORAL DISSERTATIONS IN VICTORIAN LITERATURE, 1886-1958. Compiled by Richard D. Altick and William R. Matthews. Urbana: University of Illinois Press. 1960. Pp. 119. \$2.25.

The Victorian boom continues and the books before us may be taken as random samples of the scholarly and critical effort now current (and widespread) to do belated justice not only to the greater but also to the lesser Victorian writers and thinkers. Of the books under review here, Jerome Buckley's *Tennyson* is the most important and will be the most enduring. It might, perhaps, be called a "critical biography", although Professor Buckley (the eminent Canadian scholar now at Columbia University) makes no pretence to full biographical treatment or to definitive critical analysis. He is concerned with "the growth of a poet", with the steady and fruitful growth of Tennyson's art and thought, indeed with his thought in art. For Professor Buckley gives no quarter to critics who have described Tennyson as a mere confectioner or a mere music maker. Nor does he concede that Tennyson "the private poet" is finally overwhelmed and crushed by Tennyson "the public poet". This book is a convincing argument in defence of the proposition that Tennyson's aesthetic surfaces are increasingly "functional", increasingly serviceable to the deepening core of vision which they delineate and convey. *The Idylls of the King*, for example, emerges from this study as no mere *pastiche* but as a profound and relevant vision of man's fate in time, a vision in which means and end, "style" and "statement", are organically one.

Professor Buckley is by no means uncritical of Tennyson. He would not, one realizes, subscribe wholly to Tennyson's theology. Neither does he yield to those who, like Hoxie Neil Fairchild, condemn Tennyson's poetry utterly because it is not theologically orthodox. He is, one suspects, even less in sympathy with the liberal

skeptics who have decried Tennyson because he was, after all, religious. *In Memoriam*, for instance, is not to be written off as poor theology or as bad science. Professor Buckley rightly sees the poem as a difficult even tortured poetic affirmation "at once universal in its implications and directly relevant to a Victorian England which was finding all dogmatic positions increasingly vulnerable". Perhaps by now the theologian will be prepared to admit that in a difficult hour Tennyson held the bridge. And surely the professional liberal will by now have learned to distrust the illogical positivism of his Victorian ancestors.

Yet one wonders. In his essay "The Limits of Religious Thought" (1859: *Entering an Age of Crisis*), R. V. Sampson, after reviewing the theological controversy between Maurice and Mansel, concludes: "We who can accept neither of these positions and have committed ourselves to doubt rather than to faith do so, not because we believe we can demonstrate the correctness of our unbelief, but because in the impossibility of knowledge we are morally and aesthetically most convinced by the vision of man, standing without illusion, without fear, without guilt, to face with dignity and courage the unknown." Should we be comforted to know that there are men in our midst who live on without illusion, without fear and (heaven help us!) without guilt? I am by no means convinced that Mr. Sampson's stoical "anti-credo" is nobler, more meaningful or more adult than Tennyson's honest doubt and hard-won faith.

The 1859 volume is ostensibly very much concerned with the problem of faith and specifically with the effect of Darwin's *Origin of Species* on received religious opinion. Noel Annan gives a clear, reticent and impartial sketch of the problems posed for theology by Darwin and the new biblical criticism. Basil Willey, in a rather perfunctory and naïve piece, retells once again the old, old story of Darwin among the parsons and seems himself to rest painlessly in an easy, merely plausible Bultmannizing. Unfortunately, no one in this volume really explores the religious question at any depth. There is nowhere here a serious attempt to understand the "deep-down" relation of religion to the Victorian culture or, indeed, the significance of the drastic change in that

relation brought about by Darwinism and Mill's utilitarianism. 1859 was also, of course, the year of Mill's *On Liberty* and the editors have properly included essays on political reform, education and social theory. Anyone who has ever attempted to edit a book written by several hands will understand the difficulty of achieving anything like consistency of aim and attitude. Certainly the book does not "jell". There are no firm connective tissues between the scientific, religious, social and aesthetic concerns of the book. Nevertheless it does contain such impressive and provocative pieces as those by Phillip Appleman on Pater, William Madden on "The Burden of the Artist", S. Armour Craig on the novel and J. B. Conacher on party politics.

Charles Kingsley is one Anglican divine of the period approved by Basil Willey for having "come to terms" with the new knowledge. It is true that Darwinism had no terrors for Kingsley. This, presumably, was "a good thing". But there is little evidence that Kingsley was a theologian or that he ever tried to think through in theological terms his own zestful predilections for zoology, social reform, imperialism, anti-Romanism — and sex. The man wrote bushels of verse, two propaganda novels of considerable force, some successful children's fiction (*Water Babies* and *Westward Ho!* are still with us). Ironically, he will remain "immortal" not for his amateur science, his flip-flop political opinions, or his flirtation with literature but for his assault on Cardinal Newman. Robert Bernard Martin's biography reviews Kingsley's life and work rather gingerly and with pedantic insistence on the facts — big and little. However, Professor Martin does not attempt to make Kingsley into a "great" Victorian. He does, and with some justice, present him as a moderately "representative" Victorian. His account of the Newman-Kingsley controversy is sensibly done, and if Newman emerges as less saintly, in this episode, than we might have supposed him to be, Kingsley is not thereby glorified or even forgiven.

While we wait for the definitive edition of Matthew Arnold's prose works it is useful to have this collection of *Essays, Letters and Reviews*, edited with care and insight by Fraser Neiman. Here are pieces from jour-

nals which have not been reprinted since the nineteenth century; pieces which have been reprinted in early collections but for long out of print; pieces which appeared anonymously and have only recently been attributed to Arnold. The material runs the gamut of Arnold's interests from literary criticism to education to political and social reform to religious polemic. It is amusing to find one of his letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette* signed "A Friend to the Church". Small wonder that the piece has only recently been attributed to Arnold! The new collection is to be welcomed, although it serves to confirm rather than to alter one's convictions about Arnold as critic, reformer and "theologian".

One other title deserves notice. Richard Altick and William R. Matthews have placed a very useful tool at our disposal. This *Guide to Doctoral Dissertations in Victorian Literature 1886-1958* is compiled from the best available listings in America and Europe. The editors had their troubles, particularly with the period before 1933, but claim with confidence "that the list as it stands is within a few percentage points of completeness". I am forced, for the moment, to take them at their word! Unquestionably the book provides a useful supplement to the standard Victorian bibliographies. One suspects, too, that the list will have grown by geometric proportion since 1958.

MALCOLM ROSS

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

A Canadian Novel

A CANDLE TO LIGHT THE SUN. By Patricia Blondal. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Ltd. 1961. Pp. 316. \$5.00.

In *A Candle to Light the Sun* Patricia Blondal presents a sombre view of life, coloured by the drought and depression of the mid-thirties, not lightened when this background becomes the war years, with no sense of release when the war ends. Pain, suffering, deprivation, cruelty, bitterness, resentment, guilt—these are the main notes

in this story. Love and kindness appear, but always in association with one or more of these emotions. What does it all amount to? That what meaning you find in life you find in yourself. No one, with dignity, honesty, and intelligence, can find fulfillment in another's life.

This young woman could write. Her prose is tense, compact, with bite and wit. Even in set speeches her dialogue sounds like real talk. She handles her medium with remarkable poise and confidence for an inexperienced author. And yet, didn't she try to pack too much into this first novel?

In addition to wanting to recapture a childhood passed in a small prairie town in the bad years, being fascinated by the scandals and oddities in the history of such towns, wanting to use this material to root her story in the actual, she charges her novel with portentous significance through a complex pattern of images.

We have an oppressive feeling that everything carries an extra burden of meaning, has another dimension. Dr. Gavin Ross assumes the proportions of God the Father. Darcy Rushforth, his sister Mary's son, seems a Christ-like figure. David Newman as the Godseeker is looking for a father, loves Gavin, waits for a sign that Gavin is his father. Or do Darcy and David together represent the incarnation?

"He felt he ought to understand, that it was all quite simple, as if meaning stood, smirking and sidling, close to the words but refusing to be one with them." Have we symbol or allegory? Does the story illuminate the theology or does the theology illuminate the story? Where do you stop? Is there significance in Lily Backhouse's name? In the fact that on the two occasions when the hero is described as making love someone watches him? That Gavin dies in Ian's wheel chair?

These are not frivolous questions, though they may be irrelevant. It is the author's extraordinary surface control over her material combined with an aesthetic which I consider regrettable that leads me to ask them.

W. G. STOBIE

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA.

Orwell

THE PARADOX OF GEORGE ORWELL.
By Richard J. Voorhees. West Lafayette, Indiana: Purdue University Studies. 1961. Pp. 127. \$1.95.

Eleven years after his death, Orwell is still to many people of more central importance than any other English writer of his time. A whole tribe of novelists and playwrights has taken (or mistaken) his approach to questions of class, authority, and commitment. John Strachey wrote of him last November in *Encounter*, "He was a major writer, and by means of his pen he became one of the most effective men of his generation." It is not surprising, therefore, to find an American study of him to put beside the earlier English books by John Atkins, Laurence Brander, and Christopher Hollis, and the recent book of reminiscences by Sir Richard Rees. Mr. Voorhees, however, gives us no more than a preface or approach to Orwell; this is a well-produced paperbound volume, moderately and sensibly written for the most part, but to my mind it moderates and mollifies where it ought not to.

As he explains in his preface, Mr. Voorhees pursues three paradoxes which run through Orwell's life and writing: he was a rebel with a remarkably strong sense of responsibility; he was horrified by large concentrations of power but was determined to resist them; he crusaded for a socialistic society yet had important reservations about socialism and looked back with nostalgia to the state of England before the First World War. If the third point seems paradoxical enough, the first and second are not necessarily so; the term *paradox* is not always used with sufficient care by Mr. Voorhees, and when at one point he compares Orwell to Chesterton he does not make the distinction between the writer who yokes contrary qualities together and the writer who is now one thing and now the other. Exploring these three central issues, Mr. Voorhees brings in analyses of most of Orwell's important works — analyses unobjectionable except for the over-praise of *Burmese Days*, the almost complete neglect of *Animal Farm*, and the view that 1984 cannot be political prophecy because Orwell did not believe in political prophecy. Surely

1984 is one of Orwell's visions of the future — the future which, in one mood, he saw for mankind. There are similar prophecies, in different mood, in *The Lion and the Unicorn* and *The English People*, and, in the same mood, in *Homage to Catalonia* and *Coming Up For Air*.

Even though he is dealing with the paradoxes in Orwell, Mr. Voorhees makes Orwell's reactions to events seem more logical and consistent than they really were. Anthony West asserted that what Orwell did in 1984 was to send everybody to an enormous Crossgates (the school whose horrors Orwell describes in his autobiographical essay "Such, Such Were the Joys"). Mr. Voorhees' reply to West's assertion that there was a queer streak in Orwell is the counter-assertion that there is a queer streak in West, or at least that his psychological approach distorts the evidence. But in some ways Orwell was very eccentric, very cranky. What was the nature of his identification with the poor and the downtrodden? Why did he say, "To succeed in life to the extent of making a few hundreds a year seemed to me spiritually ugly"? Why did he, as Rees describes, change out of a respectable suit into rags, and go down to the East End of London in hope of being picked up by the police as drunk and disorderly? Raymond Williams writes, "It is the paradox of Orwell's whole work that he combined common sense with hysteria, extreme tolerance with extreme intolerance, unusual detail with wild generalization, and a fine-cutting prose with crude rant." It is this paradox which needs to be examined, and unfortunately Mr. Voorhees does nothing to illuminate it.

D. J. DOOLEY

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Education

THE CHILD BUYER. By John Hersey. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd. 1960. Pp. 258. \$4.50.

The Child Buyer is a fragile novel, at first glance merely a high-spirited and entertaining spoof on certain aspects of American

education. Everyone now being interested in bright children, the agent of a real corporation is sent out to buy them, for the use of the firm and "in the interest of national defence". This gives the author the opportunity to get his revenge on some of those who may have bored, irritated or shocked him in the education committees of which he has been a member: the "G. man" ("G" for guidance) with his incredible jargon and his total lack of interest in human beings or in education; the spineless and mindless educational administrator moving in a curious cloud of words: "Just when you think you have him pinned down as a worm he flies away as a moth"; those who lump together the lame, the deaf, the blind, the retarded and the mentally brilliant as "exceptional" (the child genius is attracted to the hunch-backed librarian not by a common intellectual interest, but because both are "exceptional"); and finally the hard-headed business-man who admires the "G-man" . . . "a man more interested in advancement than in ideas. He's the sort of man you can trust."

There is a good deal of threshing of old straw here, some caricatures more crude than subtle, and characters lifeless in spite of the clever things they say. Moreover the reader is left uncertain whether the ungrammatical French, mis-quotation, and dubious generalizations of the brilliant Barry Rudd are an accidental or intentional part of the picture of a phenomenally precocious child.

Behind the educational satire, however, is an attempt to diagnose a profound malady in American life. Americans no longer neglect brilliant children; they are preparing to exploit them. Simple materialism and the soft pedagogy that went with it are giving way to something different and more sinister. The "G-man" doesn't want money, he wants power; and Barry's parents are tempted not so much with dollars that they cannot translate into the fulfilment of needs that they have lost the power to identify, as with a selection of "prizes" including a "gossamer-coal-fibre-lined mink-dyed natural stone marten bed jacket" — for a woman who sleeps on a broken down couch in a filthy living room.

All those concerned with Barry are corrupted through the exposure of their weaknesses by the diabolically astute child-

buyer. Even Dr. Cazar, the great teacher, is caught through her New England conviction that because life is a battle the worthy must refuse no challenge. And so Barry is led to consent to his own sale as a "specimen" to be de-humanized in "the Forgetting Chamber" and turned into a calculating machine for a carefully concealed scheme of "national defence".

This work is not so much a novel as a racyly written tract for a post-Christian age; the plea of a humanist against the sin of considering any person merely as a means to an end; a warning against the danger of mental and moral suicide in the name of science and security.

HILDA NEATBY
UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN.

THE RELIGIOUS ISSUE IN THE STATE SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND AND WALES 1902-1914. By Benjamin Sacks. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. 1961. Pp. ix + 292. \$5.00.

This is a well documented study opening with the passing of the Act of 1902, whereby Local Education Authorities and Council Schools were set up, and provision was made to assist Voluntary (i.e. Church) Schools. Religious instruction in Council Schools was not to include any formulary distinctive of a particular denomination, Voluntary Schools could continue according to their foundation, and pupils could be withdrawn from religious instruction if parents so desired.

Then follows a great range of presentations of opinion. Nonconformists were bitter about the domination of the Church of England, which felt strongly about Christian education in the country, but was apt to define this strictly in its own terms. It is refreshing to find Archbishops Benson and Davidson appreciating that non-denominational instruction can be good, while not absolving the churches from further responsibility for their own children. Some wished to leave religion out of the schools because they were anti-religious: others like Ramsay MacDonald felt "uneasiness and disquietude . . . that the school should be regarded as the only barrier against a generation that knows not God".

There are arguments for and against religious instruction in the schools as fostering church membership and inculcating morality. Statistics are hurled to and fro, with interpretations and counter-interpretations. Those who want secular moral instruction argue whether it should be as like or as unlike religious instruction as possible. We note the conscientious difficulties of teachers as the results of Higher Criticism become more widely known. Public opinion was firmly against religious tests for teachers, or facilities for clergy to enter Council Schools.

The interplay of views and forces is so vividly presented, it is disappointing (when the introduction has given the study an explicit contemporary reference) to find the brief postscript on the 1944 settlement suggests only two factors at work — the need for better buildings after Hitler's War and "anxiety over the future of the British Isles as a Protestant nation". Of course material pressures played their part, and an advance in state provision and control of schools was bound to come. We might have had some indication that the present Agreed Syllabuses of Religious Knowledge have come out of greatly improved relations between the Churches in this generation of the Ecumenical Movement and the digestion of critical findings by Christian scholars.

The sub-title is "A Nation's Quest for Human Dignity". Denominationalists and secularists are both shown battling in and for the schools of the period in a manner very far from promoting this. The question still remains — Does Christianity supply elements essential to the understanding of human dignity?

K. M. DARROCH

TRINITY COLLEGE,
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Experience and Design

PERSPECTIVES IN CRITICISM: 4. THE POET IN THE POEM. By George T. Wright. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press. 1960. Pp. xii + 167. \$3.50. *PERSPECTIVES IN CRITICISM: 5. ARTHURIAN TRIPTYCH.* By

Charles Moorman. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press. 1960. Pp. ix + 163. \$3.50.

There is no real mystery about the concern of twentieth-century criticism with the contemporary relevance and significance of literary abstraction. The reason for this concern, of course, will be plain enough to any reader of Eliot, Pound, Thomas, and Ferlinghetti, or for that matter, to anyone at all familiar with the history of criticism, with, say, Milton's *Reason of Church Government*, Dryden's dedication of the *Aeneid* and Arnold's 1853 Preface. Modern writers, in fact, have been occupying themselves with a perennial critical problem, and despite occasional outcries from recalcitrant social scientists depressed by the desperate jargon of modern critics and frequent complaints from poets obsessed with expressionist theory, it is clear that any responsible criticism will continue to work at the puzzles of literary structure and the baffling relationship between experience and design. In any event, these are the old puzzles which confront two new volumes in the University of California series "Perspectives in Criticism". Both Charles Moorman's *Arthurian Triptych* and George T. Wright's *The Poet in the Poem* are studies in formal criticism, Moorman trying to make sense of myth as a structural principle of modern "narratives", Wright struggling with the complexities of the persona as a formal element of lyric poetry. Presumably, if the reader trusts the title of the series, he can expect either a new point of view or new material, but there is some question whether he will find either here. Granted Moorman's analysis of the use of Arthurian materials in the work of Eliot, Charles Williams, and C. S. Lewis offers something like a new vantage point, his conclusions will startle no one. Similarly, Wright's study of "personality" in the poetry of Yeats, Eliot, and Pound moves through apparently new areas only to arrive at the familiar territory of contemporary commonplaces.

Of the two volumes, Wright's is the more interesting, especially for its history of the rôle of masks in lyric poetry and for its analysis of the meaning of the term "persona" in a variety of contexts — legal, grammatical, psychological, and theological.

Both semantically and historically the mask appears as a stylization of human experience with the function of ordering and evaluating experience. It follows that the particular use made of a mask serves as a definition of value. Thus, argues Wright, the Romantic identification of the poet with his mask defines the self as the centre of value in Romantic poetry. Reacting to this cult of personality (presumably because in the face of the organized chaos of modern life the self becomes an insignificant focus of meaningless experience), modern poets like Yeats, Eliot, and Pound characteristically use personae merely as unifying surface points of view. The centre of reality which their poems present is not the Romantic experiencing-self, but the poem itself, taken as a whole. As the face behind the faces that we meet in a poem, the poet is not a person at all. He is a "disembodied consciousness", perception rather than personality, the "eyes without a face" of Kenneth McRobbie's poetry, to cite a recent example.

Obscurely expressed (Wright is fond of horrific language of this sort: "the subjective-orientation of a persona-centred poetry gives way to a totality-oriented poetry"), Wright's argument turns out to be the old saw about the distinction between romantic "subjectivity" and modern "impersonality". Some readers, undoubtedly, will object to his easy version of Romanticism, his careless lumping-together of Romantic and Victorian poets, and his curious, but carefully qualified, neglect of satiric masks. No one, I expect, will quarrel with his account of the faceless modern poet.

Moorman's argument seems to be even less original. Presented as something like a discovery, it concerns the function of myth in poetry. Myth, Moorman tells us, serves as a great stockpile of common imagery on which the poet may draw at any time to condense and reorder his ideas into the shape required by formal literature. As a sacramental and ironic form, it also imposes order on the chaotic structure of experience while retaining the surface texture of temporary confusion. As an example, we have the Grail story in its modern uses. It involves, Moorman argues, a mythic vision of the failure of a would-be perfect secular civilization to preserve itself by an alliance

with the religious principles symbolized by the Grail. It thus offers formal principles and material for poets like Eliot, Williams, and Lewis who interpret the story in Christian terms as the exposition of a single religious theme — the failure of secularism in society. Interesting perhaps as an elaboration of Eliot's remarks in the famous review of Joyce's *Ulysses*, the argument is by no means what Moorman claims it to be, a theory which "fills a need in modern criticism in defining a general point of view toward the function of myth in literature which can be used to meet the problems raised by specific literary works". There is, after all, Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism*.

E. W. MANDEL
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CRITICAL ESSAYS. Edited by Scott Elledge. Ithaca: Cornell University Press. Toronto: Thomas Allen Ltd. 1961. 2 volumes. Pp. xxiii + 1225. \$13.75.

In the eighteenth-century English literary criticism came of age and grew voluble. Before Mr. Elledge nobody dared undertake an anthology of it fit to go on the same shelf beside well-known collections made for earlier periods. Mr. Elledge, however, has not been daunted by the magnitude of his task, and has succeeded in cramming into 1200 large pages a representative selection made from this abundant material. In many cases he has included only brief extracts from longer works that were either of lesser value or, like some of Shaftesbury, for example, only incidentally works of criticism. But it is useless to deplore this decision, for he had no real alternative open to him, short of omitting them, and he has enabled us to place these extracts in their contexts by giving in his notes a helpful summary of the whole work. The task of selection must have been difficult indeed, and it has been carried out on the whole with success. Major critics have been given a fair share of the available space — Addison 80 pages, Dennis 40, Pope 50, Shaftesbury, 60, Hutcheson 35, Johnson 115, Joseph Warton 60 — without excluding small fry like Samuel Say, Joseph Trapp, or

Walter Whiter. But he has excluded some important essays, no doubt reluctantly, on what seems to me to be the doubtful ground that they are easily available elsewhere, essays like Pope's *Essay on Criticism* and Fielding's prefaces to his novels. Easily available or not, their omission distorts the image given of eighteenth-century criticism, a dear price to pay for the pages saved. The omission of the Fielding prefaces is doubly unfortunate because, except for Fielding, eighteenth-century criticism largely ignored the novel though it was the most promising infant born to creative genius in that period. The same is true of another infant — biography — which is entirely ignored in Mr. Elledge's collection. These latter shortcomings, however, are primarily not his fault but that of eighteenth-century criticism itself, which was exclusively concerned with taste, with poetics, and with classical precedents. Normally it either ignored or belittled the new departures made by original writers in its own time. The reservations I entertain with regard to Mr. Elledge's anthology, consequently, are only minor ones and detract very little from the excellence of what will be for students a most useful collection.

CLARENCE TRACY

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN.

Renaissance Studies

THE RENAISSANCE: A RECONSIDERATION OF THE THEORIES AND INTERPRETATIONS OF THE AGE. Edited by T. Helton. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press. 1961. Pp. xiii + 160. \$4.00.

ELIZABETHAN GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY: ESSAYS PRESENTED TO SIR JOHN NEALE. Edited by S. T. Bindoff, J. Hurstfield, C. H. Williams. London: The Athlone Press. Toronto: University of Toronto Press. 1961. Pp. x + 423. \$7.00.

"My starting point has to be a vision," Jacob Burckhardt wrote to a friend, "otherwise I cannot do anything. Vision I call not only optical, but also spiritual realization; for instance, historical vision issuing from the old sources." Such was the power of his vision that he created, in *The Civiliza-*

zation of the Renaissance in Italy, a personal "ideal past" which became the dominant image of a miraculous moment in Western history. Accepted as orthodoxy in the nineteenth century, extended, elaborated (and sometimes distorted) by other scholars, Burckhardt's Renaissance has, during the past fifty years, been the liveliest of all subjects of academic debate. Its beginning has been pushed back to the twelfth century, its end moved ahead to the French Revolution, its existence both deplored and denied. But few have felt able to ignore it.

It was, therefore, a happy idea of the University of Wisconsin to invite six distinguished scholars to participate in a symposium and report the trend in their own fields during the century since the appearance of Burckhardt's book. Here, complete with bibliographies, are authoritative essays on the present state of Renaissance political, intellectual, artistic, scientific and literary history. They bear out the editor's belief that such surveys would reveal, in each case, a swing away from uncritical acceptance of Burckhardt's view and back again to a point where it can be said that there is agreement on the reality of the phenomenon, even if its protean nature defies simple formulation. The blurring of the sharp outlines of Burckhardt's Renaissance has inevitably followed the increase in available source material, chiefly in fields other than art history, the only subject in which he was not a dilettante. And from the debate has come a clearer recognition that the aspect, time and place considered by any historian of the Renaissance (as well as his subjective stance) modifies the conception of the subject.

One unexpected conclusion emerges obscurely almost in spite of the participants: the debate about the Renaissance is in many ways irrelevant. I am thinking not only of Professor Mattingly's wry admission of the disinterest of political historians in cultural history, or Professor Harry Levin's cautious use of the term Renaissance which English writers usually keep at a distance by leaving it (like an Italianate gentleman in Elizabethan drama) in foreign dress, but of a point Bernard Weinberg makes in discussing continental literature of the age. Earlier critics rested content when, in analyzing a work, they had pointed out its connections

with history, geography, philosophy, etc., an interrelationship upon which Burckhardt's theory depended. Literature was assessed as a manifestation of the "Renaissance spirit". A critic today would not feel happy if he stopped there: it is perhaps generally true that many critics are more interested in assessing literature "out of time". It is fashionable now to pay heed to the Renaissance (if at all) in order to discount it.

Of the fourteen historians assembled in *Elizabethan Government and Society* to do honour to Sir John Neale, only one mentions the term Renaissance, and he is an Irishman writing about a Celtic revival. For English scholars, "Elizabethan" is the preferred word. Few men now living have done more to shape our view of the period than Professor Neale. This is an unusual *Festschrift* in the quality of its contributions. There is a superb piece of "technical" history by S. T. Bindoff, "The Making of the Statute of Artificers", a masterly exposition by Professor Hurstfield of "The Succession Struggle", one of the most tangled episodes of the era, a notable essay by W. T. MacCaffrey on "Place and Patronage in Elizabethan Politics", and other papers the quality of which is guaranteed by the names of (among others) A. H. Dodd, W. G. Hoskins, Conyers Read and C. H. Williams. But to single out individual contributors is to give an inadequate indication of the richness of the volume; its distinction lies in the way all the essays build up a balanced picture of the age through politics, economic life, administrative machinery, religious disputes, war policy and law. To say that it gives a balanced view is not quite to say that the view is complete. There is nothing here about the Renaissance revival of learning—but we learn that the Bodleian Library was founded on the profits from pitchards; nothing about the cultivated woman of the Renaissance—but speculation on the economic importance of the prevalence of rich widows. How Burckhardt, with his fastidious avoidance of grimy archives and his boredom with politics and economics, would have hated it! But does it not reveal as much about the springs of renaissance as his own more lofty approach?

G. M. STORY

MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

DIVINE POETRY AND DRAMA IN SIXTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND. By Lily B. Campbell. Cambridge: The University Press. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1959. Pp. 268. \$5.00.

In her latest book Miss Campbell discusses the attempts in 16th century England to create a literature which was based upon the new Biblical translations and which was written to combat the new secularism stemming from the rediscovered classics. She shows how this poetry and drama tried to compete with the popular, secular works by adopting such forms as the sonnet, the mirror, the erotic epyllia, and by adopting the structure of the then currently fashionable secular plays. In the main, then, this literature based on the Bible was a deliberate departure from medieval religious literature.

Even though we are made aware of the relevance of the writing of the minor figures to those of the masters, we cannot help feeling on occasion that Miss Campbell very often anatomizes marginalia. Her wide reading, her ability to include a quotation which is appropriate to illustrate her point are undeniable, but we wonder if at times the author could not have pruned more, could not have named fewer names and quoted fewer quotes from men who should be left undisturbed in the grey shades of the unknown. Miss Campbell would send even George Saintsbury scurrying for a D.N.B.! It is doubtful whether such people as Sir Thomas Bryan, Sir Anthony Lee, Thomas Brice, or Richard Rowlands, will ever be regarded as important enough to rate more than a footnote in a dull Ph.D. thesis. Some of the chapters on poetry seem to be little more than rather tedious parades of minor works which rendered the Bible into generally undistinguished verse. Much of it appears to be in the category of a Christian miscellany put together by Hall, which Miss Campbell speaks of as offering "Certain Psalms, songs from the Bible, a portion of Ecclesiasticus, pious poems for all occasions, wisdom sayings . . . everything rendered into a variety of metres, and all constituting regrettable poetry to set up as a rival volume to the growing number of miscellanies." Also, as Miss Campbell admits at the beginning of her discussion of divine drama (in English schools, in English uni-

versities, for special audiences, for the commons, and in the public theatres), much of it fits Peter Pindar's description of Hannah More's *Sacred Dramas* as those "Where all the Nine and little Moses snore".

There is, however, no denying the meticulous thoroughness of Miss Campbell's scholarship, and if she notes the literary base metal she also notes some of the mutations. Thus, besides discussing the divine poems of men like Spenser, she shows the considerable power of divine plays such as Lodge's *Looking Glass* and Peele's *The Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe, With the Tragedy of Absalon*. There is no denying either that Miss Campbell has a flair for including the arrestive and informative detail in her argument. Thus, general reader and scholar alike should be interested in the events of Bale's life, in the fact that divine plays were sometimes used to inculcate Tudor political doctrines (for example, *A newe enterlude drawn oute of the holy scripture of godly queene Hester*), and in Beze's skill (*The Abraham Sacrifant*) in giving "psychological conflict . . . external reality (1) by introducing Satan 'in the habit of a Monke' to argue against obedience to the Lord's command; (2) by adding Sara to the dramatis personae to take a mother's part against her husband; and (3) by having the troupe or company of shepherds 'divided into two parties'."

DEREK CRAWLEY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

American Literature

ELLEN GLASGOW AND THE IRONIC ART OF FICTION. By Frederick P. W. McDowell. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press. 1960. Pp. 292. \$4.50.

STUDIES IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by Waldo McNeir and Leo B. Levy. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 1960. Pp. 177. \$3.00.

This study of Ellen Glasgow's fiction is important because it is the first full-length book on an unjustly neglected novelist. Ellen Glasgow went mainly unregarded for the first twenty-five years of her writing career; then when Stuart Sherman announced belatedly that with her work realism had at

last crossed the Potomac, she was praised for insufficient reasons. The wonder grew that a Southern gentlewoman had looked candidly at the life of her region and put blood and irony into the representation of it. For the rest of her life she was accorded respect as the distinguished chronicler of the manners of the Commonwealth of Virginia. But her critically discriminating idealism, her restrained style, her concern with themes of unappreciated goodness and spiritual endurance were not much to the taste of the 1920's and 1930's, and she was not considered an "important" novelist.

Professor McDowell has carefully and judiciously considered her qualities as a writer of novels. After a preliminary chapter on the artist and her time, he works his way through her nineteen novels in chronological order, examining their themes, characterization, structure, and style. He groups the lesser books in two's and three's for limited discussion, and gives extended study to the best books like *Barren Ground*, *They Stooped to Folly*, and *The Sheltered Life*. He calls attention to the merits of some of her earlier books, *The Deliverance*, *The Miller of Old Church*, and *Virginia*, which with the three mentioned above he considers her half dozen best. He notes her defects: an auctorial stridency of tone, a sometimes obsessive concern with the personal life, an unresolved conflict between her radical intellect and her conservative temperament; but he demonstrates that at her best she successfully combines a detached ironical view of experience with a pervasive human sympathy. He relies rather too heavily on Ellen Glasgow's personal history and sufferings in his interpretations of her books, and his own style of writing is a little doughy, but on the whole his book is a good treatment of its subject. There is an excellent bibliography.

In *Studies in American Literature* (eighth in a Humanities Series from the same Press) eleven young scholars from Louisiana State University add their small, bright pebbles to the beach of literary studies. The subjects range from Poe's abortive efforts to establish his own literary magazine, to Whittier's use of The Sage in his ballads, to the elements of drama in E. E. Cummings' early poems. Some of them painstakingly reach rather obvious conclusions, as for example

that Edward Taylor in his sermons as in his poems operated within the bounds of a narrow, dogmatic Calvinism; that in politics Emerson was always in favour of weighing heads rather than counting them; and that the theme of Carson McCullers' *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* is spiritual isolation and the loneliness of man.

Three of the essays are of more than usual interest. Thomas C. Rumble by a careful examination of "Prufer" brings out Eliot's preoccupation with the Grail story before he fell in love with Jessie Weston's book on *Ritual and Romance*. Nicholas Canaday offers a new reading of Melville's "Benito Cereno", finding the theme of authority to be the organizing principle of the tale rather than concern with the mystery of evil. J. R. Dove challenges the various current interpretations of Henry James's Lady, Isabel Archer, and shows how consistent with her character is her decision to return to her baleful husband at the end of *The Portrait*. A romantic idealist at the beginning, she comes through experience to recognize the chasm that separates what is from what ought to be, and out of her disenchantment "acquires a new consciousness of life which may be called a tragic consciousness".

CARLYLE KING

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MARK TWAIN: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By Edward Wagenknecht. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. Toronto: Burns & MacEachern Ltd. 1961. Pp. 272. \$5.75.

In his preface to the new and revised edition of a book first published in 1935, Edward Wagenknecht admits that the title is something of a misnomer. A book entitled *Mark Twain: The Man And His Work* might be expected to include a systematic analysis and evaluation of at least the major works of Mark Twain. But in this book, which he calls a psychograph, Professor Wagenknecht's chief concern is not to treat the writings of Mark Twain, volume by volume, but to light up for us some of the many facets of the man's mind. The prefa-

tory apology is therefore in order. But anyone with even a dim awareness of the ways of publishers will readily accept Professor Wagenknecht's explanation of why a more appropriate title was not selected.

The author offers no other apology for his book. Nor is any other apology needed.

When this book appeared in 1935, it was one of four or five significant books on Mark Twain. Now, a little more than twenty-five years later, it must vie for a place on a shelf that holds from twenty to thirty fairly substantial volumes of Mark Twain biography and criticism. Thoroughly revised in the light of these and in the often dimmer light of the voluminous periodical literature of the past quarter of a century, Professor Wagenknecht's book will be useful to students of American literature; and it will also be more readable for the non-specialist than most of the books on the same shelf.

The author admits one major change in his point of view: he has come to see that Mark Twain was much more the conscious artist than his contemporaries — or even his critics of twenty-five years ago — thought him to be. In 1935 the author called his third chapter "The Divine Amateur"; in the revised edition he calls this chapter "The Man of Letters".

A number of Mark Twain scholars and a great many admirers of the genteel in literature will wonder whether Professor Wagenknecht has managed to stop short of idolatry. For these the author has some embarrassing but altogether pertinent questions: "Can the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit really meet 'the Lincoln of our literature'? Can the great rebel make vital contact with us, under all our sleek conformities?"

L. G. CROSSMAN

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN,
REGINA.

EMERSON'S PLUTARCH. By Edmund G. Berry. Cambridge: The Harvard University Press. Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co. Ltd. 1961. Pp. ix + 337. \$6.90.

Dr. Berry's first chapter outlines the general influence of Plutarch, as biographer and philosopher, and in particular the lasting

impression made by his moral ideas. The second chapter deals with Emerson as student of Plutarch and as borrower of anecdote and moral maxim. The third chapter, "Greek Simplicity", is a refreshing account of neo-Hellenism in the German and English Romantics and in Emerson, akin to Plutarch's idealizing Hellenism, itself a mixture of Platonism, Neoplatonism and what passes for Stoicism. Chapter 4 deals with the Plutarchan hero, as described both in the *Lives* and in the *Moralia*; chapter 5, with Plutarch's and Emerson's wide eclecticism in philosophy; chapters 6 and 7, with Emerson's method of using 'spermatic' quotation as the starting-point of an essay and building in themes and illustrations from manifold sources, of reading ancient authors "for the lustres". The last chapter rehearses Emerson's great dependence on Plutarch as well as other models, Montaigne and Bacon in particular, and shows the influence of Plutarch's methods in biography, with special reference to the moral emphasis and the idea of heroism.

There are trifling misprints: p.21, line 13, read 'an' for 'a'; p.57, 1.20, read 'Gilbert' for 'Gilbet'; on p.177, 1.14, one would expect a comma after 'but'.

Dr. Berry is a sure and conscientious craftsman. He writes with real authority. The investigation of Plutarch's influence is full, perhaps repetitious and needlessly elaborated. The book, in fact, is really about Emerson. Of course, to have written specifically about him as thinker and stylist, as the product of multiple influences, literary, cultural and political, would have been to go over well-trodden ground. Dr. Berry's abundant knowledge of Emerson had to be crowded into somewhat narrow bounds, with some consequent loss of proportion. This is no disparagement. One only wishes that Dr. Berry could have let himself go on Emerson as Emerson. In spite of its constricting pattern, the book is a thorough and understanding study of a great mind.

H. L. TRACY

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

The Theatre

THE WORLD OF JEAN ANOUILH. By Leonard C. Pronko. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press. 1961. Pp. xxi + 264. \$4.50.

Anouilh has been a leader of the resurgent theatre of France for the past thirty years, a theatre given to exploration and experimentation, producing mainly anti-realistic drama that may aptly be called "metaphorical theatre". Its writers, eschewing the documentary, the naturalistic, or the "psychological", seek to reveal their interpretations of man and his present predicament. Their plays appeal to the mind rather than to the heart. Their works are the product of French minds: skeptical, lively, logical, and objective. With clear-sighted perspective, detached and unsentimental, these playwright-philosophers have, like Chekhov and Pirandello, the Olympian point of view, the attitude of Puck who said, "What fools these mortals be."

Anouilh's writing may be gay, witty, elegant, and exhilarating (sometimes grave); his dramatic form, comic or fanciful; the deeper substance is likely to be melancholy. As Brooks Atkinson once said, "Anouilh writes comedy with the ironic grace of a man who sees the affairs of the world as a whirligig of bright absurdities." He may deftly juggle reality, make-believe, and fantasy.

Consequently, to North Americans his works, and those of his colleagues, may seem obtuse, obscure, and bewildering. His success in America nowhere nearly matches that which he enjoys on the Continent. Of the thirty plays he has written, twenty-five have so far been produced in France; eighteen have been translated into English and nearly all of these have been produced in England; and at least a dozen have been performed (a few on television) in America. And yet he has not attracted a merited following among American audiences, who (as Professor Pronko suggests) evidently remain too Anglo-Saxon to understand and appreciate Anouilh's basic pessimism, his situations too typically French; his plays being not realistic but, as Anouilh himself says, "a poetic and imaginative interpretation of reality . . . something that is 'truer

than truth"; his ideas that reveal things about ourselves which we would prefer not to know; and the defects of translation.

A book that contributes not only to our knowledge but also to our comprehension of Anouilh and the French theatre of today provides a most welcome service. (And "comprehension" here has a special connotation which, as Pronko says, is peculiar to Anouilh: "to understand (*comprendre*) means not only to grasp intellectually but to . . . accept what one has understood".) Professor Pronko's *The World of Jean Anouilh* is such a book. It does what Jacques Guicharnaud's excellent *Modern French Theatre* was not designed to do: it presents a rather detailed and chronological analysis of, first, the themes, "the major preoccupation of Anouilh — man's predicament, love, money, and the social classes"; and, secondly, "the way in which Anouilh has handled themes that bear a direct relation to his dramatic art — the theater as life and life as theater, the meaning of realism in the theater, the function of the characters, and the use of myth." He introduces his examination of each play with a concise synopsis that enables a layman, unfamiliar with the text, to follow the analysis.

If Pronko, in his treatment of the material, is repetitious, he is nevertheless being faithful to Anouilh whose plays all "deal with the same problems, and Anouilh's view of man is essentially the same from his earliest plays to his latest". However, "a change of focus, emphasis, aspect, or detail gives sufficient variety to make each play an exciting exploration of man's problems", revealing, in the heroic and the mediocre breeds of man, "his aspirations and his compromises, his greatness and his baseness". And thus Anouilh reflects "a profound awareness of our anxious era when man, insecure in a universe that seems devoid of reason, has come to doubt the authenticity of those values he had always accepted". Pronko, therefore, begins with an analytical discussion of the themes that recur throughout the plays and thereafter repeats and elaborates upon them. A reader may get the impression that the analyst has gone through the plays with a fine-tooth comb to tease out, according to his lights, their

philosophical treasure. This necessarily entails repetition and elaboration, with some variation, as in Anouilh himself. But this is a great and valuable service, especially for the nonspecialist layman who would thus acquire Professor Pronko's indoctrination in a deep, full, and withal acceptable interpretation of the texts.

But, it may be, we somewhat lose sight of the plays as plays, as theatre pieces, designed as such and staged and acted, not merely conned and contemplated. The bibliography, however, gives the dates of first performances — where, by whom, and the lengths of run.

WILLIAM ANGUS

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The Visual Arts

ART AND ILLUSION. A Study in the Psychology of Pictorial Representation. (A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts 1956. National Gallery of Art, Washington) E. H. Gombrich. Bollingen Series xxxv. 5. New York: Pantheon Books. 1960. Pp. xxxi + 466. \$10.

"Why is it that different ages and different nations have represented the visible world in such different ways? Will the paintings we accept as true to life look as unconvincing to future generations as Egyptian paintings look to us? Is everything concerned with art entirely subjective or are there objective standards in such matters?" (p.3). These questions have been asked frequently by historians of art, but Professor Gombrich is of the opinion that this 'riddle of style' cannot be solved by historical methods alone. The historian describes, groups and identifies works of art but even if these tasks are performed well the above questions will not be answered. Critics have, in some periods, been interested in methods of convincing representation but this would not seem to be the case at the present time. Professor Gombrich has seen fit therefore to attack from a different standpoint and has brought to bear on the problem the recent findings of psychologists. The result is a cautious, empirical study of pictorial representation in which the author draws his

evidence and illustrations not only from the history of art but also, in a most illuminating way, from the fields of the caricature, the cartoon, the advertisement, artists' statements about their own work and psychological experiments on the processes of perception.

Pictorial representation, the process of image making and image reading, is shown to be much more complex than the psychological theories of the past allowed. When an artist wants to give a truthful record of an individual form he begins not with the visual impression, as is often thought, but with his idea or concept, a schematic form which he proceeds to correct so that it gradually approximates the form it is to reproduce. The medium the artist uses and the style within which he works in this way create a 'mental set' or level of expectation which enables the artist to represent an object and another person to understand what it is.

What has been normal to mankind everywhere is this reliance on some schematic form. Peculiar to western civilization since the Greece of Plato's day has been the emphasis on matching what has been created by the artist with natural objects giving rise to an illusionist art. Art was in fact given a new function requiring a new 'mental set' to be understood. Plato approved of the more formal art of Egypt and early Greece in which the artist tried to embody a concept and he deplored the tendency in Greece in the 4th century B.C. to illusionism which has, nevertheless, become the dominant tendency of western art. Professor Gombrich calls the change in the function of art the 'Greek Revolution' and the main body of the book is an analysis, too long and detailed to be summarized here, of the importance of formula and experience, perspective, invention and discovery in visual representation.

This book is not an overt or covert plea for representational painting today, though the author does maintain that we will lose contact with the great masters of the past unless their serious concern with representation is recognized. The argument does have implications for certain theories of non-representational painting and theories of artistic expression.

As befits a major work on the visual arts the book is beautifully produced. Much care has been taken to place the many illustrations close to the relevant passages of the text and the extensive notes have been placed at the end of the text so as not to impede the progress of the general reader.

ALBERT P. FELL
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New Federation

THE WEST INDIES FEDERATION: PERSPECTIVES ON A NEW NATION. Edited by David Lowenthal. Published in co-operation with the American Geographical Society and Carleton University by Columbia University Press, New York. 1961. Pp. 142. \$3.00.

To call a book a 'mine of information' is normally the polite way of saying that it is abominably written. This little book is a refreshing exception. Written by three Canadian sociologists (Messrs. Gordon Merrill, Douglas C. Anglin, and David Lowenthal) and one West Indian (Dr. H. W. Springer, Registrar of the University College of the West Indies), it presents a closely-argued study of the past, present, and probable future of the ten-island Federation of the West Indies. To this is added a valuable list of selected 'further reading'. The book is free from that cheerful condescension which so often blights modern work on the West Indies, and at the same time avoids any note of that solemnity with which a 'new nation' is often approached in print. The difficulties of promoting nationhood among people who, only twenty years ago, had never heard of it, are carefully outlined, and if Dr. Springer's contribution is perhaps the most valuable, that is because his intellectual detachment has been arrived at by a process of emotional effort which his three non-West Indian colleagues had no need to make. Flatly referred to (p. 54) as "one of the weakest federal systems ever to come into existence", the Federation appears in the work of these four writers more as aspiration than fact, and its utility in helping to resolve problems that are more racial

and social than 'political' is still a long way from axiomatic. Indeed, the devotion of many West Indian leaders to 'politics' as if this was a career in itself has possibly obscured the magnitude of the other issues: does one island, say, five miles wide and twenty long really *need* a full Cabinet system and attendant civil service bureaucracy to govern it? Questions of this kind will occur often to the reader of this study, which has served the purpose of illuminating its subject. There are more books than ideas extant on the modern West Indies: this book has ideas, and may lead other people to have more.

A. P. THORNTON

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Africa

BUGANDA AND BRITISH OVERRULE, 1900-1955. Two Studies. By D. Anthony Low and R. Cranford Pratt. London and Toronto: Oxford University Press, for the East African Institute of Social Research. 1960. Pp. 366. \$6.25.

For an understanding of the past and present of Uganda, this book is indispensable.

It is not a comprehensive history of the kingdom of Buganda, still less of the whole Protectorate, with which it is not primarily concerned. The book brings together two independent studies of specific topics: the Uganda Agreement of 1900, and the rôle of that Agreement in the history of Buganda and its relations with the Protectorate government up to the crisis of 1953-5.

The history of an African colonial territory is difficult to make interesting or intelligible, partly because the source of power and the springs of policy lie outside the territory, partly because the native tribal institutions are designed for a static society. In the case of Buganda, however, the Agreement provides a central theme and an element of continuity. The Agreement itself made important changes in the native institutions, created vested interests, and in retrospect gives a clue to the relations between the British, the Chiefs, the peasants and the westernized, emancipated Baganda during the half century that followed. The development of these relations offers scope for a history that is not a mere administrative chronicle.

The first part of the book tells, for the first time in detail, the story of the negotiations of 1900, explaining in terms of the forces at work the form which the Agreement finally took. The second part is an historical analysis — not a chronological narrative — of the development of Protectorate-Buganda relations, of British policy and of Baganda reactions to it, in the constitutional and psychological context of the Agreement. Short but incisive comparisons with other African territories add to the clarity of the explanation.

The student of Buganda history will find much of the field untouched by this book, but it gives him clearly and compactly the principal clue to the subject.

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THE NEW BOOKS

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"Moreover it is much to our credit to dispatch our bussiness at the chief factory so that the Indians may see our strenth, and receve our goods betimes and goe away satisfied, up into the country and give intelligence to the other Indians, of their quick dispatch and good usage..."

*Report to the Governor and Committee
by Governor John Nixon
1682*

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 21st MAY 1670.

